THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 197, Number 46

MAY 16, '25

5c. the Copy

Norman Venner—Garet Garrett—Austin Parker—Jay E. House
Wyncie King—Sewell Ford—Dana Burnet—Fanny Heaslip Lea

Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

"So big!" There may be some doubt about the exact size of the fish that got away but there is no doubt about the smart style and the excellent quality of Kuppenheimer Double Breasted Suits.

Westclox

Big Ben & Company

A GROUP of nine alarm clocks and two watches doing business under the trade mark Westclox. Big Ben is easily the best known, though Baby Ben runs him a close second.

Sleep-Meter has a host of friends among people who like Westclox quality at a medium price.

Blue Bird combines good looks with moderate price, while America, who really founded the line, offers Westclox service at a price that makes people wonder how it can be done.

Pocket Ben is a watch that takes a dollar-fifty out of your pocket and puts into it a timekeeping service worth many times that.

Four of the clocks and a watch are made with numerals and hands that glow in the dark. A few feet away you can read the time as well at midnight as at noon.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Westclox
Big Ben
7 inches tall. Runs 32 hours. Steady and repeat alarm, $3.25. Luminous, $4.50. In Canada, $4.50—$6.00.

Westclox
Baby Ben
3¾ inches tall. Steady and repeat alarm, $2.25. Luminous, $4.50. In Canada, $4.50—$6.00.

Westclox
America
6¾ inches tall. 4-inch dial. Nickel case. Runs 32 hours. Top bell alarm, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Westclox
Sleep-Meter
5 inches tall. Nickel case. 4-inch dial. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $2.00. In Canada, $3.00.

Westclox
Jack o' Lantern
5 inches tall. Luminous dial and hands. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $3.00. In Canada, $4.00.

Westclox
Pocket Ben
A nickel-plated watch. Stem wind and set. Neat hands and dial. Dependable, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Westclox
Glo-Ben
Nickel-plated watch. Stem wind and set. Black face, luminous dial and hands, $2.25. In Canada, $3.00.

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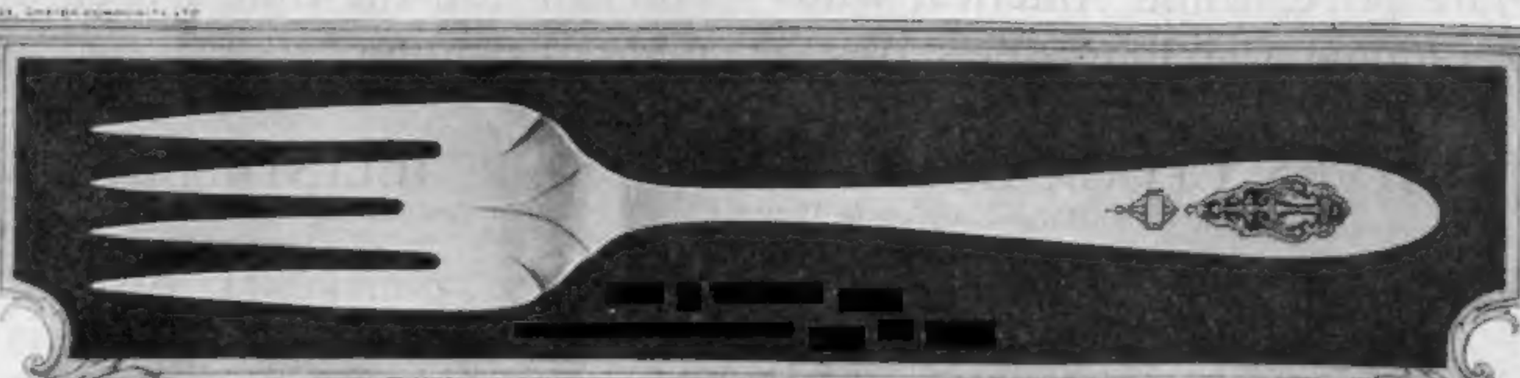
"WHY so high hat, Babs?"

"High hat is right! Observe, look and gloat. The family just gave me a complete chest of COMMUNITY PLATE."

"Marvelous! Wire Bill you will marry him tomorrow."

COMMUNITY PLATE



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AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

"What are You Doing in My Brother's Room?"

By Norman Venner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

JEREMY LAYTREE realized he had been a fool to come to the race meeting. Of all places in the world, a race course is the least suitable for a presentable young man, perfectly dressed, but without even one single bean to make him welcome. Jeremy was on his beam ends, without a friend in the world. He had but recently come back from what was German East, to find the London he knew changing beyond recognition. His last Bradbury had bought his first-class railway ticket, and until things began to happen he was without hope.

He noticed the station master had touched his hat to him; that was queer. Several men had nodded, as distant acquaintances nod; he knew none of them. As he stood without even the necessary cash to buy a ticket for the inclosure, a charming fellow had come up to him, talked about a good many things of which Jeremy was absolutely ignorant, and finally led him through the gates of the inclosure with a nod to the official on duty.

They had a drink together, and it was obvious that Jeremy was an old friend.

"There's a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland touch about this," he thought. "Either it's a confidence trick on a big scale gone wrong, or my name's not Jeremy!"

A discreet and opulent bookmaker nodded to him. Was he doing anything for the big race?

"St. James, I think," said Jeremy idly.

"Give you twenties," said the bookmaker.

"Righto!"

"The usual, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes."

He strolled away. The experience was repeated three times, and Jeremy began to take fresh interest in life. It was all very mysterious. It was obvious that these people took him for somebody else. In the name of that somebody else he had backed St. James and two other horses for "the usual." Who did they think he was anyway? Some swell with pots of money whose race-course credit was so good that a nod to a bookmaker was enough evidently.

As in a dream he saw the gayly colored bobbing line of jockeys for the big race. They were off! Pink and green for St. James—and falling rapidly behind. Then the miracle happened. Pink and green became a swiftly moving flash of light, drew level, forged ahead, one length, two lengths, three—a mighty roar went up. "St. James! St. James! St. James!"

Jeremy was suddenly quite cold with excitement. St. James had won at twenties. He had won a lot of money. But the irony of the situation was unbearable. He did not know how much he had won, and he was quite unable to touch any of it. Settling day would be Friday, he supposed, and the guy he was supposed to represent would reap the golden harvest! While he, Jeremy Laytree, had exactly three and sixpence, a first-class return to London and no hopes or prospects.

All the horses he had backed had won. He had had a good day—and he could never touch a penny of it. He did not know even who he was supposed to be.

The race course suddenly became unbearable to him. The irony of his situation was too pungent, too cruel. He set his gray topper at a slightly more rakish angle and, with an ironical smile playing round his mouth, left the meeting.

As he entered the station he heard a groom say to a porter, "'Im? Why, that's Mr. Arthurton, son of Lord Amlett. He's a regular oner, he is! Why, I could tell you——"

But Jeremy did not hear the rest of the story. He knew now who he was supposed to be and he could not see that it helped him at all.

As the train rolled leisurely back to London he saw things rather more clearly. At any rate, he might as well see the adventure through. He'd find out this Arthurton fellow and see what kind of a chap he was.

In any case, there was nothing for him to do. He felt lost, lonely and detached. His contact with the people who had once been of his own class had made him restless. Life was before him, but he seemed to be stranded on the fringe of it; he did not know just how to attack it. He had neither money nor prospects, friends nor relations. He had been out in Africa for fifteen years, had seen the war through in German East, had seen the change-over in administration which followed, and had seen the whole of his savings wiped out by the crash of a local bank. He was left with a complete wardrobe, the price of his fare to England and an irresistible desire to get back to civilization. His trip to the race meeting was just an idle freak, before he tackled the main problem of how he should begin to make his place in the world again.

"One thing at a time," he thought. "We'll find out all about Lord Amlett first."

A London directory, a telephone book and a Peerage at the nearest reference library told him all he wanted to know. Lord Amlett was the third viscount; a widower with three children, none of whom was married; the heir was Philip Ashley Arthurton; then came Arthur Claude, the second son—"that's me!"—and then Olivia, the only daughter.

The family seat was Pulldan Castle, and the family motto, Soyez Sage—"which means 'Be Good,' I suppose," thought Jeremy. "Ah, well!"

He spent his last silver on a taxi, which took him to a big block of mansions at the back of St. John's Wood.

There was a man sitting at a writing table in the window and as he turned, Jeremy started with surprise. It is always a shock to meet a double; and though Jeremy was in a sense prepared for it, he was astonished at the completeness of the likeness.

Arthur Arthurton was frankly dumfounded.

"You look like a long-lost twin brother!" he said.

"Well, I'm not," answered Jeremy. "But quite a number of people have taken me for you today."

"As, for example?"

Jeremy told the story of his adventures. At the end, he asked, "If I may be curious, what is 'the usual'? Pardon my curiosity, but I'd like to know just how much money I have won for you."

"You Saved My Life," She Said With a Little Shiver

"The usual is—or rather was—a hundred pounds. I gave up betting yesterday."

"And with perfect success," said Jeremy. "You have won today something like three thousand pounds. Rather comic when you come to think of it!"

"Wouldn't have been comic if you'd lost," said Arthurton.

"'Man's ingratitude to man makes countless thousands mourn,'" misquoted Jeremy, taking up his hat. "Good-by, and good luck to you. I apologize for taking your identity and for wasting your time. Anyway, it was amusing."

"Hi! Stop a minute! I say, don't go like that. Sit down and have a gasper. Where are you going to dine? I should be only too happy to offer you a bit of dinner here. My man will see to it. Say yes. I'd like to have a talk with you. You're the sort of man I like. I don't get three thousand quid dropped into my lap every day!"

"Don't you?" said Jeremy. "I thought perhaps you did."

"The least I can offer is fifty-fifty," said Arthurton. "I'm really deeply obliged. But I've got something else I want to talk about. Are you very busy?"

Jeremy sketched hazily his inauspicious arrival from abroad and ended his recital by producing fourpence in copper.

"'"My face is my fortune, sir," she said'—and fourpence in copper; that's all!"

"You'll do. Now wait a moment. Would you like to change for dinner? I'll lend you some duds. Don't argue. I've had a brain wave. Be quick—in here."

Within half an hour Jeremy was comfortable in dinner jacket and a boiled shirt.

"Now go and sit at the writing table in my room. Ring the bell, and when my man comes in ask him to take a taxi down to Olio's—he knows where it is—and to bring back—let's see—caviar and some smoked salmon, some grapefruit, a couple of lobsters, a cold roast capon and a couple of bottles of Mersault. That ought to do, eh?"

"Add a salad and it's perfect. I'll try it on."

He sat at Arthurton's table, rang the bell, and in a soft, pleasant voice as near to that of Arthurton as he could manage, he ordered the meal. The manservant bowed.

"And the other gentleman, sir?"

"He's staying the night," said Jeremy, enjoying the fantastic situation.

"You're not going away tonight then, sir?"

"Ah," thought Jeremy, "so I was going away, was I?

"No," he added aloud; "I've changed my mind for the present."

"Worked like a charm!" said Arthurton delightedly, when the man had gone. "You'll do—you'll do splendidly!"

"What do you mean—I'll do? What'll I do?"

"You'll make a jolly good Arthur Arthurton, that's what you'll do!"

"Here, hold on! A joke's a joke, but ——"

"That's all right. Here's the bargain: You can draw the three thousand pounds. You can be the Hon. Arthur Arthurton, live in this flat, run up the usual bills and do what you please for two or three months. I want to get away. It would be jolly convenient for me to get away and to stay here at the same time, see? This is the solution."

"You haven't robbed a bank or anything like that?"

"No, I give you my word there's nothing shady. You won't find Scotland Yard round here in the morning."

"And there won't be any inconvenient ladies in the case?"

"I'm taking the lady with me," said Arthurton dryly. "I'm going to be married."

"It's a bargain," said Jeremy. "Produce your family tree and introduce me to your brothers and sisters, friends, relations, acquaintances, enemies, habits, preferences, occupations, tastes and prejudices."

"That's a tall order."

"So's your proposition."

"You need not worry. I live here in seclusion. I've had the place to myself for the last three weeks. My family doesn't call on me. I have few friends, some on the race course, and you've seen your success with them. My father is Lord Amlett. I have a brother, Philip, who's a solicitor and the heir to the title, and a younger sister, Olivia."

Sketchily and with a completely good-humored disregard of details, he sketched his life for the benefit of the man who was to take his place. By a happy coincidence they had both been to Cambridge and their accents were indistinguishable. They were both clean shaven, and to make the facial differences more difficult to trace, Arthurton advised Jeremy to grow a mustache.

"That'll throw 'em off the scent. Why, it will be as easy as pie!"

"For you, I dare say. I look as though I'm going to earn my three thousand with the sweat of my brow."

The dinner was excellent, and the two men sat by the open window long into the night with their cigars, adding details, stopping up gaps and making perfect the colossal spoof which the Hon. Arthur Arthurton was to offer to an unsuspecting world.

The next morning Jeremy woke with a start. The strange room, the strange bed, the incredible memories of the previous day—all had the quality of a dream. Someone was knocking at the door.

"Come in!" he called.

"Your bath is ready, sir," said his man. "The other gentleman has gone. He left this note for you."

The note was addressed to Arthur Arthurton, Esquire. It was brief:

"*Dear Laytree:* I'm off before you change your mind. I've told you everything, and what you don't know you'll have to pump out of that man of mine. I had a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles to conceal my natural beauty when I left. I limped a bit, too, and spoke with a squeaky, querulous voice, quite unlike my native sweetness. It worked like a charm.

"Good luck, and hold the fort for me till I come back.

"A. ARTHURTON."

"Yesterday," thought Jeremy, "I was plain Jeremy Laytree, without a bean or a care in the world. This morning I am the Hon. Arthur Arthurton, with strings of beans and a comfortable flat, a fat-headed manservant, a lordly family, a brother and a sister, and heaven only knows what complications before me.

"That's all right," he added aloud to the man who was setting out his things. "Yes, breakfast in bed, after my bath."

It was while he was opening his letters later, wrapped in a gorgeous blue-and-crimson silk dressing gown, that he heard a woman's voice. He could not distinguish the words, but he swore violently.

"And that blighter told me he never had any callers!" he said bitterly. "Well, she'll have to wait. I'll find out from Willett what her name is and I'll just have to do the best I can."

But even that respite was denied him. Before he could collect his scattered thoughts the door was pushed open and he heard a delightful, fresh, musical voice.

"You lazy rotter, Arthur! I say, give me a cup of coffee, that's a ——"

There was a sudden silence. He faced the newcomer, a beautiful, clear-eyed girl of twenty-four, in a riding habit. This must be Olivia, his sister! This was the crucial test!

And then, as in a dream, he saw her shut the door carefully behind her, saw her advance to within a few feet of him, heard her cool, impersonal, musical voice:

"What are you doing in my brother's room?"

II

"I TOLD the silly ass it wouldn't work," said Jeremy frankly. "Of all the wild and woolly ideas anybody ever conceived, this was the peach! I suppose you're Olivia, Mr. Arthurton's sister?"

She moved to the bell without answering, and rang. Willett answered, but before Olivia could speak Jeremy said, casually, "Some fresh coffee, please."

That tickled her, and she smiled again.

"Who are you, exactly? You know, you really are remarkably like Arthur. It was unfortunate for you that your first caller should be the sister of the man you're supposed to be. You can't deceive a sister, you know. But the more I look at you, the more convinced I am that you must be my brother. It's a miracle!"

"Plain Jeremy Laytree is my name, and I assure you that I ask nothing better than to depart in peace, as I came. I hate playing the wolf in sheep's clothing."

"If you imagine my brother Arthur is a sheep, you've made a big mistake. He's not."

"No, I didn't think he was; and I don't feel particularly wolfish. Perhaps you'd better read this."

He handed her the letter, and then told her of the amazing series of circumstances which had landed him high and dry in this delightful flat.

"If you could take in the bookmakers, you could take in anyone," she said. "Where has Arthur gone?"

"Holy smoke!" said Jeremy. "I never asked him for his address. Perhaps he'll send it."

"Perhaps he won't," said Olivia. "I know him. And how are you going to manage for money when you've spent what you get from the bookmakers? You don't suppose they'll pay you three thousand pounds in cash, do you? Are you going to forge my brother's signature?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said Jeremy. "Now you mention it, the answer is in the negative."

"Are you going to pay his bills?"

"Oh, no—oh, dear no! I have thought of that."

"Did he tell you who were his solicitors? And what are you going to do about Lady Dorothy?"

"What Lady Dorothy is that?"

"Oh, you men! Of all the helpless, improvident, ingenuous, ignorant, childish babies—I give you up!"

"No, don't do that. I say, about this Lady Dorothy?"

"Well, you're supposed to be going to marry Lady Dorothy—that's all!"

"My hat!"

He looked so utterly crestfallen at this that the warm liking she already felt for him increased. He was a nice boy. As for Jeremy, he was completely bowled over, partly by the sudden realization of the awful difficulties of his position, and partly by his whole-hearted admiration and worship of this wonderful girl, with her fresh young beauty, her courage, her frankness and her easy good humor.

He drank a cup of scalding hot coffee and mumbled something about it being better that he should depart as he had come and let the Hon. Arthur Arthurton fend for himself.

"It's in your hands now anyway," he added.

She smiled.

"Well, do you know, I'm inclined to say stay. If Arthur wanted to get away I suppose he had good reason for it. The more I look at you, the more I'm certain you can carry it through. Anyway, there's no harm done, and you can keep quietly to yourself here until he comes back. If I give you my blessing, no one will ever suspect. We can square the money difficulty by having all checks made payable to my account, and I'll be your treasurer."

"But Lady Dorothy?" he groaned.

"I confess I can't help you there. You'll have to help yourself. And now I'll go into the other room while you dress, and you shall take me out shopping and to lunch at the Savoy, and then I want to see Sibyl Thorndyke in the evening—and don't be long."

She was gone before he could collect his scattered wits. For two pins he would have bolted. But curiously enough, something of her young enthusiasm seemed to have fired his imagination, and the whole affair struck him anew as a gigantic spoof, a glorious lark. With her help and knowledge he might be able to pass himself off. Without it he would have been lost. What a girl! A thorough sport if ever he had met one! Was she beautiful? He could not make up his mind. Her nose was divinely straight, her head small and well shaped. Her chestnut hair was bobbed; her mouth was a little too large for classic beauty, and her cheeks were dimpled. But best of all were her eyes. He did not know their color but he knew their expression: laughter, wit, intelligence, sympathy, courage, sincerity—all the virtues of the civilized tradition seemed to him to be centered in those eyes, all the knowledge and culture of centuries, all the beauty and charm of old, established things. Whatever happened, he could never forget those eyes with their dancing happiness and frank clear-seeing courage.

While he was waiting for her in the lounge of the Savoy before lunch, a charming middle-aged woman stopped him.

"How do you do?" she purred, evidently pleased to see him. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"For that matter, I didn't expect to see you either," said Jeremy frankly, wondering who on earth she could be. "I'm just having a bit of lunch with Olivia. She'll be here in a minute."

"Sorry, I can't stay," said the unknown woman. "But now I've got you, I must ask you to dine with us tonight. Eight sharp, you know, and we're dancing afterward. Bring Olivia along. Now no excuses. Au revoir."

And before he could protest she passed through the revolving doors into her waiting car.

"We're invited out to dinner and a dance," he said helplessly when Olivia turned up.

"Where to?"

"Heaven only knows! She was a charming woman, middle-aged, dark-brown hair, a black silky-looking cloak and a chauffeur in maroon and silver."

"Had she a vanity bag of Chinese embroidery?"

"I don't know."

"A black hat with a diamond dagger pin?"

"I don't know. But she had two gold-filled teeth and her nose was shiny."

"It must be Mrs. Mainterly. It couldn't be anyone else. Thank goodness, you noticed the nose!"

It was Mrs. Mainterly, and they spent the evening there. Olivia rescued him four times from complete disaster owing to gaps in his knowledge, and

(Continued on Page 62)

"I Heard From Hopkins, Who's Groom at the Hall Now, That Lady Dorothy Came Back Last Night"

SIGNS IN ENGLAND

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IMAGINE the British lion totally absorbed in the act of taking his own pulse and you will have a perfect ideograph of the state of England at the beginning of the year 1925. The idea is complete and simple. But what does it mean?

You get it first from the newspapers. Morning and afternoon they ask, "What is wrong with England?" It is the sore interrogation; the news of it is interminable. You get it from the man in the City, from the man in the street, and at last, most unexpectedly, from the London bobby, who was never an articulate person before. He points you to the place where royalty comes and goes, since that is what you asked for, and then, knowing you to be an American, he adds that there begins to be some doubt about that kind of thing in England. What kind of thing? All this costly business of royalty. That is what he means; and people are wanting to know what's the good of it. This will remind you that only a few days before, the trimmers of the royal lights—namely, the electricians employed at the palace—went on strike for what they conceived to be a union principle, and for several days there was darkness in these august premises.

But for all you can see with your eyes, there is nothing the matter with the lion. There are no visible symptoms of malady about him. He appears to be as well nourished as ever, perhaps even better. His coat, his mane, his tail, his claws, his growl—they are all right. And his appetite, from all hearsay and from statistical evidence of food imports, moreover, was never better. It is only this extraordinary thing he seems to be doing in a public manner that first makes you think there is anything wrong. It excites your morbid curiosity and moves you to go looking for pathological signs.

There are many signs in England.

The housemaid mentioned in a House of Commons debate who refused to use a vacuum cleaner because she couldn't see the dust—she is a sign.

The street sweeper as a civil servant who may be paid more than a skilled mechanic—he is a sign.

Primitive Methods

A WORKMAN sued his employer for wages. The employer's defense was that the workman quit without notice. The workman admitted this as a fact and met it by pleading a grievance. He had supposed he was hired by the day, and worked accordingly. At the end of the day he learned that he had been working by the piece. His grievance was that if he had known it was by the piece, not by the day, he could have doubled his earnings by performing twice as much work. He is a sign.

An American contractor who had never seen it before would stare at the way they wreck a building in Regent Street. The walls are knocked down to the cellar level. Then men with little round baskets on their backs gather up the material, carry it to the street level, cross the pedestrian traffic, and dump it half a bushel at a time into high trucks standing alongside the curb. That is a sign—a sign of wasted labor.

The classic legend of the woman who was asked if her husband had a job and replied "No, thank the Lord"—it is a sign. It was easier for her old man to live by the unemployment dole than by labor. Kipling is suddenly a luminous sign, telling the British trader that he is losing his place in the markets of the world because he has lost the "audacity to quote fine."

An American trying to push his order through one of the finest old machine works in England will give you all the sign you want. He has told them how to double their output—for his sake and their own. He has offered to go sit on the job and show them how. But he cannot move them. Why? Because there is not a man on the board under seventy, and the superintendent must have his evenings at home to smoke his pipe, no matter what happens to this exasperating American's profit or to the British Empire.

However, the head of a great old banking house will give you a contrary sign. The trouble is—and what he sees may be seen anywhere else—the trouble with England is the uncontrollable way of her youth. A young man is no longer willing to start low and work through slowly. He knows everything to begin with, and many things that are not, and wants to begin at the top.

A few minutes later you are asking your way to Drapers' Gardens, where there is another banker you wish to see. You make the wrong turn and then you ask, and a man whose errand will be taking him right by there offers to show you. "I hear things are a little better," you say to him.

"There's some as say they may be picking up a bit," he answers. "It's pretty good right where I am," he adds.

"Where is that?"

He names a well-known oil company, and says, "They've got nearly forty of us fellows there. They give us a chance."

You look at him then. He is forty-five, possibly fifty; a solid, pipe-smoking, ordinary person who goes foot errands. It is boy's work. Gradually you gather his meaning. "You mean seasoned, steady-going men like yourself?"

The Industrial Line-Up

"THAT'S right," he answers. "Most of them nowadays want only the young fellows who skip and jump. They may be all right, you know, only, as I say, we are more dependable. Steadier like."

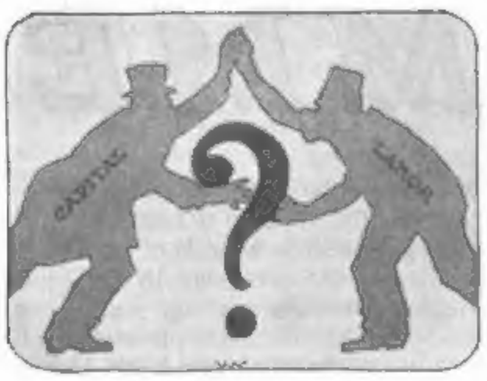
"The youngsters seem to be very pressing these days."

"They get the chance," he answers. "You may have seen it in the paper. Everybody was talking about it. A man of forty committed suicide. Nobody wanted him on account of his advanced age. That's why I say it's pretty good where I am. There's Drapers' Gardens, sir; right through there."

It was true, as he said. For three days everybody did speak of that suicide. It was a new sign among them; they had not noticed before.

Always there stands that lurid, ominous sign of impasse between capital and labor. Neither side is apparently any wiser for having had more experience in selfish antagonism than capital or labor anywhere else. Each pursues an idea of monopoly. That is bad enough. At the same time both are controlled by a common fallacy, which is to suppose that the divisible product—meaning in the one case profit and in the other case wages—may be increased by limiting the output. Manufacturers form rings to control prices and production. Unions act as rings to control not only the rate of wage but also the amount of work a man may perform for a given wage—with the effect that the industrial output is far less than the capacity of the country's industrial equipment. Each side perfectly understands the other; and almost it would seem that while understanding makes compromise possible it hinders the true solution. Nowhere else do capital and labor know so much about each other; nowhere else do they compromise more; nowhere else is the fight so chronic, so apparently hopeless or more absurdly disastrous.

Since the war the building-trades unions have realized the ideal of monopoly, owing partly to the fact that the number of skilled workmen declined and partly to the fact that the postwar demand for their labor was enormous. They were able to dictate wages, and did, and met any criticism of their conduct by calling attention to the fact that the cost of construction material was controlled by the same law. Charge what the traffic will bear. Everybody else did it. Why not the labor unions? The need for postwar houses being very great and the cost of them becoming almost prohibitive, ingenuity devised new types of steel and cut-to-fit houses that could be erected without the aid of skilled labor. Whereupon the building-trades unions, resolved to protect their monopoly, issued the decree that no labor could be employed to erect such houses, not even ex-service men that were out of work, except at the prevailing rate of skilled building-trades wages—and made a stand upon it.



At this there was a sound of mighty protest. The building-trades unions were violently denounced. They were said to have taken the country's housing program by the throat. There was new and sensational matter to run under the interrogation, "What is wrong with England?" You might have thought the day of wrath had come for union labor in England. Yet nothing tragic happened. Nothing happened at all. Never for a moment was that way of mutual understanding lost. Everybody could see the building-trades unions' point of view. What would be the good of striving, as everyone did and should, to win a position of advantage if you were not going to be able to act upon it, once it had been gained? What else was a trade-union for? Only, of course, the thing must be reasonable. And the building-trades unions so doggedly reasoned their point that everybody was obliged to suppose they meant to be reasonable whether they were or not.

An Englishman adores to be reasonable. Next to reasonableness itself he respects the intent to be reasonable. Logic he neither lives nor holds by. There is no compromise in logic. That is a sign you will come to. It is high above all others.

The best recent reading of it you can find will be in a speech delivered on March sixth in the House of Commons by Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister. He was speaking to what was called the Political Levy Bill. That was a law to forbid labor unions to put their members under compulsory contribution for political purposes. Mark you, this now is a Conservative government, one that succeeded a Labor government. It believed in the principle of the Political Levy Bill, and said so. It thought the practice of the trades-unions which was proposed to be forbidden was an iniquitous practice, and said so. Yet it decided not to enact the law. Why? Because to enact it would seem an unreasonable exercise of power. Mr. Baldwin killed it with these words:

"I worked for many years in an industrial business and had under me what was then considered a large number of men."

Waste

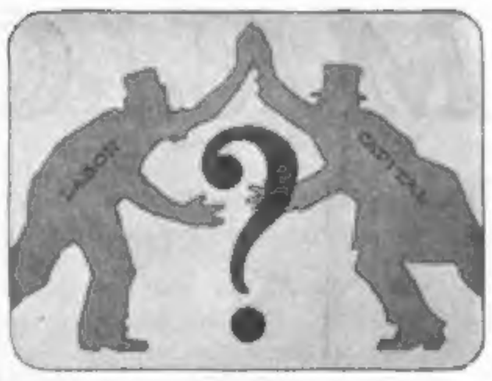
"IT HAPPENED, owing to the circumstance of this being an old family business, with an old, and I venture to say, a very good tradition, that when I was first in business I was probably working under a system that was already passing, and I doubt if its like could have been found in any of the big modern industrial towns in this country even at that time. It was a place where I had known from childhood every man on the ground, where I was able to talk to men, not only about troubles in the works but troubles at home; where strikes and lockouts were unknown, and where the fathers and grandfathers of the men had worked and their sons went automatically into the business. It was also a place where nobody ever got the sack and where we had a natural sympathy for those who were less concerned in efficiency than this generation is. There were a large number of old gentlemen who used to spend the day sitting on the handle of a wheelbarrow and smoking their pipes. Oddly enough, it was not an inefficient community. It was the last survivor of that type of works, and ultimately was swallowed up in one of those great combinations to which the industries of the country are tending.

"I remember very well an impact from the outside world that came upon us and showed how industry was changing in this country. Nothing had interrupted the even tenor of our ways for many years until one day there came a great strike in the coal fields. We tried to carry on as long as we could, but it became more and more difficult, and gradually furnace after furnace was damped down and the chimneys ceased to smoke. About a thousand men who had no part or interest in the dispute were thrown out of work at a time when there was no unemployment benefit; and that event set me thinking very hard. It seemed to me at that time a monstrous injustice to these men.

"But there was more in it really than that. It simply was that we were gradually passing into a new state of industry in which the small firms and small industries were being squeezed out. Business was all tending to great amalgamations—on the one side of employers and on the other of men. When war came in any form between these two, God help those who stood outside! That has been the tendency of industry and there was nothing that could check it. It comes largely, if not principally, from that driving force of necessity in the world that makes people combine for competition and for the protection they need against that competition. Those two forces are enormously strong. We have to reckon that these are the two to which the destinies of this country are now to a great extent, and will be to a greater extent, committed.

"To a certain extent both these organizations must be on one side uneconomic. A trade-union is uneconomic in one sense of the word when it restricts output and when it levels down the work to a lower level. It is an association for the protection of the weaker men. And exactly the same thing happens in an employers' organization. Primarily it is protective, but in effect very often it is uneconomic because it keeps in existence works which if left to the process of competition would be squeezed out and whose prolonged existence is really only a weakness to the country. Also it has another very curious effect not at all dissimilar from that of the trade-union reaction, which shows that both these organizations are instinct with English tradition. The workmen's organization is formed to see that under certain conditions a workman cannot get his living in a particular trade unless he belongs to that union. An employers' organization is formed in a particular trade for the protection of the trade, and it has the result of preventing any new man starting in that trade.

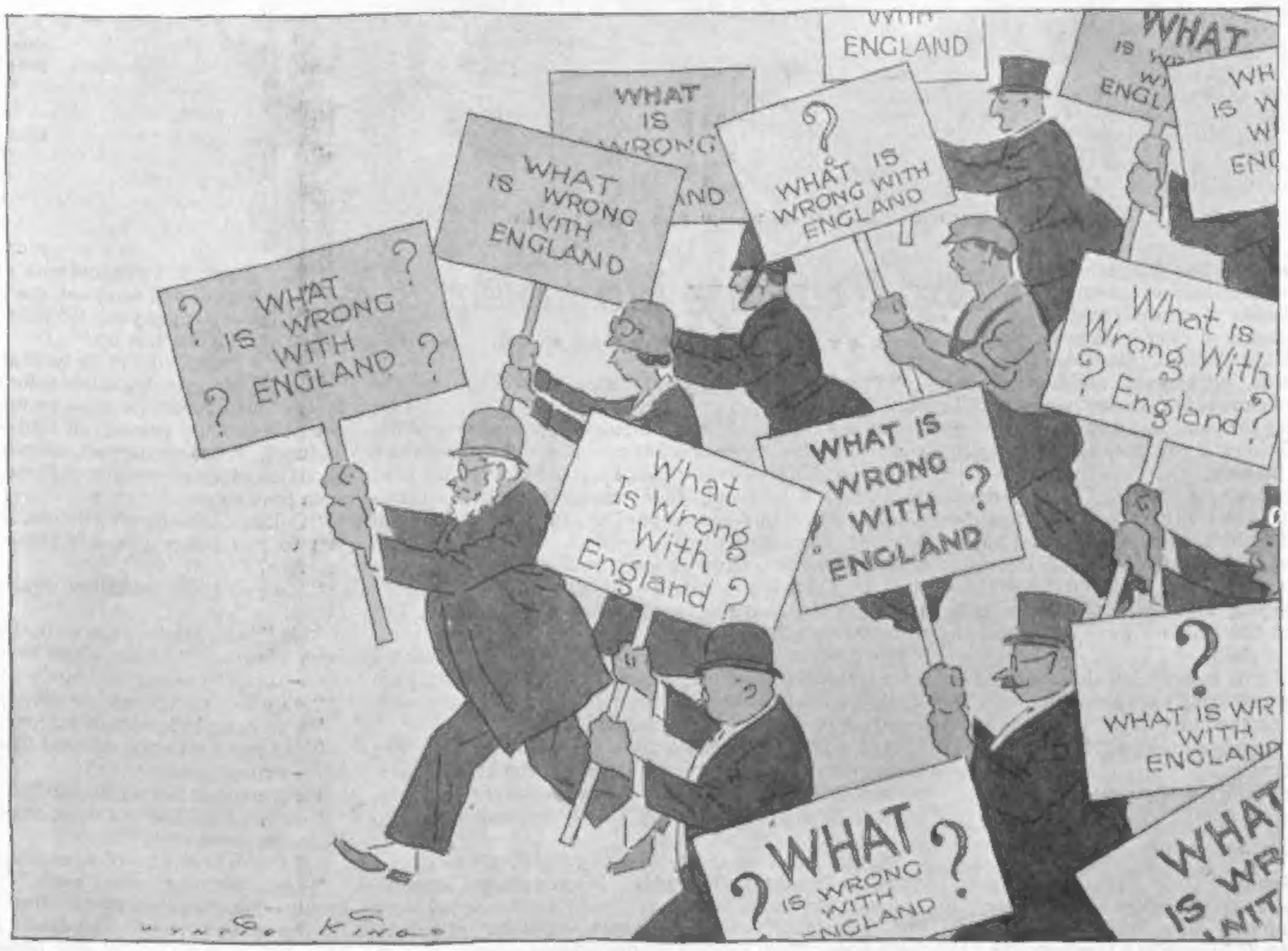
"My conviction is that we are moving forward rapidly from an old state of industry into a newer, and the question is, What is the newer going to be? No man, of course, can say what form evolution is taking. In this I am quite sure, however, that whatever form we may see, possibly within this generation, or at any rate in the time of the next generation, it has got to be a form of pretty close partnership, however that is going to be arrived at, and it will not be a partnership the terms of which will be laid down—at any rate not yet—in Acts of Parliament. (Cheers.) It has got to be a partnership of men who understand their own work and it is little help that they can get really either from politicians or from intellectuals. . . ."



Unwritten Rules of the Game

"WE HAVE our majority. We believe in the justice of this bill. But we are going to withdraw our hand. We are not going to push our political advantage home at a moment like this. We stand for peace. We stand for the removal of suspicion in the country. We abandon what we have laid our hands to. We know we may be called cowards for doing it. We know we may be told that we have gone back on our principles. But at this moment we believe it is for us in our great strength to say that we, at any rate, stand for peace."

A characteristic British conclusion, arrived at through an emotion that has nothing to do with the facts. It was received in England with immense delight—not that it settled anything, for it left the situation exactly as it was, but that it represented a triumph of the national intuition for compromise, for stopping somewhere short of the ultimate logic. Which leads you to one more sign.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WHAT IS WRONG WITH ENGLAND ?

Although the struggle between capital and labor in England has been extremely bitter since the war, it is the Englishman's boast that not one life has been lost in civil strife. They know one another. They are all of one piece. Always two English eyes looking into two other English eyes. They fight by an instinctive code that is chiefly remarkable for what it forbids. And you cannot say precisely what that is. You may press an advantage far. There is otherwise no sense in advantage. But in every instance there is a point beyond which you shall not go.

In one of the recent and ugliest coal strikes a mine owner went to the secretary of the miners' union, saying, "See here, your men must be in bad shape. They are not getting enough to eat." The secretary admitted the fact, though strictly it was like giving away your weakness to the enemy. The mine owner said: "This row won't last forever. We've all got to be friends again. Besides, I can't see them go without food. I want to make a food allowance of so much per man and something extra for the married ones, but don't you ever let them know where you got the money."

Such a thing probably could not happen outside of England. There it is a well-known inconsistency for an employer to be trying with one hand to starve a strike while

(Continued on Page 56)

MR. CONWAY'S FEMME

"Looks as if It Had Been to the Wars," Said Major Tarrant

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

OCTOBER, the last gorgeous fringes of it, flung like a dancer's shawl across the earth's bare breast. Splashes of scarlet, opulent maples; streaks and patches of clear, pale gold; oaks, with the sun shining through; russet and bronze, the lesser breeds, bittersweet, acrid vermilion.

Jenny Bromley leaned close to her window, elbow on sill, cheek childishly brushing the pane, and watched the living tapestry unfold—up hillside and over meadow, across rich fields and into sudden hollows.

A river ran beside the train; a wide, cool, shining river. Not the smoky mirror to which Riverside bends. Not the ship-ridden current of Manhattan's vast uses. The upper Hudson is still, enthrallingly, the Hudson of Hendrik. War-bonneted Indians might very well lurk on those thick-wooded shores, the rasping scream of a ferry whistle become at any moment the ominous howl of a redskin. What's past is so seldom dead.

"Oh, isn't it?" cried Jenny to herself at this stage of her enraptured musing, and gathering bags and other impedimenta about her, awaited the porter's attentions.

"West Point, miss," suggested that worthy, appearing beside her chair opportunely.

"West Point," agreed Jenny, smiling.

"Somebody meetin' you, miss?"

"I hope so, I'm sure."

"Be in in a *minute*."

"Thank you," said Jenny.

That smile of hers was adequate—even with a porter. It deepened dark eyes already appealing and shadowy. It twisted delicately the soft fullness of a lovely mouth. It didn't, of course, do anything to the fall of cropped dark hair about her ears and it didn't appreciably alter the white slimness of her throat; but, at that, as a smile, it did enough.

The porter, subtly inspired, carried Jenny's bags with an air to the platform and there inquired—the personal touch, a tribute—

"See yo' frien's, miss?"

"No, I don't," returned Jenny, looking anxiously about her.

The train shivered and made ready to depart.

"They's a waitin' room yondah."

"Thank you," said Jenny; "someone will be here, I'm sure."

But she wasn't. She was annoyingly uncertain. Wires sometimes miscarry—and letters. She didn't, anywhere along the platform, see Octavie's pretty head, nor the head of Octavie's husband, that straight-shooting, amiable soldier. She didn't see anyone of an aspect remotely familiar. It disconcerted her somewhat. One expected, of course, to be met. How on earth would one ever find one's way to Octavie's quarters—the quarters of Octavie's husband? Up that steep road to the right, obviously. But after that—where?

She'd never set foot in West Point before. It looked a trifle forbidding. All gray towers and ramparts. All grim stone mantled in flaming autumnal ivy. Beautiful—oh, very!—but, yes, as to that, forbidding.

With a final heavy snort, the train got under way. The all-too-sympathetic porter ran alongside and hopped casually upon a step, keeping a watchful backward glance on Jenny's plight. Which wasn't, however, indefinitely to endure.

Suddenly a deep voice, well above Jenny's head, inquired politely, "Mrs. Bromley? It's you, isn't it, Jenny?"

Jenny turned on her smart low heel. She stood for a hazy moment with her mouth open—sweetly, but indubitably open. Such was her unaffected amazement. Recovering at length a kind of resentful calm, she retorted with spirit:

"It's me, Jimmy Tarrant! But how on earth does it happen to be you? Wherever did you come from? I was never so surprised in all my life! And have you seen Octavie Beauclerc anywhere about? She's supposed to be meeting me."

"I'm meeting you," said Major Tarrant briefly, and picking up Jenny's bags with absent-minded ease, led the way to a neat dark roadster, waiting.

Having stowed Jenny therein among brakes and clutches, he climbed in beside her and started the engine.

"Nice day," he so far committed himself, eventually. "Mind if I smoke?"

Jenny gave a little wriggle of purest exasperation as the car, beneath her companion's masterful wangling, started up the hill in the direction of all those picture-book towers and ramparts of graystone.

"Smoke yourself to a cinder if you like," she said gently. "Only first tell me—always supposing you can, without too much effort, run to so many words, Jimmy—where is Octavie? Why are you here? Am I visiting the Beauclercs or aren't I? And ——"

"You're not visiting me," said Major Tarrant regretfully. "Wish you were. Bachelor quarters, however—might make talk."

If the faintest pleased gleam, the merest glancing flicker, crossed the dark pools of Jenny's eyes at this mention of sustained celibacy, the celibate missed it. He had his hands upon the wheel and his eyes upon the road.

"Octavie's running herself ragged. Some kind of a female shindig for you this afternoon. Asked me to meet your train—that's all."

"But, Jimmy, how—do—you—happen to be here? Are you on leave?"

"No, stationed."

"Doing what, for pity's sake?"

"Teaching."

"Teaching what?"

"Mathematics."

"Always the strong, silent man, aren't you, Jimmy? I suppose with a little dynamite, a master key and what not, one might really get something out of you. Why did you leave Honolulu?"

"Time was up."

"Oh, I didn't know that."

He told her, glancing sidewise for a moment beneath the brim of his impeccable cap—he was really rather an impeccable-seeming person, all told—upstanding, straight-featured, broad-shouldered, slim-waisted—a trifle grim about his handsome mouth, perhaps, a trifle wary about his keen brown eyes.

"Quite a few things you didn't know. Like to have told 'em to you before you left there—wouldn't listen—remember?"

"Are you going to tell me again?" asked impertinent Jenny.

"No," said Major Tarrant flatly, and added, like any other cicerone, "Yonder's the hotel, where the flappers stay—time of the kaydet hops."

"Why do you say kaydet—like that?"

"Way everybody says it up here."

"And you were always a good Roman—except in Honolulu—weren't you?"

He grinned at her unexpectedly.

"Even there. Didn't I react, as per specifications, to the Hawaiian moon et al.?"

"If that's your idea of a reaction!"

"That building over there," said Major Tarrant evenly—"bachelor quarters. Just beyond—place where they have the hops. Cullum Hall. Full of old portraits—high-ranking birds—Civil War period."

"Do you go to the hops, Jimmy?"

"No."

"The most unvarnished negative in captivity! Why don't you say 'No, I haven't been going, but I will go while you're here, Jenny!'"

"Because I write my own lines," said Major Tarrant; "thanks!"

Jenny wrinkled her nose in a way which she knew had once affected him strongly.

"Jimmy, how do you think I'm looking?"

"You always look beautiful," he replied with an appalling lack of finesse

"H-m-m! That's a flivver among compliments—it'll go anywhere. Tell me, have I changed at all?"

"Been only two years since I saw you in Honolulu. How is your sister—one you visited?"

"None of your business!" said Jenny like the rudest woman in the world, which, of course, she was not. "Jimmy, I'm asking you, do I look any older?"

"A little—about two years."

When she made a stricken sound between horror and annoyance, he put one hand over and patted her knee.

"Well, it's been two years, hasn't it? I feel it."

"You look it! You look more than two—you look five! You've got a lot of gray hairs."

"I'm thirty-eight," said Major Tarrant, unmoved.

"That's middle-aged!"

He only grinned again. His smile had an odd quality of sudden warmth, like the opening of a door into a secret fire-lit room.

"Laying in a supply of spectacles and old slippers already. How about you?"

"You're too disgusting," said Jenny coldly. "We'll be quarreling presently—and I haven't been with you ten minutes—after two years!"

"Always did quarrel," he reminded her pleasantly. "That's Octavie's place at the next corner. Well, see you tonight."

"For dinner?"

"No; you're having dinner with your kaydet, and the Beauclercs."

"My what?" gasped Jenny.

"Your kaydet. One of the nicest youngsters in the corps. White hope of the football team—Mr. Conway."

"But, Jimmy"—Jenny's eyes widened, her dark brows arched in mirthful dismay—"a kaydet hop—me! For heaven's sake, why?"

"Octavie thinks you'll enjoy the experience."

"But aren't they terribly young?"

"'Bout twenty—those that you'll dance with."

"And me a widow of—well, a widow!"

"Oh, you'll get by," said Major Tarrant comfortably.

Jenny sat back beside him, considerably startled. She scowled at nothing, she bit the tip of one gray-gloved finger, she smiled deliciously.

"Jimmy, do you think I really will—get by?"

"Why not? Little and slim, bobbed hair, good-looking dress, intelligent amount of make-up—you'll be all right," he assured her.

Jenny protested, but half-heartedly.

"I'm terrified at the bare thought! I won't do it! What's Octavie thinking of? Me, going to a dance with a child of twenty! Why, Jimmy, I'm thirty years old!"

"You're thirty-two," said Major Tarrant, bringing his wheel about with a lazy turn of the wrist.

She flushed in spite of herself.

"You brute! Why did I ever tell you?"

He answered quite calmly, "Didn't. Your sister did. She's not so good a little liar as you. . . . Here's the Beauclercs'. . . . Those two bags all you've got? Any checks?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Jenny, masked in chilly indifference as shellfish are masked in ice in a caterer's window.

She let him help her out of the car and walked before him up the steps of Octavie's little brick house.

It was a house out of a picture book; covered with vines, smoke trailing from its rough stone chimney. Octavie, deliciously domestic in a pink cretonne apron over businesslike sweater and skirt, shouting excited welcome from the doorway, was really rather a picture-book hostess.

Jenny felt she didn't, herself, in her new squirrel coat and small gray hat, strike any discordant note. And as for Major Tarrant, khaki-clad and Sam-Browne-belted, following with the bags ——

There's always something about a uniform—unfortunately for the female heart, there always has been. Perhaps the snake, in that first fair garden, wore an aiguillette and a bright brass button or two. It would be interesting to know. Just one of those little points on which history is so lamentably silent.

Jenny was for the moment, however, impervious to the charms of militarism. She fell into Octavie's arms with a small glad cry of relief. Her escort might have been still the porter.

"Octa, darling, this is too lovely!"

"Jenny, it's simply gorgeous to have you!"

"My dear, if you knew how thrilled I am to be here!"

The usual feminine patter. Octavie recovered first, drawing Jenny in with an arm about her shoulders, drawing Major Tarrant after her, bags and all, with a hand upon his coat sleeve.

"Jenny, you're sure you don't mind my not meeting you? I had so darned much to do—about this afternoon Tea party for you, my child; and Don Jaime said you knew each other, so I just sent him down."

"Who?" inquired Jenny, quivering invisible antennæ.

"Oh, Don Jaime? That's what I call him—Major Tarrant, on your left."

"I see," said Jenny sweetly.

"She calls me Jimmy," offered the *corpus delicti*.

"I see," said Octavie blandly in her turn. "Did you know each other well?"

"Oh, pretty well," said Tarrant.

"Not so fearfully," said Jenny.

Meeting each other's eyes, they changed color like two chameleons on a wall, with pretty Octavie looking on.

"In Honolulu, it was. I was out there visiting Belle," explained Jenny with a touch of haste.

"Stationed at Fort Shafter," muttered Major Tarrant.

"Well, well!" cried Octavie with a sudden ripple of laughter—did it or did it not ripple over rocks? "And which of you committed the murder, darlings? Never mind, tell me later. Jaime, run along home now—or back to your classes, or whatever it is you do this time in the morning. Jenny'll want to rest and unpack and talk."

"'And talk' is right," said Tarrant, grinning briefly. "All right, Octavie. See you tonight."

"But I thought," put in Jenny languidly, "that you said ——"

"Oh, I'm going over with Octavie and Dan—sit in the gallery. You'll be down on the floor with your kaydet."

"I see," said Jenny again.

She was more or less prepared for Octavie's onslaught of questioning, directly that tall figure had got itself down the walk and into the roadster, driving off with a characteristic smooth gathering of speed. "Why, Jenny," said Octavie, moving hangers about in a roomy clothes closet opening off a small but delightful bedroom, "I never heard you speak of Major Tarrant. I'd no idea you knew him so well."

"How well, ducky?" deftly inquired Jenny, very busy with an ivory-and-pearl dance frock, conveniently occupied for the moment with piles of filmy underthings. "I—met him—in Honolulu two years ago."

"How long were you out there?"

"Only a couple of months."

Octavie said sapiently, "Two months in Honolulu—good as six in any other place."

"It wasn't at all what you think, Octa. We were just very good friends."

"H-m-m! I know your brand of friendship, my child."

"Really, I was perfectly amazed when I saw him at the station. I didn't even know he'd been ordered up here."

"Must have treated him pretty harsh for him not to write and tell you."

"I can't correspond with the entire United States Army, dear."

"Might do worse," said Octavie loyally. She sauntered across the room, whistling softly, to assist at Jenny's unpacking. "Oh, that's a peach, darling—that pearl thing! That'll knock the kaydets for a row of goals. You must wear that tonight. I haven't told you—you're going to the

(Continued on Page 217)

If She Lived to be an Old Lady, She Would Undoubtedly be a Cat. She Was, at the Moment, a Probable Seventeen and the Silkiest Kind of Kitten

A BOY'S JOB IN THE EIGHTIES

He Would Have Been Doing Chores Earlier Than That

HOW THEY BROUGHT UP THE LAST GENERATION

By Jay E. House

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IT WAS the early dawn of a June morning on a Corn Belt farm forty years ago. Though these memoirs in no sense constitute an apostrophe to the glory of a new day, it is only fair to say that the first rays of an obscured sun were streaking the east and a cooling breeze fanned the earth. Presently the breeze would die away as the sun ascended the heavens and began to beat down upon a baked countryside. Early dawn is the one merciful moment of a Corn Belt summer. But the exigencies of farm life are such that nobody has time to enjoy it.

The family was eating breakfast by the light of a kerosene lamp, but the assembled circle was incomplete. Sciatica had laid father low during the night. Frequently it sprang upon him without warning and held him in its grip for days. He had managed to arise and had attempted to help with the chores, but was now stretched upon a couch in an adjacent room, from which he groaned in pain every time he moved. It was an inopportune moment for sciatica to strike, for father was trading work with the Hance boys and they were to begin cutting wheat that morning.

In that time and circumstance labor was the common currency of the rural community. Nobody paid money for anything if he could render its equivalent in work. In a manner of speaking, nobody had money. Farmers swapped work on a day-for-day basis through harvesting, threshing and haying. I was thirteen years old, and in father's incapacity, by virtue of both age and sex, became the titular head of the family. As I finished breakfast he called to me.

"I hate to send you," he said, "but you'll have to go along and do the best you can."

Immediately I set out on foot for the Hance farm two miles distant.

No Soft Jobs to Be Had

THE self-binding reaper was just coming in. Two or three already were at work in the neighborhood. But most of the farmers, the Hance boys among them, were exacting the last service from their old-fashioned droppers. A harvesting crew working with a dropper consisted of four binders—five if the wheat were very heavy—and a shocker. The binders worked in relays. Stations approximately equidistant were established around the field. One fell in behind the machine, raked the fallen swaths of wheat together, fashioned a band from the straw before him and, tying the whole into a compact sheaf, tossed it to one side and out of the way. He worked to the end of his station, falling in behind the machine as it passed him again, and in such manner completed the circuit of the field many times during the day. It was what was colloquially known as heavy work. As a matter of fact, it was devastating, back-breaking toil. In extreme heat, strong men succumbed to it. The urge was to keep the grain out of the way of the machine, to clean up the station before the machine overtook one. To get caught was disgraceful. It stamped the binder as weak and inefficient.

John Hance was sitting on the machine, ready to start cutting when I reported for work. There were no soft jobs, but John always managed to avoid the tough ones.

Going to School Was Not Without Its Travail

"Well," he said, "don't stand there all day—fall in."

I fell in. More than that, I kept up my station all day. I didn't get caught and my binding was workmanlike. I thought my double band compared favorably with those fashioned by the veterans on the job. Far from lamenting my lot, I walked home at dusk thrilled and elated. Although I had stopped several times during the day to wring the perspiration from my hickory shirt, I wasn't very tired. The consciousness that I had done a man's work in a man's way stirred me and I was in a hurry to get home and tell them about it. Nor was the feat an exceptional one. Any stout thirteen-year-old boy in that neighborhood could have done the same thing.

Recent agitation for child-labor legislation has set me to re-creating in mind certain incidents of my boyhood. I am wondering whether the beneficent hand of paternalism so graciously extended to the rising generation is of any real value to it. I do not wish to argue the point; I am merely curious about it. I now know that those of us who lived on Corn Belt farms forty years ago led a hard, drab, uneventful existence. I didn't know it then.

Two-Legged Assets

HAD anybody told me I needed protective legislation—that I was being physically wrecked between the upper and nether stones of my family's need or greed—I should have laughed in his face. Given both language and inspiration to argue the matter, I should have contended that my lot was an easy one. I did not work so hard as other boys. We arose later in the morning than was the custom of the neighborhood. Unless the work was very pressing, we left the fields at six o'clock in the evening. I went to town or played baseball—usually both—nearly every Saturday afternoon. There were occasional half days, even in the busy seasons, when I did nothing but fish or hunt. Within the purview of the neighborhood, and due to a too indulgent father, I had it pretty soft. Such were the opportunities of my time and station that, at a very early age, I gravitated to a white-collar job on my own steam.

It was a half-raw prairie community on the farther edge of the Corn Belt. In summer, hot winds seared it; in winter, blizzards beat upon it. There was general poverty and no actual want. Nobody had much and few had more than anybody else. A farmer's immediate and speculative assets were fixed less in his lands and stock than in his boys and

girls—particularly his boys. A big family of boys represented actual or potential achievement.

"As soon as my boys get big enough to help a little," and "No wonder he gets along; he's got a lot of boys to help him," were conversational nuggets frequently recurrent in the phraseology of the neighborhood.

In that environment a boy began to participate in the lighter tasks about the farm when he was seven or eight years old. And I don't mean chores. He would have been doing chores earlier than that. A boy of that age was always needed to ride one of the lead horses attached to the binder, one of those hitched to the bull rake, to pile and burn the hedge brush, give a hand with the hoe or husk the down row. No self-respecting corn husker would touch the down row. It was a boy's work. Happily, there is no longer a down row. After many years, some bold enterprising spirit discovered it wasn't necessary to have one.

In the Corn Belt of that day—and probably yet, for that matter—a boy of twelve or thirteen was a full hand in the field and for seven or eight months in the year worked the long stretch of hours that constitutes a day's toil on a farm. He was not supposed to be physically equipped for the more onerous tasks of harvesting, threshing and haying, but he was expected to make a hand at pretty nearly everything else. Another conversational nugget frequently cast into the neighborhood's narrow stream of phraseology was the boast that "I plowed when I had to reach up to take hold of the plow handles." There was supposed to be something distinctive and creditable about plowing at an age when one had to reach up to take hold of the handles. Having no curiosity about it, I never knew what it was.

The Farm Boy's Apprenticeship

THE neighborhood was not without the finer instincts. It had a feeling that boys might be worked too hard. Such feeling even took the form of muttering at the drastic course in industry laid out by John Hance for his two older boys, Jim and Tom. Mr. Hance put virtually the entire burden of his farm on Jim and Tom when they were nine and ten years old respectively. Mr. Hance craved leisure, and, since he was the father of six or seven boys, managed in time to achieve it. But the neighbors didn't like it and freely predicted that Tom and Jim would be stunted in their growth. They may have been. Neither grew up to be physically impressive. They were runty boys and they became runty men. Be that as it may, the Corn Belt boy was supposed to serve his father without recompense other than board and clothes until he was twenty-one years old. Usually he did so. His attainment of his majority brought to him a gift that was traditional. He was given a horse, a saddle and a bridle. These were the insignia of his liberation. Thereafter he owed no allegiance to his male parent. If he continued to work for his father, the latter paid him the customary wage. Not all the boys took advantage of their opportunities. Ed Fosdick was still working for his father on the old terms at the age of thirty-seven. The team of mules which he called his own had been a gratuity from his father. They did not express earnings or earning capacity. Then Ed got married and a rearrangement of the family scheme became necessary.

Getting an Education

THE joke about the boy who hopes the schoolhouse will burn down never appealed to me. The humor of it always seemed forced. In its original form it must have been the concept of a comedian who never saw service on a farm. I looked forward to the four months' term of school a generous school board accorded us with illy repressed eagerness. I saw it pass reluctantly. I always approached my last week of scholastic endeavor in what, I imagine, is the mood of the prisoner, temporarily free on bail, who is about to engage in a period of penal servitude. It wasn't that my mind was bent on scholastic achievement. I attached only moderate importance to scholastic achievement; and, anyway, I had reached the heights of such achievement in that school at a very early age. At thirteen or fourteen I had negotiated the route from common fractions to mensuration several times. Since, in the limited time at his disposal, that was as far as anybody ever got in his struggle with arithmetic, that I would travel it again next year meant little or nothing to me. I had been in the Fifth Reader a number of years and knew the A Geography and the school history by heart. Scholastically there really was nothing left for me.

But school was the break in the year. It was the period of large leisure. I had nothing to do except chores night and morning and a little wood chopping on Saturday. It was also the brief moment of social diversion. Society, for the younger element at least, was predicated on the school year. The Doane Literary and Debating Society met on Friday nights during the winter and adjourned for the year as soon as spring work opened. I learned to dance, after a fashion, and subsequently to sing bass at the school parties. And school served my naturally gregarious instincts by bringing me into social contact with the boys and girls of the neighborhood. I should have been very disconsolate, indeed, had the schoolhouse burned down.

To prove that my attitude was the common one, I have only to relate the epic tale of the Harbell brothers, Zeke and Wylie. I have said the school board vouchsafed us a school term of four months, but only the younger pupils were permitted to take full advantage of it. The older boys were kept at home until the fall work, particularly the corn husking, had been finished. School began about the first of November and continued until the first week in March. All through the month of November the older boys, having completed the fall work at home, came straggling in. Usually, everybody who contemplated going was in school by the first of December.

No burning scholastic ambition flamed in the breasts of the Harbell brothers. They were not of the stuff from which the intelligentzia is recruited. They were of and by the proletariat. School meant even less to

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In That Environment a Boy Began to Participate in the Lighter Tasks About the Farm When He Was Seven or Eight Years Old

P. TODDHUNTER, CLK.

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

"We'll Make the Grade, All Right!" He Assured Her Suddenly. "We'll Manage to Wiggle Through Somehow"

NEVER heard of him," announced the hotel clerk mournfully.

"But they're quite prominent here, I'm sure," persisted the girl. A shadow of anxiety had come over the clear oval of her face, and her dark eyes, nearly as dark and lustrous as the soft plume which drooped from her gray hat, beseeched him to think deeply. "It's most important!" she added.

"I've been here six years, Miss Land, and I've never heard of 'em. Oh, Jerry!" He crooked a finger at an old porter. "Jerry, have you ever heard of a family here in Planet called Toddhunter?"

"Sure!"

Esther Land's heart gave a little leap.

"But that was a long time ago," the old fellow added; "a long time ago." He emphasized each word, his voice falling in a suggestion of sadness. "The Toddhunters used to own most all of Planet. There was Old Eph, the doctor, the major an' the judge."

"Yes!" exclaimed the girl, face brightening

"They're all gone now, though," the porter went on. "I haven't heard of a Toddhunter in—well, maybe fifteen years. They all just disappeared, somehow. The girls went to Europe to live, an' I can't just recollect what did happen to John. He was a great drinker."

"It's his son Percy I want to find," she said.

His head shook.

"I don't think you'll find him here in Planet, miss. The family just disappeared like you'd turn off an electric light. Why, it's been so long since I've heard the name Toddhunter that it gives me a kind of funny feeling. When I was a boy you didn't dare to call your soul your own here in Planet without asking some Toddhunter's permission. But then Old Eph died. That was when I was a boy. I remember his funeral. Then the doctor, he died; an' the major an' the judge."

The clerk cleared his throat suggestively.

"Nope, I don't think you'll find a Toddhunter left in Planet, miss," added the porter, switching back into the main track. "Did you look in the telephone book?"

"Yes; but his name wasn't there."

"We can try the directory." He reached out for a fat volume which lay upon the desk, opened it and ran his finger down a page.

"There!" Both he and the girl uttered the word at the same instant, and their eyes dwelt upon the single line of type: "P. Toddhunter, clk., 541 Herman Street."

"Maybe that's him."

"I'm sure it is!" responded the girl, voice quavering. "And what does 'clk.' mean?"

"Clerk. I guess he works in a store—sells things."

Esther Land mumbled the address to herself.

"And how am I to get there?"

"Better take a taxi. It's in a part o' town that's kind o' difficult to find if you ain't acquainted with it."

Esther Land paused, fingers tightening over a bag which was weighted down more by cosmetics than money. American taxicabs, she had found, were so frightfully dear! But now, at the very end of her voyage, she could afford one extravagance without letting her mind compute dollars into lire at a ruinous rate of exchange.

The porter accompanied her to the door, signaled a taxi.

"As you go up High Street," he told her, "look out for Number 84. That was Old Eph Toddhunter's house. Everybody used to call it the Castle. It was the swellest house in town. I guess he'd roll over if he could see it now."

The cab jerked forward, swung into the traffic, and she let her eyes run down the street numbers.

Eighty-four—the Castle—was the symbol of its times. It stood back from the street, square, ornately coppiced, dirty, flanked on either side by eight-story buildings. Its yard, where once iron dogs and deer had rested in the cool lawn, sheltered by trees, was concrete. There Old Eph Toddhunter had sat in his garden, smiling, raising his stick to acquaintances who waved a greeting through the spokes of the high iron fence.

There, one June morning in the 80's, a morning so beautifully filled with the motions and the sounds of life that death seemed inconceivable, he had not awakened from his nap.

The high iron fence was still standing, but the gate had been torn away. Beside the house, the big red finger of a gasoline pump pointed skyward; behind, replacing the stable where sleek horses, shining carriages and harness had once been kept, there was a grimy two-story garage. In front of the house, headlights peering wistfully through the fence at the great world outside, were three used cars, bargain signs painted in white upon their windshields. Esther Land's gloved hand went to her slender throat and pressed there.

"The Castle! Oh!" she said weakly.

She turned for another look, but the old house had been eclipsed by business blocks, and the taxi plunged on in the swirling current of cars. At last it left the main thoroughfare and entered a district of dingy houses, which wore signs, Rooms or Room and Board, in their windows before lace curtains that were askew. The car stopped, brakes squealing.

"You may wait for me," she told the driver.

A woman whose face had been intended by Nature to be contented and jovial, but which was drawn about the eyes into an expression of irritability, answered the bell.

"No, he isn't here," she said. "He left—four days ago."

"Could you tell me where I might find him?"

"No, I can't." The woman's voice rose in a sudden access of exasperation. "He's probably off somewhere making a fool of himself, like his father before him. He and his mother lived in this house for fourteen years, and then he ups an' leaves without so much as ten minutes' warning."

"And his mother?" asked Esther anxiously.

"Died a month ago."

The girl took a deep breath, trying to free herself from the weight which pressed upon her heart.

"Perhaps where he works ——" she suggested.

"He doesn't, so far as I know," returned the woman acidly. "He quit his job too. Oh, he made a thorough clean sweep of it! I'm sorry, but I can't help you."

"It's dreadfully important!"

"Well, I don't know what you're going to do about it."

"Perhaps he'll send an address for his mail."

"Doesn't get any that I know of. You can write to him here and I'll see he gets it if he comes back. I don't mind saying that we half expect to see him come straggling back with his tail between his legs, and I guess he can get his job at the music store again if he goes down to Mr. Higbee and apologizes." The door was inching shut.

"But isn't there any way ——" Esther pleaded.

"Not that anybody knows of," answered the landlady, as though she were finding some enjoyment in the finality of it. "If you happen to find him, you might tell him not to make any bigger fool of himself than he can help."

The door made good its threat and closed.

"I'll—I'll walk back," she said to the driver.

"Dollar-thirty."

Despite the pressure of disappointment and anxiety, she made a horrified computation and discovered that one dollar and thirty cents was thirty lire. The taxi swung away, leaving her numbly upon the sidewalk, tears of disappointment pressing into her eyes.

John Darius Toddhunter—grandson of Old Eph, son of the judge and father of the elusive Percy—had been one

of the forerunners of prohibition; a gloriously shining example of all the effects, good and bad, of alcohol taken into the human system in large doses, frequently. Those who knew him in his younger days, just after the death of his father, swore that there never had been a more witty and delightful barroom companion. Life was a gayly colored picture puzzle, with John Darius tossing the pieces in the air rather than laboriously putting them together.

His father had left him a considerable fortune; he had been admitted to the bar and had an office which contained his father's books and files. The office also contained a couch, which made it unnecessary for John to return home to sleep when he had important drinking to get done.

Those who came to do business with him were almost invariably told by a pale, singularly lovely young woman that Mr. Toddhunter was either busy or out. Even John Darius made a joke of it and explained that she meant he was either busy drinking or had passed out, which was woefully near the truth. During those distorted hilarious days and nights, this young woman, who had been the judge's secretary during the last five years of his life, came to be the one cool, certain figure of probity and faith in John's dizzy world. When remorse and self-condemnation worried him, as a terrier worries a rat, he usually made her a witness to his vows of a new purpose.

He was remarkably articulate. As a trial lawyer he would undoubtedly have gone far, for he had the power of spinning lustrous sentences which wound up and up until they burst into pyrotechnical climax. Many a soak laid his head on the bar rail and wept when John Darius Toddhunter spoke of mother love or man's inhumanity to man. Unfortunately, those who were down for jury service had the least chance of hearing him.

At last, in the course of a severe katzenjammer, he dramatized himself so vividly that the girl consented to marry him.

One morning, ten years later, after one of the periodic super-souses by which he varied his life's routine, he stormed home to accuse her of having sent the landlord to hound him for the rent. He orated and he roared, while their son, Percy, who was nine years old at the time, hid beneath the side porch, weeping. In a burst of anger John Darius Toddhunter broke a chair and a few pieces of bric-a-brac; then he clapped on the high silk hat, which an instinct for grandeur led him to wear when his jag was dead ripe, and stalked from the house

Through the open window Percy heard his mother sobbing. He saw the neighbors, hidden behind their lace curtains, spying. In a quick burst of rage, the boy squirmed out and made for the driveway, where he scooped up a handful of stones. It was unfilial of him, to be sure, but the first stone staved a hole in John Darius Toddhunter's high hat, sent it rolling in crazy circles. His father turned to attack, received a fusillade of stones, tried to chase him and fell flat. With a dignity that was superb, considering the circumstances, he got to his feet, picked up his hat and marched unsteadily away.

Such was John Darius Toddhunter's exit from a family life which, he announced at the first saloon, had been for ten weary years an assault upon his personal liberty, his career, his pride and his dignity. The last that Percy saw of him was when he doffed his wounded high hat, bowing punctiliously to a woman, who snubbed him.

Of John Darius they knew only that he had invested in a new silk hat, a flower for his buttonhole and a ticket for New York. He had gone forth to spread the gospel of prohibition; perhaps, even, he had died in the cause. At all events, he had been successful in the only career to which he had ever seriously devoted himself, for prohibition was more or less a fact. They also serve who are only bad examples.

From the large house, for which the rent was always overdue, Percy and his mother moved to a boarding house in Herman Street, and she found work in a law office. When Percy was seventeen—a gangling youth whose legs were so long that he was known as Shanks—Mrs. Toddhunter's health failed. He left high school and took a job at Higbee's Music Store.

It is recorded that a widower was heard to mutter, as he turned away from his wife's grave, "Wall, I guess I c'n git a motorcycle now."

So with Percy, last of the Toddhunters. Not that he wanted a motorcycle or any one material thing, but simply that he guessed that he could reach out now for some of the action and romance of life he had dreamed of. From his earliest memories he had lived under a tyranny of love his mother's one comforter, her possession, her unique pride. It had been her greatest happiness to be able to say "Percy is a good boy."

He was nearly twenty-four, tall and lean. The rest of his body had grown to fit his legs, so that no one thought of calling him Shanks any more. Sometimes he wished he could cling to that old nickname, since those who didn't call him Todd—they were few—called him Percy. Regardless of some dashing historic precedents for Percy—he had looked them up in the encyclopedia—he detested the name and winced when he heard it

His face combined the Toddhunter jaw, which was angular and heavily hinged, with some of the sensitively proportioned lines of his mother's countenance. He had her brown eyes that looked soberly upon the world, and her rather large, expressively active mouth. He had acquired the Toddhunter mannerism of drawing his lips in under any stress of emotion, pleasure or annoyance. Sometimes it gave him an inappropriate air of disapproval when he was most pleased.

Immediately after the funeral he resumed his work at Higbee's Music Store, selling phonograph records and sheet music, outwardly docile, but conscious of an ungovernable stirring within himself. The impulse to step out went singing through his thoughts, an agitating motif But, as many human beings, de facto governments and meteorites have discovered, it is one thing to achieve freedom and distinctly another thing to know what to do with it after you've got it. Percy, with two hundred and thirty-seven dollars in the bank, debts paid, free to shove off, was perplexed

"The world's my bird!" he announced to his mirror, but nothing came of it

He enrolled at Kid Baker's Health Emporium and boxed three times a week with Bill Coxey. Bill was bookkeeper

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"You're Fired!"

TECHNIC

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

IN THE obliterating darkness at the rear of the theater, Barry Townsend stood and watched his wife moving about the lighted stage, living her brief and vivid dramatic existence, casting her spell upon the audience. It was the last night of the run.

Tomorrow the play would start on tour; but Sylvia would not go with it. She would rest for a few days and then begin at once to rehearse the new piece that Ravenal had bought as a vehicle for her extraordinary talents.

Yes, she was extraordinary, thought Barry, noting the freshness, the undiminished glow of her performance. His judgment, rendered with the fine discrimination of despair, was mechanical; yet it had a curious finality, as though in remarking her perfection he had reached a certain conclusion within himself That conclusion depended upon Sylvia's assurance as an actress, upon her power to project herself, in the future, of her own will, and her own ability. Well, there was no doubt about her ability. Only a great talent could so unerringly and unceasingly revive its own creation; snatch it out of his thousand dead husks and breathe life into it for the thousand and first time. This was the play in which she had made her great success. It was by no means a great play; but Sylvia Jordan had seized upon it, had lifted it above its own level to the heights of her own aspiring genius; and he, her husband, had shown her how to do it.

All that fine, impalpable structure upon which her performance rested was his. All that delicate scaffolding of movement, of intonation, of gesture which the people out front felt so keenly, and understood not at all, was his. Her precision, her rightness of mood and tempo, he had given her, in those days when she was no more than a girl out of dramatic school—a tall, pale girl with reddish-brown hair and startled eyes, who trembled in the presence of her own jostling talent.

Suddenly He Had Leaned Across the Table and Said, "I Love You!"

Those first days! Those beautiful days when she had come to him so often, frightened and bewildered, almost weeping.

"I can't do it, Mr. Townsend! I'll never do it! I can't!"

He would talk to her gently, holding her by the shoulders and looking into her eyes.

"Play it as you feel it, my dear. I'll tell you when you're wrong. When you can't get what you want, I'll show you how to get it. Don't worry. Leave the worrying to me."

She had one habit that he found peculiarly ingrained and tenacious. It was also remarkable in a born actress. As she played, her instinct seemed to be to obliterate herself. She would edge slowly and instinctively toward any part of the stage that was in shadow, working away from the footlights and usually ending near one of the upstage exits. He puzzled over this habit for some time, but never found a satisfactory explanation for it. Finally he accused her of harboring a secret inferiority complex. Sylvia looked startled; then she laughed and promised never to do it again. The discarded habit became a familiar joke between them.

As he thought of this, and of his whole effort to free Sylvia from such limitations as the flesh imposes upon the spirit's expression, he felt in himself the bewilderment, the helplessness, that once had been hers. He had reached a conclusion; but it was not one to clarify his mind or reveal his emotions. His very feeling for Sylvia was blurred, confused. He didn't know whether he loved or hated her. All he knew was that he had created her as surely as a sculptor creates the figure he molds in clay or hews out of stone.

Involuntarily he recalled a line written by some naive critic a year ago: "The poignant beauty of Miss Jordan's performance is unspoiled by any of the mechanistic rubbish that old fogies of the theater call technic."

Technic!

He laughed out loud, so that several people in the last row turned to stare at him. He stared back, through the hazy theatric twilight, suddenly hating and despising them.

"Idiots!" he muttered under his breath. "You don't know it, but she could never have existed as an actress without me."

If that was not strictly true, it was true enough that without his painstaking direction she never could have been precisely the actress she had become. He had given her of his knowledge and he had given her of his soul, and in return he had become an ignominious figure lurking in the background of her life, exactly as now he lurked in the shadows at the rear of the theater. It wasn't Sylvia's fault. It wasn't Ravenal's fault; though Ravenal, as her manager and his employer, must have understood the situation. It was nobody's fault. Yet the fact was, he told himself tonight with decision, that Sylvia the actress needed him no longer.

Nor could he differentiate Sylvia the actress from Sylvia the woman. That would be making too fine a distinction to satisfy his pride. He had made no such distinction when first he'd fallen in love with her. He wouldn't abase himself by attempting to make it now. Besides, it was impossible. Sylvia Jordan was not a person divisible by half; she was one self, a self whose reality depended upon its completeness. The impulse that had forced her into the theater was the impulse that governed her life; it was not a phase, a false covering to be dropped like a masquerade costume, in the privacy of her bedroom. Barry Townsend knew that. He had held her in his arms; he had seen her give herself in love with just such a kindling of the flesh as now made her seem, upon this stage, a figure edged with faint ethereal light

She had loved him once. It had happened two years ago, during rehearsals of the play in which Ravenal first had featured her. She and Townsend had been dining at a restaurant near the theater, and had been talking nothing but shop, when suddenly he had leaned across the table and said, "I love you!" And instantly, with a quick melting movement, her hand going out to him, she had answered, "I love you!"

"I love you, I love you, Sylvia!"

"Barry —— "

He remembered that moment; remembered Sylvia's eyes, the oval sweetness of her face, the amazing beauty of her hair, the slender down-curving lines of her young arms stretched toward him across the table. He recalled how she had given him her hands, saying, "I want to touch you!" Then she had drawn back, laughing her characteristic deep-throat laugh. "How silly I am! I feel so silly. It's so beautiful."

They had been married the following week, but had waited till after the trial performance in Atlantic City to tell Ravenal. The manager had been more than reasonably upset by the news. He had taken it like a gentleman; but he had been upset, and not altogether on professional grounds, either. It was then for the first time that Barry suspected what he learned later to be the truth. Ravenal himself was in love with Sylvia.

This fact at first made no difference to any of them. Barry had never discussed it seriously with Sylvia. If she knew it, she apparently had refused to credit her own knowledge. As for Ravenal, he had maintained most admirably his attitude of managerial interest tempered by friendship. Ravenal was a personality on his own account. A man of culture and breeding, he possessed in addition to these qualities a capability for enthusiasm that made him a good showman. But he was intelligent even in his passions. He moved always within the scope of his own mental approval. In short, he was discreet.

But there was something ominous, something feline and almost treacherous in Ravenal's discretion, thought Barry; and chancing to turn his head, saw the man himself standing beside him. He had come up so silently, and was so shadowy a figure even now, that the other felt his presence to be somehow uncanny.

His face, as he leaned to speak to Barry, was a pale triangle blurred by the black pointed beard that made him imperturbable.

He said, in a voice precisely modulated, "I'm giving a party at my apartment tonight. You and Sylvia will come?"

Barry hesitated, groping about for means of refusal.

"If Sylvia isn't too tired."

"She's already promised to come."

"Oh!"

"I spoke to her before the performance. You weren't around."

"No, I didn't go backstage."

"Then I'll expect you. We three can drive up in my car."

Barry's thanks almost stuck in his throat

The manager said, "She's giving an excellent performance, don't you think?"

"First-rate."

"Her last night," murmured Ravenal, and moved away as silently as he had come.

Barry had a familiar sense of restraint, of external forces subtly modifying his will. Yet his resentment was not so much bitterness as an aching desire for escape—escape from Ravenal's party, escape from pride, escape from love and hate and the irony of being Sylvia's husband. He wanted to rest. He was so damned tired. If he could only run away and hide; crawl into some darkness and sleep!

The turning wheel of his mind was stopped by a familiar clatter of applause. He looked toward the stage. The curtain was down. Then it rose swiftly and Sylvia appeared, smiling and inclining her body toward the audience; a slender figure triumphant in its element of light.

Barry went downstairs to the smoking room and through the basement of the theater to the iron steps that led up backstage. Sylvia was just entering her dressing room. She had in her arms a great bunch of roses.

"From Ravenal," she said, smiling over her shoulder as he came up behind her. She was plainly delighted, pleased as a child. "It's almost like a first night. Why didn't you send me flowers, Barry?"

"I intended to, but I ——"

"But you forgot," said Sylvia, dropping into a chair.

"Yes."

She glanced up at him curiously

"Why?"

"I was completely absorbed in thinking about your performance."

"Which you've seen at least a hundred times," she said, beginning to apply cold cream to her make-up.

"You've added a lot to it since I saw it last. You were perfect tonight."

"I thought I overplayed a little at the end of the second act."

"No."

"Really? I'm glad. I wanted my last performance to be my best. It was such a wonderful house."

There was a pause, while her maid knelt to unbutton her shoes

"Tired?" asked Barry.

"Not a bit. I feel like flying. I'm going to drink champagne at Ravenal's tonight."

Her gay mood was all the more irritating because he felt so keenly her right to it, and his own inability to oppose it with as definite a mood of his own. He had no mood but weariness.

"I'll wait for you downstairs," he said, and left the dressing room.

Ravenal was standing in the stage entrance, smoking a cigarette. In his evening clothes, with his pale face and black beard, with a black felt hat on his head and his overcoat over his arm, he looked surprisingly like a character from some high-class melodrama. "The villain!" thought Barry, with sardonic humor, and suddenly he hated Ravenal.

They stood and talked theater till Sylvia came down. Then they drove in Ravenal's car to Ravenal's apartment in upper Park Avenue. A number of people had already arrived; others came in later. They were all people of the theatrical world, and most of them belonged to its more brilliant, presently successful plane. Barry Townsend knew them all, and they knew him—not as they once had known him, as a young director of promise, but as Sylvia Jordan's husband.

He sensed this so plainly that it became almost intolerable. Not till he'd got mildly drunk on Ravenal's champagne did he find the party bearable. Even then he avoided the group crowding about the buffet. He wandered back into the living room, and presently found himself talking to a pretty blond woman whom he remembered vaguely as a relative of Ravenal's. Her name was Mildred LeBlanc; she once had been in the cast of a play he'd directed and had impressed him, he recalled, as a thoroughly mediocre actress. But it seemed that she was accomplishing artistic miracles in the West

"I suppose you've heard of my success in Cincinnati?" she inquired brightly; then without waiting for his reply: "My own company, you know—repertoire. Only the better things, of course."

"Of course," said Barry, drinking champagne.

"Cincinnati's wonderful. Such appreciation! Really, you ought to go West, Mr. Townsend. The opportunities in the West are extr'ordin'ry."

"Maybe I will," he muttered.

"I always say a real artist is lost in New York. You get in a rut and there you stick. Broadway! Nothing on earth would induce me to return to Broadway. I've been here a week and I've refused three offers already. I came on to see John"—John was Ravenal—"about some plays. I'm going back tomorrow."

Barry was seized with a perverse impulse to satirize himself. He knew that Miss LeBlanc's patter was a mere sugar-coated confession of failure; he had heard it too many times before to be deceived by it. His whim was to smirch his soul with its pathos.

"Cincinnati sounds interesting," he said gravely. "How'd you like to put me in your trunk and take me back with you?"

She flattered herself that she had impressed him; also there was the sweet possibility of conquest. She became serious, sincere, a trifle romantic. She put her hand on his arm.

"I wish I could believe you meant it, Mr. Townsend! I need a director. And—forgive me for speaking frankly—it does seem a shame that a man of your ability should be absolutely sacrificed to another's career."

"You mean my wife's career," said Barry, staring at the glass in his hand.

"Yes. I hope you're not offended."

"How do you know I'm being sacrificed?"

"Oh, one hears things—Broadway gossip. Of course I suppose it's beautiful, in a way."

He muttered something under his breath savagely.

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"From Ravenal," she said. "It's Almost Like a First Night. Why Didn't You Send Me Flowers, Barry?"

DIPLOMATIC ENTERTAINING

The Pomps and Pitfalls of Foreign Society

By Maude Parker Child

A WOMAN of my acquaintance whose husband is the American ambassador to an important European nation made several enemies at her first dinner party at a new post. With complete self-assurance she seated her foreign guests just as she would have seated people at home. In her own country titular rank counts more than official position, with the exception of the very highest. Therefore she arranged her table according to this theory, but she failed to realize that in the new country many people used titles to which, strictly speaking, they had no right, and secondly, that here official position took precedence over family titles. She put in the place of honor an insignificant man who used an important title which he was not justified in using, and she seated the men of official rank beneath him.

The indignation which her guests felt and the unfortunate first impression which the affair created were deepened because everyone felt it would have been so easy for her to find out what were the customs of the country where she was to live.

"A matter of half an hour of her secretary's time," said one of the officials who had been slighted. "It is for the reason of helping newcomers that our bureau of protocol exists."

These useful departments for the guidance of diplomats and officials are to be found in all big capitals, including Washington. And incidentally, although we are a simple and democratic nation, woe betide the unfortunate hostess who does not seat correctly a Cabinet officer or a Supreme Court judge at her dinner table. If she does not know that a foreign ambassador precedes, but a minister takes a lower place than a senator, it would be wise for her to give up entertaining altogether.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Washburn Child

How Social Ruin Was Averted

THERE is no need, however, to fail to seat official guests correctly if the department of protocol is made use of. Another excellent source of advice for the newly arrived diplomat is the dean of the corps—that is, the ambassador who has been longest in the capital. M. Camille Barrère, who had been the ambassador of France in Rome for more than a quarter of a century, was the dean of the diplomatic corps during our stay there. He and Madame Barrère gave us our first official dinner, in the magnificent Palazzo Farnese. No other embassy in Rome had the dignity and distinction of this one, nor were any dinners more perfectly executed. A man of the experience of Barrère is able not only to give technical advice of value to the newcomer, but on the human side he may be of even greater helpfulness.

The young wife of a newly arrived minister went to the dean of her husband's corps one day with a long list of distinguished guests whom she had invited to her first dinner. It was obvious that her purpose in asking so many people of official prominence at one time was to increase the prestige of her husband's rather minor position.

"What shall I do with all these people?" she asked. "I've four ambassadors and two cabinet members and the minister of foreign affairs and the prime minister."

"There's only one thing to do if you want to save your dinner from utter ruin," said the experienced diplomat. "That is to go to bed and send word to all your guests that you are ill and the dinner must be given up." She looked so bewildered that he explained in detail. "If you are asking very high officials and want them to be pleased—as of course you do—you must give them a high place at your table. You couldn't possibly do that with all these."

"But I thought they'd like to come with other distinguished people," she protested.

"Not too many of them," he said. "You can ask two or three—usually at the embassies when we invite the minister of foreign affairs, we ask one or two ambassadors, but no more—two ministers, perhaps; and then, if we are to have thirty guests in all, we include some unofficial people, two or three attachés, with one or two couples from our own embassy."

The minister's wife went home and went to bed, canceling the invitations to this party. When she redistributed her guests, according to the ambassador's suggestions, she found that it was necessary to give three dinners in order to include properly all the people she had hoped to have at one. Her dinners were very successful; when an American, at the third of the series, complimented her on her quick mastery of the proper grouping of people she told him the story.

"The dean was certainly right," he said. "And it's a principle that applies to entertaining outside the field of diplomacy too.

"No star really enjoys an all-star cast; if you want to make a distinguished man feel distinguished you must do it partly by contrast."

Diplomatic Stumblingblocks

THERE have been other cases, however, where the wives of newly arrived diplomats have taken the advice of people of greater experience, and have thereby made grievous mistakes. Sometimes this has been through inadvertence, and sometimes because advice has been given, not to help the newcomer but to further some end of the adviser.

When the head of a diplomatic mission goes to any new country there is always a sharp contest between a number of residents there as to which one will act as social impresario. Some of the claimants will be natives of the foreign country, some expatriated members of the diplomat's own country, and others may be fellow diplomats. The preparatory work for this strategic position often begins as soon as the appointment is rumored, and it is sometimes so subtle that it is hard to detect. But it not only represents a nuisance, it has sometimes proved a real factor of misfortune if the diplomatist or his wife is not fully aware of its pitfalls.

In capitals where society is keenly interested in official entertaining, the desire to establish intimacy and to occupy the position of adviser to a new ambassadress or minister's wife means a great deal to many people. Not all such aspirants are actuated by unfriendly motives; on the contrary they usually desire to be helpful, but the significant fact is that

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Ambassador and Mrs. Henry P. Fletcher Attending Their First Public Function in Rome, the Formal Opening of the Chamber of Deputies

The Four-in-Hand and the Old Four Hundred—By Boyden Sparkes

C. B. Alexander and His Daughter Tooling Down the Avenue

Mr. E. H. Harriman and His Daughter, Miss Cornelia Harriman

Colonel and Mrs. Wm. Jay on their Famous Coach

HORSES, well-bred ones, carefully blanketed, were being led by grooms in endless circles in the tanbark at one end of the show ring. The auctioneer, a fat man with tufts of white hair curling in profusion at his ears, in contrast with the broad pink oval of baldness that made his face seem absurdly elongated, was as cunning as Belasco at stage management. The horses were not for sale; only the vehicles were on the market; but it was his design to make the shiny rigs seem plausible as conveyances in this age of gas-engined road transportation.

"This handsome victoria has hardly been used," he said in a deep rumbling voice that came from inside of him as if the real speaker was someone that had been swallowed by the auctioneer. "I invite you to go over every inch of the maroon upholstery, over every inch of the varnished body, over every spoke and rubber tire. No matter if you use magnifying glasses; you will find no blemishes. Look, ladies and gentlemen!"

Attendants who rolled the vehicle into view turned their attention to the careful folding of the khaki cover, with brown leather straps and nickeled buckles, that had made it proof against every mote of dust. The black surface of the pair victoria mirrored their moves as faithfully as if the reflection came from a dark forest pool.

"How much am I bid?" demanded the auctioneer after a minute. It was easy to see that he had not exaggerated, even if the crowd had not known that the owner was a banker too rich to have anything but the best in his stables. "How much?" he repeated impatiently.

"Five dollars." A man, prodded by his wife, had spoken.

The auctioneer acknowledged the bid with a quick smile and tried to stimulate the bidding, but there was no other offer.

"Sold for five dollars." The auctioneer banged the stock of a coachman's whip on the bench that served him as a desk.

"What in the name of common sense will you do with it?" asked one of those who had not bid, but the purchaser's wife spoke for him.

"It's a wedding gift," she said, "for friends in Bermuda. On that little island, you know, automobiles are outlawed. They'll think we've been transformed overnight into millionaires when they receive such a present. For once we can play at being fairy godparents."

Other vehicles of the stable to which the victoria had belonged were sold at prices almost as depreciated. There were breaks, spider phaëtons, Whitechapel carts, cablike

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PHOTOS BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Miss Angelica Gerry on the Box

Miss Cornelia Bryce (Driving

OBSERVATION

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

"Join the Fam'ly, Ma'am," Joe Offered, "an' My Whole Auto-biography Is Yours"

STUKELY said in gasps, "I'm so sorry—awf'ly sorry. He got loose over on Madison Avenue and ——" He dragged at Woozlebeast's chain. The horrified lady dragged at her embroidered purse. Woozlebeast became an elongation of strange furs and legs, clinging to the purse nobly, but making odd internal noises of delight, grunts and clackings. A red-haired girl appeared to the right among orchids of a florist's window, and Joe Fancher came limping up on the left as something ripped and the lady stumbled off into one of the florist's orange trees.

Woozlebeast sat down on the sidewalk to chew the purple fringe of the purse.

"That," the lady said, "is outrageous!"

"Oh, ma'am," Joe Fancher moaned, standing on one foot, "you never spoke truer any time when! Only it's our rich uncle's dawg; he bought him in Paris, France, 'cause it was lookin' so kinda sorta melancholy in a gin mill, an' we gotta take care of it. Uh-huh, it's an outrageous dawg, an' if it ever got down in Gawgia it'd die soon. Yeh, an' if we could loor it up onta our farm it might be encouraged outa this world. . . . Stuke, I've rooined my ankle, kid. I'll have to eat dinner with my leg on a chair. . . . Yes'm, it's a terr'ble dawg. Its grandmamma was a bear, an' if you'll look close at its foots you'll see one of its rel'tives was a kangaroo—prob'ly named Edward." He sat on a hydrant, wriggling a foot and rolling his turquoise eyes distractedly, sadly concluding, "An' Lawd knows, ma'am, we didn't wanta take the thing walkin', but it bit the second footman very bad right now an' —— Oh, it won't bite you, ma'am, so long's it's got somethin' woolly to chaw. No, indeedy! It kinda prefers cloth. . . . Ace, put your hat on straight. We're in the city, fella, an' you look all wild, sorta. Remember, you're a Episcopalian preacher's boy an' ——"

"Oh, clamp it!" said Stukely in bitterness, watching the woman scuttle down Fifth Avenue. He straightened his gray hat and observed the florist's girl beaming at Joe over the orchids. So he blushed for her and commanded, "You haul him, Joe."

"Indeed no, brother," Joe drawled; "I know too many folks in New York. There's dozens of eggs I knew when I was young in the M'rines in this city, besides these things I'm acquainted with by marryin' your worthless sister, babe. No indeedy, brother Stukely. You can haul Woozlebeast back to where we lef' your poppa so happy bustin' us flat in that store. . . . The Rev'rend Kent," Joe reflected, still balancing on one brown boot, "gets soused in a bookstore. When daddy preached out in Eutropius, Missouri State, was a guy ——"

"Come on," said Stukely; "I don't want to hear any more lies about what happened out in Eutropius, Missouri, or in Athens, Georgia! You brought this –this invention out walking, Joe!"

"Y'gonna break my heart, ace," Joe complained. "This dawg's on your mamma's side of the fam'ly. 'N' I'm a married guy with a kid more'n a year old. You're only twenty an' ain't any character to lose walkin' a dawg. When my battalion was bein' brave at the Front, in this war they had, was a French dawg named Eugenia Grandy that attached herself to I an' Gluepants Kelly for rations. She liked canned salmon. Even for a French dawg, she ——"

"Her name was what, Joe?"

"Eugenia Grandy, honey. An ejcated kid from Baltimore named her. She useda ——"

"You mean Eugénie Grandet, Joe," said Stukely; "it's a novel by Balzac. . . . Don't stand there and flirt with that flower-store girl, either!"

"G'on," Joe yawned, beaming afterward at the florist's young woman with great geniality; "I'm givin' her somethin' to think of. She'll tell her husband two very handsome guys in new clothes was tryin' to make advances at her 's afternoon, 'n' he'll take her to a show tonight. I'm just bein' kind to ladies, like grandmamma raised me to be. She's very plain, an' lucky to get even one guy, babe."

Stukely turned his black head a trifle to watch the young woman making love to a large orchid in the white frame of the window. She was truly plain.

"I don't think she's married, Joe. Nobody would."

"Is she wearin' a weddin' ring for fun, ace?"

"Oh, she is, isn't she? I hadn't noticed."

"Uh-huh! Your brains," Joe scathingly drawled, "are lopsided, fella. You observe whether I say a French dawg's name right, but anything smaller'n a middle-sized bull could bite you without walkin' up quiet even. Gimme here that dawg. . . . An'mal, you're gonna be good now. You can play horse with Stuke, but I'm twenty-four an' rough."

Woozlebeast squawked loathsomely. None of his noises were normal. He bounded up and down on his large feet and flopped his odd thick tail. Joe hissed at him and the amorphous dog became sober, trotting ahead of them at the length of his chain toward Madison Avenue. Stukely buttoned his new coat and stalked beside Joe's new gray suit in relief. He hoped that Uncle George wasn't going to get eccentric in his fifties. Woozlebeast was a bad symptom, a lack of dignity in a Stukely and a positive collapse in the president of a trust company. Uncle George had run over to Paris after Christmas for a week and had brought this back with him. It was too big to be cunning and too small to have the massive charm of a St. Bernard.

"I hope Uncle George doesn't do this kind of thing again, Joe."

"Uh-huh, son; it's to be hoped. Where now was this bookstore we left the rev'rend parked in, babe? Oh, there it is! Yeh, fella. And for a man of his age to d'liberately name a dog Woozlebeast is damn unnatural. I'm glad your mamma an' even my triflin' Norah didn't come down an' see this. Mebbe so it'll run under a taxibus an' perish before Uncle Gawge brings it up to the farm. That Paris is full of dreadful things. Come on, you April fool!"

The dog wailed as Joe lifted it over the sill of the bookshop and then cried delightedly on seeing the Rev. Gavin Kent, with his yellow glasses close to some gold-and-red binding in his long white hands. The retired clergyman said, "Ah, boys! How lively that dog is, isn't it? It's quite harmless, Over, as long as somebody holds it firmly. You know my Stukely. . . . This is Joe Fancher, Norah's husband."

Joe changed hands on Woozlebeast's chain and gave his brown fingers to Mr. Over, saying "How d'you do, sir?" without any of his various accents. He opened his bright eyes tremendously, looking at the tall man in rough gray clothes, who never seemed right in this sedate long room painted with the dull colors of books in tiers of shelves. Stukely straightened in the effort to be as tall as Mr. Over, and felt small. The man was higher than Joe by at least three inches, and his flat reddish face was unalterably grave. He considered Woozlebeast downward and let the dog sniff his ankles without objection.

"What breed might that be?"

"It's not a breed," Joe said with melancholy; "it's a calamity, kind of. It prefers wool for food an' has no

manners. Lie down, Woozle! Be clever and we'll let you eat another Irish footman when we get home."

Mr. Over stared down at Woozlebeast, then over the brute at Joe, asking, "What part of the South are you from?"

"Joe," said the Rev. Gavin Kent, "was born in Vermont. Only his father had churches in Eutropius, Missouri, and Athens, Georgia. . . . Joseph, can we afford forty dollars' worth of books this month?"

"Yield to temptation, rev'rend," said Joe, lolling on a counter. "I an' Stuke'll wrastle more aigs outa the hens some way 'r other. Only I do pray an' hope you've bought us one novel to feed my fool wife. Uh-huh! I'll get me all the magazines we can tote in the mornin'. . . . My wife," he told Mr. Over, "gets attacks of paintin' things in spring. Right last week she did over the pigs. The hawg run's kinda green with red posts now. Her notion of a farm's that it oughta be adorned like a bride."

Doctor Kent laughed, depositing the red-and-gold book on a small pile beside him.

"I think that's all, Over. . . . Joe's very hard on Norah's artistic sensibilities. She made him paint our water tank red and blue in fond memory of his marine trousers. Stuke, my dear boy, look about and pick out a novel for your mother. You do the frivolous reading for the family."

Stukely walked down the room, past the ranged editions and tall bindings of sets, to a table littered with gaudy fresh covers of new novels, close to the rear windows. April had brought up green grass in a tiny yard, where some thin trees swayed a little over one dull marble statue of a plump girl. He had the curious shock of seeing violets in this tame grass, with heights of red brick rising in cliffs on either side of the lost garden buried in a city. He stood staring for a moment at a lady strolling to and fro in a black cloak. It was almost romantic, under the late light of the warm afternoon. He dropped his eyes to the novels, then peeped at the woman once more, in her dark wrapping and veiled hat.

Perhaps she was Mrs. Over, although she moved youthfully and the bookseller was old. He put his brown hands on a colored cover and stood watching the lady's stroll from one eye. All she could see if she looked at him through the windows was a long youth in a gray hat and blue suit studying these novels. Her skirts swept back and forth past the fat marble statue.

"Get active, guy," said Joe, lounging down the floor. "The rev'rend's tellin' this silent mummy all about how beautiful I and you mind the farm. I'm tired of blushin'."

"You never blushed in your life," Stukely snapped, blushing and bending over the books.

"Oh, babe, indeed I did oncet! 'Cause after daddy moved up to Boston outa Gawgia they had me on the high-school swimmin' team an' I busted loose the strap of my shirt doin' a very grand dive one night at a meet with nine million ladies in the gall'ry. Uh-huh! I swum clean outa my suit an' left it behind me. Yeh, I blushed then. I hear steam rose offa the water. Somebody pitched in a bath robe. You never put on a bath robe under water in a swimmin' pool? It's interestin', guy." He perched on an end of the table and yawned. "This fella up there is the funniest bookstore person I ever did see, kid. He reminds me of a gamblin' gentleman I met oncet when Jasper Whibble carried me over into Arkansaw for a barbecue."

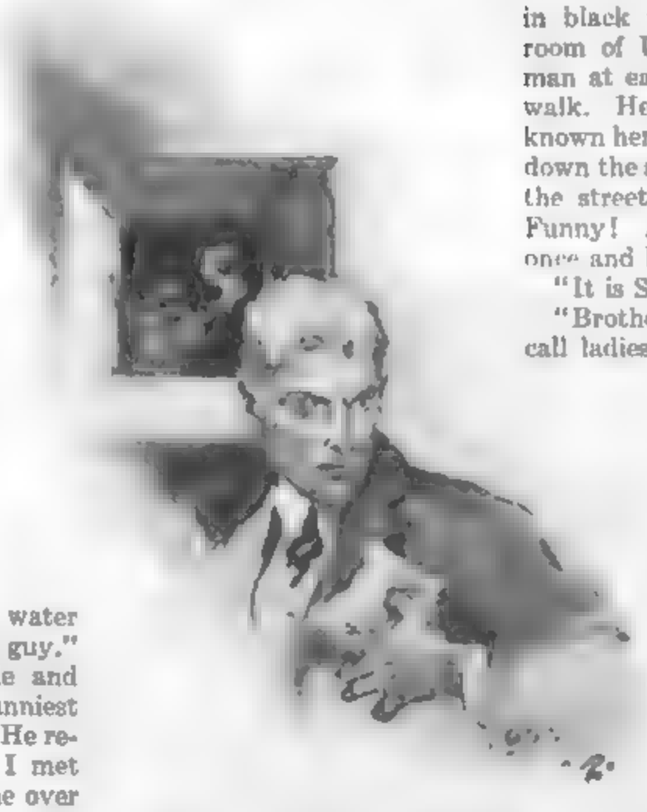
"He isn't the right type for a bookstore," Stukely admitted, reading a sentence in a novel and becoming suddenly dizzy because the sentence ran, "Yellow by yellow, they jangled cohesive over nine kisses." This seemed to mean very little. Might be a misprint. He frowned at the words and puzzled for three minutes.

"What's 'at Mrs. Sally Furniss doin' in this garden, ace?"

"Huh?"

Joe complained, "Don't bark at me like I'm a dawg, babe! I wanta know how comes Mrs. Furniss that ate supper at Uncle Gawge's last night is walkin' in this litty-bitty back yard. Look at her an' tell me."

It was Sarita Furniss. Stukely glared through the window and knew her, even if her hat's veil did hide her face. He bit his tongue and thought with a thumb in the novel.



The Voice Said Clearly, "No, You Don't!" and His Gray Eyes Seemed White Fire

Just last night he had watched her in black velvet down the long liv. room of Uncle George's house with a man at each side and admired her easy walk. Here she walked and he hadn't known her, and for years she had walked down the aisles of St. Philip's Church up the street when his father was rector. Funny! And Joe had only seen her once and knew her gait.

"It is Sally, Joe."

"Brother, the way you kids up North call ladies ten to fifteen years older'n you by their first names is scand'lous!"

"I've known her all my life, Joe. I was a page at her wedding. I was eight or nine then," Stukely stuttered.

"You needn't to apologize, guy. Many a good kid has been a page at weddings. Yeh-heh! Was one myself oncet, in Athens. . . . What's the matter?"

"I don't see what Sarita's doing here, Joe."

Mrs. Furniss paused to look at a young sparrow settled for a moment on the statue and snapped her fingers at it. Joe stared, raising one fair eyebrow on his forehead, not yet the full brown of his summer complexion, but darkening swiftly in the first warmth of April

He drawled, "Why oughtn't the lady to be here, kid? She's a free white woman, ain't she?—a widow an' all that? She was very clever las' night when I asked which of those eggs at dinner was her he, an' said destiny had removed any husband off her list of troubles. She ain't pretty, but she's a nice fella. Uncle Gawge is hers devotedly, huh?"

"Nonsense!" said Stukely. "Uncle George is fifty-two!"

"Ace, when I was young out in Eutropius, Missouri, Jasper Whibble's Uncle Leander got married twicet after

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"He's Really an Observant Dog. I Noticed That in Paris. They Had Him in This Little Restaurant, You Know"

The Mad Dogs and the Minnow

By Louis Joseph Vance and Frank E. Verney

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Branco's Face Was Ghastly Gray Beneath its Ripe Brown Tone; Sweat Rolled From it Like Rain. "But This is Piracy!" He Stammered

ALL at once the pursed lips of Capt. Peter Wilde ceased to release the melancholy mocking measures of the Funeral March of a Marionette. And the hush that resulted in the kitchen attached to his chambers in Mayfair was accented only by a noise completely normal to March in London, the dogged crepitation of rain on the window.

"This," Captain Wilde pronounced, as one whose soul becomes articulate through impact with a Great Truth—"this, Richards, is no good."

"No, sir." And Richards, who had been Wilde's section sergeant, so was adept in the etiquette of showing sympathy to his betters in their times of blight, put an extra bit of elbow into boning the shoe which he was pinning down to the kitchen table.

The Funeral March of a Marionette resumed where it had been broken off and carried on to its sardonicomic end. Then Captain Wilde turned his back to the window, and with a cloud in the blue eyes that lighted his face of a sun-stained infant, studied the master of the bone.

"Richards," he inquired, "is there anything in life you want more than to buy that farm, marry your young woman and pass the plate round church on Sundays?"

"Well, sir," said Richards, lifting his muscular back out of its bend over the shoe, "now you ask me—no, sir, I don't believe as there is."

"That's very sad for you, Richards"—Wilde sounded as if he meant it too—"because it now becomes your duty to allege some good reason, which you can't, why you don't discharge yourself forthwith from my service and make an intelligent attempt to realize your ambition as stated. For if you go with me the way I mean to go, the best you'll get, chances are, will be to turn up missing one of these brilliant mornings and no questions asked—not even a line in an official casualty list."

"Very good, sir," Richards replied. "When do we start?"

Captain Wilde removed his hands from dressing-gown pockets and blinked his triple blink, something he was never observed to do except in crises of anger or gratification.

The brown eyelids clicked down over the clear blue eyes with much the speed and action of a focal-plane shutter functioning over stereoscopic camera lenses; and though they clicked thrice and the lids closed completely each time, the gesture was so rapid that the eyes, in effect, were never obscured at all.

"Not so fast, Richards. It's only fair to you to point out that if what I have in mind cops the prize, you will find yourself several years nearer the bucolic life, with wife and parson complete. Whereas, if we get caught out, the Lord have mercy on your soul, because your fellow man will not."

"It don't seem a bad idea, sir, does it?" A flicker of live interest stirred in parade-ground eyes. "It sounds like old times, except the army don't give you no farm if you ain't missin'. When do we begin operations, sir, and 'ow?"

"Operation orders, sergeant, will be compiled when the intelligence is complete. . . . Hullo! There goes the bell. I expect it's Mr. Conway. I'll let him in."

His attendance at the sitting-room door made the flat free to a large body of man who, organized in the guise of a young squall, contributed the ozone of cheery disgruntlement to the atmosphere.

"Well, Peetah, old top," he hailed in a sort of controlled bellow, and barged into the biggest armchair and arranged fairly ample feet on the window sill, "how's the labor market today? Any gory philanthropist offered you a thousand a year and free board and lodgin' yet? I got a chance at three quid a week this mornin', to go and boss a crew of scene shifters in the Repertory Theater."

"It's too much for an ex-navigating lieutenant; that is, unless you'd be willing to put some capital into the business. They could get a really first-class beer shifter for that money."

"What I want to know is, what are we goin' to do about it?"

"I don't know what you're goin' to do about it," Wilde replied; "but what I'm going to do —— Well, Richards and I have just now been debating that little question. We'd got as far as agreeing on heroic measures, and I was just about to shed a great light, when you rang."

"'Heroic measures' sounds nourishin'," Conway politely considered. "Shed away, old hero."

Wilde lifted his voice instead to carry to the kitchen:

"Richards, come here and tell Mr. Conway what you know about gun running."

The puzzled ex-sergeant made answer in the doorway: "Good morning, Mr. Conway. . . . Gun runnin', did you say, sir—what do I know about it? Why, sir, nothin' to speak of."

"You're a humbug, Richards. Who was it got specially complimented by the G. O. C. in Ireland for strafing one of De Valera's gun-landing parties on the Connemara coast?"

"Oh, that, sir?—that was ordinary soldierin' dooty. As these civilians say when you ask them for a job, what you done in the army don't count as nollige."

"So they do," Captain Wilde affirmed with subdued feeling. "Well, anyway, whatever knowledge of gun running you've got at present is going to come in handy soon, for gun running's our game henceforth till God knows when."

"Very good, sir," Richards answered, arching his chest a trifle "Any orders, sir?"

"Yes—pack up."

As the ex-sergeant saluted, about-faced and withdrew, Conway found an astounded voice:

"What! Mean to tell me the prospective father-in-law has climbed down and given you a berth?"

"I said gun running, not catching gun runners. I can't keep a wife and Richards on the pay of a customs wallah."

"'Strewth!" Conway drawled. "It ain't a bad idea. In fact, it's a darned good idea. We can't make money by honest toil. Nobody ever did. But who are we goin' to run guns to and where are we going to get 'em from?"

"I said nothing about 'we.' I said I was going to do some gun running and taking Richards along."

"Hell to that!" Impressive feet crashed to the floor. "Do you think I'm goin' to walk the after deck of a theater, steerin' canvas landscape into action, when there's a man's job about? Gun runnin' means ships; and you're only a balmy landsman."

"*Bon!*" Wilde blinked again his rapid-fire blink. "If that's the way you feel about it, 'we' it shall be. But it's my duty to warn you, a buxom lad who's had his intelligence warped by several years in the Royal Navy, gun running is against the sacred laws of the Mandatory Powers, to say nothing of the Regulations of His Majesty's Customs; and, socially speaking, a gun runner's a mad dog."

"Mad dog?" Conway mused. "One thing I've noticed about that breed, they're pretty generally respected."

"Till shot through the head. Meantime, shunned."

"That don't seem to show any blot on the future to your bright young mind, Peetah."

"They let me be a law unto myself too long," Wilde pensively explained. "On top of that, they made me spend two years' pension and all my patience hearing the stuffed shirts of business tell me four years' war and four years' peace soldiering had reduced my value as a wage-deserving citizen to zero. But they couldn't cork up the gossip going round about fellows getting rich in queer ways who don't know any more than I do about wearing paper guards on the shirt cuffs and putting a high polish on the seat of an office chair. Now if they think I'm going to sit tight and be good and go hungry, envying sweeps who never went for a soldier and therefore remain useful enough to be paid a living wage—well, they don't know much about what makes mad dogs mad."

"Hear, hear! And anyway, if people want to scrap with one another, they will scrap; and if they prefer doing it with decent weapons instead of belly-rippin' antiques, why

shouldn't they? I know we always hated coppin' gun runners up the Persian Gulf, except they were cartin' trouble to you birds on the border. But who the blazes wants to buy guns these days?"

"Johnny Riff—Morocco. Four hundred rifles, four machine guns, a few thousand rounds of ammunition. I've taken the contract."

"My aunt! You are a surprise packet! When did all this happen and how's it happened?"

Before Wilde could fully satisfy these questions, Conway, using the sitting room like a quarter-deck, broke in:

"Look here, Peetah, old horse, how about this being a trap of Penten's? He's a dirty dog and in love with your girl; he'd like nothing better than a chance to put it across you. You say he pointed out old Vaseline-kidneys to you in the Savoy?"

Wilde blinked.

"Not to me particularly, but to the whole dinner party. I fed him the bait by raking up that case in the papers and hinting the Preventive Service was asleep. I'd noticed old Vassilikides several times at the five o'clock, dancing with the same bit of fluff he was dining that night; and Charlie Stuart—you know, the air pilot; he knows no end of shady aliens—Charlie told me the Greek was dabbling in several assorted games of the easy-money sort that don't get talked about if they can help it. Penten rose to the fly like a famished trout. There, he said, was a living instance, right under our noses, of the kind of people his service was keeping its hawk's eye on—old Vassilikides. It was just what I wanted to know, because Charlie Stuart's information was a bit too sketchy to work on. So I arranged elsewhere for an introduction, and called on Vassilikides yesterday in the grubby office he infests up Covent Garden way. He's a fruit importer—if you believe in signs."

"You've got a cheek, if you ask me, Peetah," Conway commented. "Fancy pumping the chief of the Customs I. D. to get a line on the gun-running business!"

"That was easy," Wilde modestly protested. "It did get a bit thick, though, when I called round at the Customs House to get a copy of the latest regulations governing the export of arms. They pried it out of me my name wasn't Vickers or any other gun merchant's, tipped the word to the I. D. upstairs, and Penten himself came down to have a squint at the suspect. Smart staff work, that."

Conway gaped. "What did you do?"

"Grinned like a monkey with a banana and told Penten I was thinking of going in for gun running just for a bit of sport."

"My sainted aunt!"

"Oh, don't worry. Penten didn't need more than three minutes to see a leg-pull. Then he took me upstairs, gave me a glass of bonded port, and loosed off a string of the wise dodges they're using to stymie naughty young gun runners, same as you're aiming to be."

"But look here, Peetah," Conway remonstrated, "what do you want to muck about in this game for, anyway? I know you want to get married an' all that; but you've got the best part of your two-thousand-quid discharge money put away an' two hundred a year pension. Norah'll start in with you on that, I bet, and her old man be blowed."

"My poor young friend," Wilde corrected more in pain than in impatience, "I'm no rude salt like you; I don't marry till I can keep my wife in the manner in which I am accustomed to be kept."

Fourteen stone of bone and brawn wallowed joyfully in Conway's chair.

"'Strewth, Peetah!" he whooped. "You always were the brazen limit, but this puts the admiral's hat on the fore truck. You not only bamboozle Penten, your deadly rival in love, into givin' you sailin' directions for gun runnin', but you're doin' the whole stunt to get money enough to marry the daughter of the chief of all His Majesty's Customs!"

Wilde batted the eyes again and added a flash of strong white teeth.

"Mike," he solemnly said, "when you've finished showing off the palpitations of your foolish diaphragm, perhaps you'll be good enough to sit down at that desk there and put the gnarled seafaring fist to work that used to write propaganda lies for the Admiralty before you became Surplus."

"Write?" Conway gasped, wiping his eyes. "What the devil do you want me to write about?"

"Since you've signed on with me as general what-not, I've got a proper job for you right away. Penten's kindly offered to correct an article on gun running. I've got to get it on paper before I forget all he thinks he knows. So for the present, you'll serve as secretary while I dictate. Later, you can keep out of mischief licking the stuff into shape to show Penten."

Pacing the rug back of the chair in which he had settled Conway, Wilde began:

"Now in this question of the sale of surplus stocks of arms, the Mandatory Powers, which means those nations which bore the losses of the late war and are paying through their noses for the peace, agreed on definite restrictions and cooperation. No arms were to be sold or exported to denizens of mandated territories; because small fry with modern weapons can brew big trouble when it comes to enforcing mandatory orders and make a holy mess of the Hague principles of brotherly love and arbitration. Consequently, by international agreement plus domestic legislation, no individual today may lawfully purchase as much as a point-twenty-two squirt gun without a license, and no group of individuals may be supplied with arms and munitions in bulk without a document bearing the specific authority of the State Department of the country of issue ——"

But manufacturers, even when blessed by the benign supervision of a mandatory government, have to live, and dealers are everywhere dealers. So Capt. Peter Wilde, with his face of a good child and his widely ramified acquaintance with men and things and places, needed no more than three weeks in which to make contact with a worthy Belgian who had more rifles, machine guns and ammunition on his hands than he knew what to do with, and not too much respect for mandatory legislation in restraint of trade.

The negotiations were transacted in French and cash: Wilde proving himself so eloquent in both languages that the other party somehow couldn't seem to get a word in edgeways about that precious license between their first meeting and that mirky evening when the goods, duly delivered aboard a brace of belandres—Belgian barges—were, with their purchaser, swallowed up by the mists that veiled the distances on the canal. And then, of course, it was too late to do anything about it.

Moving by day, and by night resting, those two belandres, with their deckloads of peaceful merchandise in variety, went with the slow but constant stream of water transport that feeds the coastal ports via the Louvain-Scheldt Canal, till they ended one such stage by mooring at dusk alongside a ramshackle small warehouse on the outskirts of Malines; a structure which had been a fortnight under lease to les officiers anglais, a happy-go-luckless pair who had failed to make a living as battlefield guides and were now engaged in the nouvelle et original venture of piloting tourist compatriots in an old motorboat to points of interest along the Escaut and Meuse, and were further prepared to carry, on reasonable terms, goods for which rail transportation was too costly and canal boats too slow.

Forthwith, those plausible bales in canvas and those variously shaped wooden cases made another move, this time into the bottom of the worn old motorboat whose

(Continued on Page 124)

"Permit Me, Peetah Dear, to Introduce the Good Ship Vitlar Formere"

THE DOCTOR AS ARCHITECT

Building and Repairing the Race

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

UP TO a few decades ago, like the policeman in the Pirates of Penzance," taking one consideration with another, the physician's lot was not a yappy wun."

Who ever heard of a nice-tasting medicine, or a pretty paint for a sore throat, an appetizing diet, an enjoyable way of lancing a boil or a gum, or of a doctor's cheerful waiting room? All the associations and buried complexes connected with us were of physical discomfort and of mental distress. We were never summoned until disaster threatened and we disappeared from the scene as soon as the skies began to clear.

Up to a generation ago we were expected to wear a sepulchral sort of costume, high hat, Prince Albert coat and sad-colored cravat, like a cross between those of a clergyman and an undertaker. And the children ran and hid themselves at our approach for fear that they were going to be vaccinated or dosed with cod-liver oil or have their throats swabbed.

The more successful we were, the more suffering and sickness we saw; and our social contacts with our fellows, our opportunities of comparing notes and talking over difficulties, were distressingly few. For the most part our work was personal —strictly individual. We were alone with our patients and our problems. The hope of prevention, the dream of lessening the sum total of suffering on a wide scale, scarce lifted itself above our horizon. Our only prospect was to keep bad from becoming worse, to paste patches on Nature's noblest work of art, to tinker and cobble at engines hopelessly out of gear. We worked on an endless treadmill of complaint and sickness and discomfort, and it was a marvel that our attitude did not become that of a meditation upon death.

Up to a Generation Ago We Were Expected to Wear a Costume Like a Cross Between Those of a Clergyman and an Undertaker

But a few decades ago we began to see patches of blue sky overhead. Here was a deadly plague found to be carried only by the bite of one single type of insect and that insect mortal. Kill it or poison its larvæ, and malaria—the great Guardian Spirit of the jungle against civilization all over the world, the chief enemy of the white settler in America, from New Orleans and the Carolinas to the Great Lakes, which broke up the struggling colony at Jamestown three different times—becomes a comparative rarity north of Mason and Dixon's line, and is on the toboggan slide below that.

There is another pestilence whose runway from one unwilling host to another has been mapped out. Guard that runway, and typhus, the deadly spotted fever, is no more. A prick in the arm, and diphtheria, typhoid and scarlet fever, smallpox and syphilis are stripped of their powers for harm.

We can even find leisure to plan for the future, a breathing space to lay out constructive work, permanent achievement, instead of just working breathlessly with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other.

Building With Living Material

AND it is a wide and fascinating prospect which unfolds itself before our eyes as we pause and wipe the perspiration from our brows and look about us. On every hand are rising the clustered columns of the great temple of health of the race, like a vast medieval cathedral at which we have all been working disjointedly, half blindly, scarce knowing what detail we wrought or how it fitted into the general plan, doing our work for the love of it and the pride of our craft.

But the great beauty of the architecture of health building, whether for the individual or for the race, is that every inch of the material in which we work is alive, plastic, moldable; that every point or detail in the temple, from foundation slab to pointed arch, to which we choose to attach our scaffolding and begin to work, is capable not only of repair but also of beautification and improvement.

The latest and most accurate official records show that 30 per cent of us now living in this land of alleged strain and hurry and shortened life will reach and pass the age of seventy—three times as many as did thirty years ago and 50 per cent more than in any large European country.

With the masterful skill of modern science we can prolong the point of the Gothic arch of human life until it literally snaps off of its own accord or breaks in a high wind; said high wind most commonly being pneumonia of the aged, which means simply a little chill, a little cough, a little fever, a gentle drowsiness, deepening unconsciously into the last sleep. As our great medical philosopher, Osler, a decade or more ago declared, "Pneumonia is the friend of the aged." And when we are alarmed at the relatively high place of pneumonia in our causes of death, although it is actually falling lower and lower every year, we should remember that from 20 to 30 per cent of its ravages are really peaceful, honorable discharges from the great war of life, like this.

So now, having outlined the general plan of the temple of health, each one of us can begin building in front of his own door, like the rebuilders of the walls of Zion after the return from the Babylonish captivity. The obvious place to start on our general plan is at the foundations, under the earth line—or birth line. The first question is how deeply to delve, how far down to go to reach solid rock-bottom support.

When the old mason monks broke ground for their medieval cathedral and began to dig, they quickly uncovered remnants of ruined walls, crumbled corner stones, cracked and foot-worn pavements, slab window sills, remains of an older original church of the Early Fathers, buried centuries ago by the earthworms. Reverently lifting these out of the way and laying them to one side for honored preservation, their spades next rang upon harder and more skillfully carved slabs and tablets, upon fluted columns and beautifully cut capitals and chiseled fonts—remains of a pagan temple which had stood upon the same site. Heaving these heathen fragments out of the way and out of sight, down they went again, swarming and burrowing like ants, to reach the solid ribs of Mother Earth, which had never been shifted or tampered with—to be brought up plump in the center of their excavation by a square, flat-topped, fire-cracked bowlder, a Druid altar for human sacrifices, surrounded by a fallen ring of unhewn stone-slab pillars.

So in the individual temple of health, the seven pounds of soft, pink, plastic human possibility with which we start is as much the end and apex of a thousand past generations as it is the beginning of a new one.

As you go carefully and critically over the newest and pinkest of new babies, you can put your finger on this defect or that, which was due to the lack of proper care for his mother during a certain period of his prenatal life. And this is no mere curiosity of medicine or figure of speech, for, roughly speaking, one hundred out of every thousand babies born die during their first year. And of this heavy death roll, which is ten times that of adults, 40 per cent, or a little less than half, occur during the first two months of life and are due to diseases and conditions which existed before birth. About half these developed in the prenatal period and could have been prevented by proper care.

But if we dig a little deeper, up crops another handicap which was placed upon our tiny track athlete during the early life of one of his parents before they were ever married; while another and fortunately smaller proportion are due to mishaps occurring to the grandparents, though these are not usually discernible until some months, or even years, later. Oliver Wendell Holmes' shrewd and prophetic epigram, "You can cure any disease—if you begin with the grandparents," has proved simply axiomatic truth today.

We don't merely accept the truth of the principle, but we have a whole group or division of specialists in the diseases of children, who frankly call themselves prenatalists, and who devote a considerable portion of their time to the study and treatment of the conditions which produce disease or defect in children during the prenatal period. There are even wards in some of our great obstetric hospitals that are specially devoted to the care and treatment of expectant mothers who have developed conditions which may be a menace to the health of their unborn children.

Our prenatal specialists are Fundamentalists of a new type and do not hesitate stoutly to assert their opinions, declaring with a whole-hearted and cheering enthusiasm that the months before birth are far the most important and impressionable period of human life, and that by going back almost to the very beginnings of the germ of the new life they can exercise an influence over health and growth second to none. There are even chairs of prenatal medicine in some of our largest and most distinguished medical schools.

Our prenatalists are also Modernists in the sense that they are making good practically. They are already greatly diminishing the grave risks of pregnancy to the mother, as well as providing a better and more wholesome environment for the growth of the child, by detecting and clearing up at an early period diseased conditions of liver and kidneys and thyroid glands, due to the extra strains of childbearing.

Odds on the Little Fellow

BY GIVING the mother regular courses of iodine or of thyroid extract, they can prevent the enlargement of the thyroid gland and render the child much less likely to develop goiter. By including in her diet fruits, milk and vegetables containing lime, they can both prevent the breaking down of her own teeth and make the growth of the child's teeth within the gums more vigorous and more perfect.

By keeping the mother constantly under observation from the earliest recognition, they have already diminished both the risks of childbirth and the high percentage of deaths in the first two months of child life. Now the little temple builder is fairly out into the light of day, facing a wide and unfriendly world. But he has certain immunities which enable him to start the race of life with such a rush that nine out of every ten of him push under the wire of the first year's lap, and shoot down the stretch of the second lap.

No Danger of the Disappearance of the Family Doctor—We Couldn't Live Without Him

If he is only kept secure in these birthrights his chances of survival are nine to one, which is exactly 100 per cent better than they were half a century ago; and these can readily be improved by intelligent and special care to twenty to one, as has already been done in New Zealand, in parts of Canada and in our own Pacific Northwest.

First comes Nature's own supply of nourishment, which not only gives him three times greater chances of survival than bottle feeding but also makes him grow straight and strong and resisting. The second is the warm golden sunshine without which our human buds and flowerlets cannot live and thrive any more than the other flowers can.

Plants grow pale and crooked and stunted in the dark, and so do babies. The whole of rickets, for instance, and most of tuberculosis can be prevented by sunshine. But window light will not do, because glass takes most of the virtue out of sunlight. It means keeping our babies out-of-doors or on porches or before open south windows the greater part of the sunlit hours—with eyes and heads well shaded—especially in winter, except, of course, on the very stormiest and most inclement days.

In the second and third years our little manikin begins to run the gauntlet of the little fevers. But even here Nature has provided a shield for him. As the chick is hatched into the world loaded with yolk food enough for three days, which enables it to be shipped long distances by express or parcel post in perforated cardboard boxes without either food or water, so our human nestling is born loaded with immunity to most of the minor infectious diseases.

This immunity lasts in most instances for six months against colds, from six months to a year for measles and for nearly two years against scarlet fever and diphtheria. The protective substances or immune bodies come at birth from the mother's blood and the supply is kept up later by the mother's milk. The second protection comes from the shining lances of the sun, for its healing rays are just as bad for bugs as they are good for babies. Most bacilli curl up and die in an hour's sun bath, which means that for nine-tenths of the time babies are in the open air they are practically safe from infections, for very few infections are ever caught out-of-doors.

Cripples

OUR disease bandits are night workers almost to a man, and cannot stage a successful hold-up in broad daylight. Indeed, what with their native food, their birth-shield against infections and their escort of armed sun rays, a large proportion of our little ones grow so fast and so sturdy that infections cannot catch them, or if they do, can leave no permanent mark or scar.

From the second to the fourth year is the chosen hunting ground of the cripplers which warp and twist the supporting pillars of our little human temples. There is something especially pathetic in the thought of a crippled child with a whole life long of blemish and handicap to look forward to. One of the most cheering and gratifying features of constructive medicine today is the rapidity with which the pitiful army of cripples is diminishing in numbers. We have no official figures for precise comparison because no census on any wide scale has yet been taken till just recently, but it would be safe to say that their ranks have been thinned at least 50 per cent in the past thirty years. Indeed, they are growing visibly and noticeably less numerous on our streets and in public places of resort.

Some partial state and city surveys have, however, lately been made, and these agree with one another and with the opinion of experts in making an estimate of about one in 200 of our population—that is, five per 1000 of cripples of all ages. This does not sound a large proportion; but it would mean about 35,000 in New York City, for instance; 32,000 in Illinois, 17,000 in Missouri and about 550,000 in the whole country.

The pitiful thing is that probably not more than 10 to 15 per cent of these are receiving really adequate or proper treatment. Fortunately the supply is being cut off from below, so to speak, for we are not making or permitting to grow up more than 50 per cent as many crippled children as we did a generation ago. In fact we may frankly and broadly say that there is no longer any excuse for permitting a child to grow up or remain a cripple, and in future almost every crippled child means some doctor's or parent's neglect.

This improvement has come about from the simple fact that the agencies responsible for the crippling of children are our ancient and hereditary enemies, the more serious infections—scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, rheumatism and the gloom disease, rickets, and only about one in twelve are from conditions existing at birth. Now all these conditions except infantile paralysis, whose cause we do not yet know, are both preventable and curable. Prevent tuberculosis in childhood and you prevent practically all hunchbacks, a large share of spinal disease, most cases of hip-joint disease, and a large percentage of suppurations of knees, ankles, wrists and elbows. Also, we are now finding that proper care and complete cure, with ten days' sick bay afterward, of those deadly little foxes, tonsillitis, sore throat, rheumatism and chorea will largely prevent that grave engine trouble, a damaged heart valve, which now handicaps one in fifty of us all our lives long.

If deformities occur, treatment by exposure to sunshine and fresh air, at the seaside or up in the hills or mountains, will cure three-quarters of the cases, in the sense, at least, of making them free from pain and able to take care of themselves and earn a living in fair comfort.

But what are we to do with the fully 70,000 crippled children in the United States who are not receiving full and adequate treatment? I am happy to say that the health conscience of the nation is becoming aroused upon this subject and that all over the land organized efforts are being made to improve the situation. Among the pioneers in this field were some of our Middle-Western states, notably Nebraska, Illinois and Iowa, which have laws authorizing county physicians and boards of supervisors and health officers in each state to report any crippled children or disabled adults in their neighborhood to a central state commission of physicians and welfare workers.

Then this central body orders a careful medical examination of the cases reported, and if there is fair prospect of improvement they are sent to some state hospital or to the medical department of the state university, and there treated by the members of the medical faculty, grouped together into a diagnostic clinic, the state defraying all expenses of travel and hospital maintenance.

How admirably the plan worked and how eagerly the public responded may be illustrated by the result in the state of Illinois. What were known as traveling clinics were organized—that is to say, a group of physicians and specialists are scheduled to visit a certain place on a certain day. Against their arrival the local doctors and public authorities drum up and gather together all the crippled children in the neighborhood who can be induced to come. The visiting experts make a thorough examination and study of the cases and then arrange for each one to be sent to the appropriate hospital or school for the handicapped.

Here are the significant and encouraging figures: In 1917, 700 patients were cared for; in 1918, 900; in 1919, 1300; in 1920, 1600; and finally in 1922, 3500. Thus they reach nearly two-thirds of Illinois' estimated quota of crippled children.

How School-Teachers Help

OF THOSE examined and treated, more than 60 per cent are reported greatly improved and more than a third restored to good health and fair working possibilities.

Our great cities are now not far behind the states in this movement. In fact, most of them have had one or more homes or hospitals for crippled children ever since the splendid movement for the open-air treatment of tuberculosis of the bones and joints in children some twenty or thirty years ago. And for several years past some thirty of them have maintained special schools for crippled children, with motorbusses and fresh-air porches and rest periods and special diets, and in many cases arrangements for surgical treatment.

They have been slow in taking censuses of all cripples and attacking the problem in its entirety, but already they are moving in that direction; and in several, like New York, Cleveland and St. Louis, censuses have been made and plans are now being developed to see that every child is given an opportunity to obtain the utmost help that modern surgical and medical science can give.

One of the largest, most influential and devoted armies of our allies in this campaign is composed of our 750,000

It Means a More Thorough Training in the Difficult Art of Keeping Healthy People Well

teachers, with their priceless auxiliaries, the school doctors, the school nurses and the school dentists. The tired and overburdened mother may well heave a sigh of relief when she has once safely landed her child in the public school. For she can feel sure that he will not only be well taught and kept out of harm's way, but thoroughly looked after as regards his health and physical welfare. Half the burden of child rearing, and the heavier half, is over when the little one is safely and triumphantly seated at a desk in the first grade. For our teachers now have developed a keen and intelligent health conscience. They are anxious to promote the health of their children as well as their mental growth, and welcome the school doctor and the school nurse as their best friends and allies in the development of bright, healthy, happy childhood.

When Good Fellows Get Together

VALUABLE aid is also coming to us from a widely different and perhaps rather unexpected quarter, and that is from the great social and friendly and mutual-benefit organizations of men, such as the Shriners, the Elks, the Rotarians and the Kiwanis. It was only a few years ago that their interest in this problem awoke, but already the Shriners alone—or, to give them their full and proper name, the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine—have built or have in the process of construction seven large hospitals in different parts of the country. The Rotarians of Ohio have schools for some 400 crippled children in that state, and the governor has set aside the week beginning May eighth as Crippled Children's Week. The Elks have a number of schools and summer camps for boys scattered over various parts of the country, and the Kiwanis Clubs, though the youngest, are already following the same admirable path. They are already getting together for the purpose of laying out a joint plan to reach every crippled child in the land not already taken care of.

One of the most significant and cheering proofs of the natural goodness and kindliness of men's hearts is the way in which these successful men of affairs, who had originally grouped themselves together for social intercourse, for mutual aid and for broadening their business intelligence and efficiency, are instinctively, of their own free will, reaching out to lift the handicap of lifelong disability and distress from the feeble shoulders of little crippled children.

As to the crippled and disabled of larger growth, the prospect is almost equally hopeful. Their numbers are considerably greater, largely from the wreck and wastage of industrial accidents; but to balance this another motive force for repair and relief comes in, and that is the restoration of valuable earning power. In addition to our natural feeling of pity and desire to help, there is the consideration of salvaging large amounts of badly needed working power and technical skill.

Indeed, in most of our states this has definitely crystallized itself into the form of laws, known as Workman's Compensation Acts, which hold, in brief, that the human wastage and wreckage of an industry should be regarded

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"I Guess You'd Better Do Your Stuff"

"I Had . . . No Shots to Waste. I Let That Bear Come Pretty Close—So Close There Would be No Doubt About Hitting Him Where it Would Do the Most Good"

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

JIMMY FARQUHARSON came back to America after eleven years of Europe to collect the million dollars his Grandfather Brown had left him. Only there wasn't any million dollars. There wasn't any money at all. His grandfather had left him nothing but mementos. The lawyers listed them as follows:

One copy of Brown's Hunting the Grizzly; one buffalo robe; one rifle, with tools and case.

Jimmy stored these items temporarily on the bed in his hall room in the Bronx and wondered what to do next.

He knew Paris. He knew La Pérouse, which stands so quietly, so austerely on the left bank of the Seine, where they give you a fillet of beef bathed in orange sauce and garnished with mushrooms and hearts of artichokes in a way that simply makes life different. But he did not know the place in Forty-second Street, not far from Fifth Avenue, where you can get a bowl of nourishing soup, with two rolls and a pat of butter, for twenty cents.

He knew what to say to a Paris taxicab driver—those comparisons to the good domestic animals and the familiar garden vegetables that seem so much milder than our Anglo-Saxon phrases of abuse and are so much more effective at the Gare du Nord. But he did not know how to get from One Hundred and Ninety-third Street to the Grand Central without taking a taxi.

He knew a place at Cap Antibes, near Cannes, where you can get a big square room overlooking the Mediterranean, and breakfast in bed, and déjeuner, and a better dinner than a wise man will eat often, for forty francs a day. But he did not know where you can get a room in New York large enough to contain a single bed, a bureau, and a chair for seven dollars a week. So he paid ten. He had eleven dollars and seventy-five cents left.

Jimmy sat down on the one chair and put his feet on the window sill and faced the blank brick wall on which the window opened. The trouble was, he perceived, that he knew how to live gracefully on five or six thousand a year in Europe, but he did not know how to get the five or six thousand, now that it had stopped coming in the mail, or even how to get the price of a second-class ticket to Paris.

There must be some way to do that. He had been reading the Help Wanted ads in the afternoon paper and he had already learned that what you needed was experience. One Help Wanted notice after another insisted on experience. The word was like a refrain. Jimmy's experiences, from the moment he began to drive an ambulance on the western front at the age of nineteen until he had hired this narrow room in the Bronx, had been several and varied. But he had never had experience—not in the want-ad sense of the word. He was thirty years old and he had never earned a living.

The thing to do, of course, was to lie. But what lie could he tell convincingly? The more he thought about it, the less possible it seemed to tell any lie convincingly. He did not know that the real danger of lying is not that people won't believe you but that they will.

Jimmy picked up his grandfather's book on Hunting the Grizzly. The frontispiece was a picture of his grandfather—a tall, bearded man in a fringed buckskin shirt with a rifle cradled in an arm. Jimmy turned the pages because he was tired of thinking what a devilish predicament he was in. But after five minutes he was interested. He read on and on. He learned that the tremendous weapon his grandfather had bequeathed to him was a single-shot Sharps rifle, an implement once famous from the Assiniboine to the Rio Grande, and only gradually replaced by repeating arms.

So far as his grandfather was concerned, it never had been replaced.

"My Sharps shoots one hundred and ten grains of powder and five hundred and fifty grains of lead," his grandfather had written. "Of the eleven grizzly bears I have killed with it, only two required a second shot. Need I say that I prefer it to one of these modern toys that shoot forty grains of powder and two hundred grains of lead?"

His grandfather had once been charged by a wounded grizzly.

"If I had had a light repeating rifle," the old man explained, "I might have shot three or four times just as fast as I could work the lever and failed to hit a vital spot; or, hitting a vital spot, failed to stop him before he reached me. I had the Sharps and no shots to waste. I let that bear come pretty close—so close there would be no doubt about hitting him where it would do the most good. He wasn't five yards away when I pulled the trigger. His momentum carried him on so that I was compelled to step aside. But he was dead when he hit the ground."

Jimmy got up and looked at the old rifle. He cocked the big hammer and tried the trigger; at a very slight pressure the hammer came down with snap on the firing pin. Jimmy had never fired a gun in his life. But now he put his grandfather's rifle to his shoulder and looked through the sights. He knew how his grandfather had felt. The Sharps inspired confidence by its very size and weight.

He went back to the book, fascinated by the contrast between his grandfather's life and his own. His grandfather had been as carefree, traveling the mountains alone with nothing but his rifle, a bag of parched corn, a bit of salt and a blanket, as he had been in Paris or on the Riviera on five hundred dollars a month.

Jimmy read until midnight and realized that he hadn't eaten since teatime only when he turned the last page. He put on his hat and started down the street in search of an all-night lunch room. At the corner he found the early editions of the morning papers on sale. He bought them all in order to read the Help Wanted ads while he ate a beef stew that did not remind him of La Pérouse in Paris. His head was full of his grandfather's opinions and anecdotes, and for that reason he noted an advertisement that a day earlier he would have skipped. It read:

"WANTED—Gun salesman in sporting-goods store; man who has actually shot big game preferred."

Jimmy read that twice and knew what the lie was that he would tell. He took down the number in Madison Avenue and the next morning when the store opened he walked in, looking as if he had just stepped out of Piccadilly and not at all as if his cash capital had shrunk to less than eleven dollars. The manager observed the cut of Jimmy's clothes with interest.

"I must tell you frankly," Jimmy said, "that I've never sold guns. I'd need some time to get on to that part of it. But you said something about wanting a man who had hunted big game."

"Yes," the manager said. "I want someone in here that our gun-crank customers will respect. They're a pernickety lot. I've never had a salesman who could impress them in a quiet way."

Jimmy nodded.

"I have shot every kind of big game in America," he said quietly.

"What rifle do you like yourself?" the manager asked.

Jimmy smiled his most confidential smile.

"I shot my last grizzly with an old Sharps rifle—a .45-110-550 that I inherited from my grandfather," he said.

"I'll bet it stopped him just as quick as any of our modern high-power rifles."

"It did," Jimmy answered.

"All right," the manager said. "I'll take you on if you will work for thirty-five dollars a week."

It was just as easy as that. Jimmy spent a week learning to know by name the large stock of guns on hand in the store and a good many evenings studying the catalogues of the various manufacturers. But that was all. The manager introduced him to difficult customers as a hunter of the widest experience. Jimmy was clever enough to let his crank customers do most of the talking and presented his grandfather's reminiscences as his own only when they seemed to be called for. He was a success. He was too much of a success. He saw no hope of ever getting any farther and no hope of ever saving enough money to get back to Paris and no hope of earning a living there if he did. It was the longest and loneliest summer he had ever known. He had nothing to do of evenings but sit in his hot hall room and smoke, or walk the streets. The week-ends were devilish. The store closed all day Saturday in summer. And Jimmy knew nobody in New York and seldom

had money enough to run down to a Long Island beach. He would have shipped himself on a cattle boat or as a steward on a liner. But that thirty-five dollars a week, and the pride of earning it, held him.

II

THE manager introduced Jimmy one morning late in August to a rather genial customer, a Mr. Corbin, who owned the paper mills on which some Berkshire town was founded. Mr. Corbin confided to Jimmy that he had never killed a mountain sheep. He was going to Alaska for that purpose. He wanted a new gun. Jimmy sold him a beautiful bolt-action rifle to take a high-velocity cartridge. Mr. Corbin asked Jimmy to lunch at Blondin's. It was the first really good lunch Jimmy had had since he left Paris. They got along.

"I'll tell you what I'm thinking, Mr. Farquharson," he said. "I'm thinking how fortunate it would be for me if I could persuade you to take this trip." Jimmy's heart gave a leap. Anything was better for a change. "It's this way," Mr. Corbin continued. "I have a daughter. She leads a rather lonely life up in our little town, with nobody but mill hands. She doesn't care anything about shooting. But she is interested in photographing game. I've promised to take her up to Kadiak and let her see if she can get some pictures of Kadiak bears. I want to get a sheep, as I told you. That'll probably keep me busy. I'd feel a lot more comfortable if she had a man like you along every day. I don't suppose there is any real danger of her being charged by one of those bears. But you know the reputation they have."

"They are bigger than our Rocky Mountain grizzlies," Jimmy admitted.

He had a picture of Miss Corbin. She would be one of those husky women who went in for this sort of thing in heavy boots, riding breeches, a stag shirt.

But what difference did it make if she wasn't attractive or interesting?

"I'll say they are," Mr. Corbin answered. "I killed one up there a couple of years ago that was the biggest thing I ever saw. I suppose you've been up there?"

"No," Jimmy said, "I've never been in Alaska."

"Then you must go," Mr. Corbin said. "You'll be my guest and I shan't ask a thing of you except to trail along with Milly in case anything should break."

Jimmy realized that he ran an excellent chance of being exposed for a fraud, but he couldn't pass up the chance.

"I'd be glad to go," he said

"Fine!" said Mr. Corbin. "And if there's anything you need for your personal outfit, just charge it to my account at the store. Have you got a rifle you like?"

Jimmy smiled.

"I've got a whale of a rifle," he said. "It's a Sharps buffalo gun—a .45-110-550."

"Say," said Mr. Corbin, "where did you run onto it?"

"I inherited it from my grandfather," Jimmy answered.

They talked for two hours about the days of the old Sharps, and then Jimmy saw the girl—the perfect girl. She came up quickly and the next moment Jimmy was on his feet and Mr. Corbin was introducing him. She was Milly. She was the girl he had promised to chaperon while she photographed Kadiak bears.

Jimmy was glad to sit down again. His knees felt a little wabbly. He hadn't sat at a table with a girl like that in a year. He hadn't sat at a table with a girl like that ever before. It wasn't that she was so young and so slim and so pretty and so smart. It was that, over and above all that, she was so likable. Jimmy trusted her instantly. But he did not trust himself. He knew he shouldn't have said he would go to Alaska. What if something should happen and he couldn't protect her? What if his abysmal ignorance of big-game hunting should be exposed? He couldn't bear to be exposed to a girl like that.

While she was having tea and her father was explaining that Jimmy—the well-known big-game hunter—had consented to go to Alaska with them and Jimmy was getting a grip on himself, five o'clock came around and the agreeable little orchestra that Blondin employs for tea time began to play a fox trot. Mr. Corbin discovered how late it was and remembered an appointment he was about to miss, and asked to be excused for half an hour while he kept it, and left them alone together. Milly Corbin turned to Jimmy.

"Of course, as you're a big-game hunter, you don't dance?"

"Why—why," Jimmy stammered, as he got up, "I used to. I mean it would be a privilege."

It was a privilege to dance with her. They danced all the time her father was gone without saying a word.

"Father," she said to him, "you ought to persuade Mr. Farquharson to go in on your dude ranch."

"I wish I could," Mr. Corbin said. He gave Jimmy a friendly look. "It's this way," he explained: "I own a dude ranch out in Wyoming that hasn't gone so well as it should. The man who has been running it for me is a perfectly good Westerner, but he isn't fond of the dudes and he lets them know it. He simply can't adjust himself to the social situation. I've either got to find a new man to take charge or sell the place."

"I—I—I'm sure I have no background for that sort of thing," Jimmy said. "I've never run a business of any kind."

"Would you be willing to look the proposition over on our way back from Kadiak?"

"Why, yes, of course," Jimmy said. "Only - "

"There's ten thousand a year in it," Mr. Corbin said.

"It isn't the money I was worrying about," Jimmy said. "I simply don't feel I am fitted to swing such a proposition."

Mr. Corbin smiled.

"I think you were probably born to do it," Mr. Corbin said. "But we'll talk about it later."

Jimmy didn't know what to say, so he didn't say anything.

"You mustn't mind our rushing you this way," Mr. Corbin said. "I'm used to judging men on sight and my percentage of error is low. Anyhow, we start for Kadiak on Friday."

"Yes," Jimmy said.

On the way to the Bronx, Jimmy seriously debated whether he ought to skip the country. Sooner or later they would find him out, and the later it was the more unpleasant it would be. He couldn't bring himself to admit how false he was. The simple thing to do was to run away. But having come quite firmly to this decision, he couldn't carry it out. He wanted to see what would happen. Whatever happened, it would be worth it just to see a little more of that girl. It was just conceivable that he could get through the trip without giving himself away.

III

THE only really bad moment Jimmy had on the way to Kadiak was when he discovered that they must ride horseback for about ten miles from the place where the boat would land them on the coast to the place where they

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When They Sat Round the Camp Fire Jimmy Felt Blue. He Felt Blue Because She Was Utterly Unattainable

RACHEL JACKSON

An Informal Biography—By Meade Minnigerode

UNTIL General Jackson secured the presidency, there had been only one widower at the White House—Mr. Jefferson, whose lady never even saw the edifice. Mrs. Jackson, who saw it once, and who was packing her trunks to be taken there, was never to reach it. The first essentially plain, simple, quite commonplace woman of the people to achieve the privilege of residence in the great house at Washington City, Rachel Jackson was not permitted to take her place in that line of distinguished first ladies—Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. John Quincy Adams—as a successor to whom she would inevitably have furnished so fascinating a contrast; so fascinating for the spectator, so fruitful no doubt for the historian, so mortifying perhaps in many instances for her entourage, and for herself almost certainly so painful. And yet in her own *milieu*, in the midst of her own devoted friends, and on three occasions at least in the precarious glare of an unaccustomed public scrutiny, Rachel Jackson was altogether admirable.

In 1779, when Capt. James Robertson set out from the settlements to establish his colony on the Cumberland, in Western Tennessee, he left to his friend Col. John Donelson, of Virginia, the task of bringing to their appointed destination the families of those adventurous men who had cast their lot with his. Colonel Donelson had been a well-to-do ironmaster in Pittsylvania County, a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, a vestryman and a personage of some importance. He had come, it was said, to Eastern Tennessee because the marriage of one of his daughters to a hammerer in the Donelson furnaces had brought upon him the social contumely of his home counties. Faced now with the necessity of transporting, under inadequate male escort, these colonist families—these amazing pioneer women and their children—from Jonesboro to the Cumberland through an unfamiliar region infested with savages, Colonel Donelson decided to make the entire journey by water. It had never been done before, and it was to take them, downstream and upriver, 2000 unknown miles.

He had with him, in his own family, his wife, a married daughter and her husband—possibly the hammerer—and a younger daughter, Rachel, born in 1767 back in Virginia; a girl of twelve therefore, a black-haired, black-eyed minx, nimble of foot, gay, sparkling, intrepid and as pretty as you please. With her Virginia upbringing, she must have known all there was to be learned about cookery and the needle; but there had not been much time for books; the family had been on the move, and now there was this adventure to the wilderness, and at the end of it the necessarily unlettered life of a rude frontier. It was unfair, perhaps, that this child should in time have been expected to fill the most exalted social position in the land; and yet it was a very splendid justification of that life of unsurpassed courage and fortitude, a very seemly recognition of that frontier's sturdy nobility.

In after years, when they laughed at her and scorned her, Rachel Donelson must surely have thought of that childhood journey to the Cumberland, and of the days that followed, and smiled proudly; although at first it must have seemed a great lark to her.

But it was not to be a lark, this expedition down the Holston to the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to the Ohio, up the Ohio to the Cumberland, and up the Cumberland to the new settlement which was to be known as Nashville. They started in a winter season of exceptional severity, "in the good boat Adventure," to be joined later by other vessels; and it was not until four months later, on April 24, 1780, that the survivors reached Captain Robertson's log cabins. There was the cold; there were the perils of rocks and shoals and swollen rivers; there were short rations and a bitter weariness; and there were Indians at every turn. At the junction of the Tennessee and Ohio, the situation was "truly disagreeable. The river is very high and the current rapid . . . our provisions exhausted; the crews almost worn down with hunger and fatigue; and know not what distance we have to go or what time it will take us to reach our place of destination." There was even smallpox, and when the infected ship dropped astern it was no comfort to learn afterward that the Indians who had captured her themselves caught the disease and died by hundreds.

But the settlement prospered in spite of famines and savages, and Colonel Donelson prospered with it. He accumulated lands, negroes, cattle and horses, and was accounted wealthy. Rachel grew into spirited young womanhood, and had no equal on a horse in all that western country, or on any dance floor when the fiddles began to scrape. And in 1783 or '84, they all went on a trip to Kentucky, and there, in Mercer County, she married Lewis Robards. Colonel Donelson went back to the Cumberland without her, and in 1785 he was found in the woods, done to death by Indians.

II

AND in Kentucky things were not going so well. Rachel Robards was not the sort of girl to remain inconspicuous; there was nothing demure about her, nothing retiring or submissive. She liked a good time and she never failed to attract attention. Her husband, Captain Robards, was well educated, a handsome, passionate, tyrannical man, consumed with jealousy. According to him—although no one, not even his mother, believed him—his wife was not behaving with that discretion which he had a right to expect. There were scenes, and finally, in 1788, a separation was agreed upon and Rachel's brother Samuel came to take her home.

In the midst of this domestic fracas Mrs. Robards, Senior, had been keeping a boarding house; and when, later in the year, one of her young law students decided to try his luck in Western Tennessee, the entire Robards family besought him to use his influence with Rachel in order to bring about a reconciliation. Captain Robards was unhappy; he admitted that his suspicions had been groundless; he promised to be more sensible in future—if only Rachel would come back to him. Mr. Overton reached Nashville early in 1789; he took lodgings in the commodious blockhouse in which the Widow Donelson was also receiving boarders—more for the sake of protection against the Indians, perhaps, than for financial profit—he gave his messages to Rachel and found her amenable to her husband's entreaties. Word was sent to Captain Robards—and soon afterwards a young man called Andrew Jackson came to live at Mrs. Donelson's, in the same cabin room with Mr. Overton, where for a time they even shared the same bed.

He had arrived in Nashville a few months before, this Mr. Andrew Jackson, a young lawyer in the train of Judge McNairy. He was twenty-two years old, tall, thin, blue-eyed, auburn-haired, cadaverous and peppery, and in North Carolina they had just been saying of him that he was "the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury." He was absolutely fearless, hopelessly impetuous, an accomplished horseman, a crack shot, irascible as a wasp, touchy as a powder magazine where his honor was concerned—and that of every lady was his—dissipated and altogether fascinating. He lived in one cabin of Mrs. Donelson's blockhouse and Rachel Robards in the other. They saw each other frequently.

Captain Robards came to his mother-in-law's during the summer of 1789; there was a touching reconciliation. The reunited pair decided to remain at the blockhouse—and in a very few months the unfortunate captain was in tantrums of renewed jealousy.

The entire establishment was made aware of the scenes to which he subjected his wife; the whole inclosure rang with the recriminations in which, quite unjustly, he coupled her name with Mr. Jackson's.

"As much commotion and unhappiness prevailed in the family," Mr. Overton recorded, "as in that of Mrs. Robards in Kentucky. At length I communicated to Jackson the unpleasant situation of living in a family where there

was so much disturbance, and concluded by telling him that we would endeavor to get some other place."

Whereupon, as might have been expected, Mr. Jackson went blundering into an interview of remonstrance with the angry husband. The two men stood near the orchard fence, and Mr. Jackson was so untactful as to tell Captain Robards that if he had had such a wife he would not willingly have brought a tear to her beautiful eyes. Captain Robards promptly offered to horsewhip Mr. Andrew Jackson.

Mr. Jackson, for his part, offered to meet Captain Robards on the dueling ground. Finally Captain Robards exclaimed that he did not give a damn for any of them, and that he would not live any longer with Rachel. Mr. Jackson transplanted himself to Mausker's boarding house, and in 1790 Captain Robards went riding back, alone, to Kentucky.

But not long afterward a rumor reached them that the captain was coming back for the purpose of forcing his wife to accompany him to Kentucky. Rachel was frightened; Captain Robards had threatened to "haunt" her, and after two fair trials she was determined not to see him again. It was decided that she should go to her sister at Natchez, and an old family friend, Colonel Stark, was chosen to be her escort. Because of his ability as an Indian fighter, Mr. Jackson was commanded to make one of the party—a reluctant Lancelot. He was in love with Rachel, of course, and confided as much to Mr. Overton. It must have been a trying journey for them both. However, soon after Mr. Jackson's return to Nashville, in the summer of 1791, he learned that Captain Robards had obtained a divorce from the Virginia Legislature. Mr. Overton, who was visiting old Mrs. Robards in Kentucky, also heard the news. Mr. Jackson went straight to Mrs. Donelson and expressed his intention of marrying Rachel.

"Would you sacrifice your life to save my child's good name?" she asked him.

"Ten thousand lives, madam, if I had them!" Mr. Jackson is supposed to have replied. Nathan Hale had not been more positive.

They were married that summer in Natchez.

III

THEY went to live at Hunter's Hill, thirteen miles out of Nashville. Mr. Jackson was United States attorney for the state; and when he was not busy fighting Indians, he found plenty to do, riding circuit through the Tennessee wilderness and administering his office with a wealth of straightforward common sense which made up for the legal refinements which he may have lacked. Aside from that, he loved horses and gambling; he had his favorite fighting cocks; he caroused a little on Saturdays at the Nashville Inn; he swore tremendous oaths to the evergreen envy of his contemporaries; he swaggered up and down the Public Square and dared anyone to tread on the tail of his coat; he was a leading citizen. And he trafficked in cattle, axes and cowbells, which were the accepted currency of the region, and bought land — two-twenties, six-forties—too much land, in fact—which he sold to Mr. Allison, of Philadelphia, in exchange for notes indorsed to purchase a stock of goods for a general-merchandise store; so that later, when Mr. Allison went bankrupt, Mr. Jackson was in serious difficulties. But in December, 1793, there was trouble of a far more dreadful sort. It was Mr. Overton who first heard the news. That divorce in 1791 had never been granted. The Virginia Legislature had simply authorized Captain Robards to bring suit in Mercer County, Kentucky. Technically speaking, Mr. Jackson had been living for two years with another man's wife. And now, at last, Captain Robards was suing on the inevitable grounds. The divorce was duly obtained this time, and there was nothing for the Jacksons to do but go through a second ceremony of marriage. There is no more striking proof, perhaps, of the impetuosity of Mr. Jackson's character, and of his slender knowledge of the law, than that he should not in the first place have satisfied himself concerning the Virginia statute and assured himself of the validity of the original report, before offering his ten thousand lives in defense of Rachel Robards' good name. It was an unpardonable lapse on his part; for though at the moment the matter did not attract any more attention than it deserved—there was no question of any moral blame—as the years passed, and Mr. Jackson was more and more in the public eye, the miserable business was revived and made use of as campaign slander, and at the end it served unquestionably as a contributing cause of Rachel Jackson's death.

Mrs. Rachel Jackson

But in 1794 no one thought anything about it, and in 1796 Mr. Jackson was sent to Philadelphia, to the Congress. He seemed very uncouth, extremely unkempt and of a fiery temperament; but he made some good friends—and especially Mr. Edward Livingston, who was still to migrate to New Orleans. And in 1797 he was back again, as senator this time. But the solemnities of the Senate were too much for him; he resigned his seat, was appointed, in 1798, to the Supreme Court of Tennessee; and, with two partners, undertook the management of the projected store at Clover Bottom, near the race track. At the same time his military activities did not cease, and in 1802 he received his commission as major general of militia. As for Rachel, she stayed at home and managed the farm, and when the general was not parading, or when the judge was not holding court, or when the storekeeper was not tending his counter, she had him there by her side, and that was all she asked.

IV

HE LEFT the bench in 1804, and there was trouble again. The Allison affair had brought financial distress—and the store was on its last legs—and in order to meet accumulating debts, Hunter's Hill and many of the slaves had to be sold. The Jacksons moved to a small plantation eight miles from Nashville, and there the general built a two-story blockhouse of three rooms, to which he soon added a smaller building connected by a passage. He called the place The Hermitage. In this modest home they lived until 1819; the general busy with his fields and his cotton, his cattle and his thoroughbred horses; Rachel occupied with her domestic cares, her kitchen and her dairy.

And in this modest home she dispensed a simple, generous hospitality which was famed throughout the state; a hospitality which found room, somehow, for whole families at a time, and for every peddler who chanced upon the road. She was already a stout little body, but she could still dance reels and country dances with the best of them; she was gay and jolly; she had an astonishing memory and told a good story; and all the children in the neighborhood came to Aunt Rachel to hear about the early days on the Cumberland, and about the Indians, and about Daniel Boone, who had once passed that way. And after dinner she sat beside the general in front of the fireplace and smoked her long reed pipe, and sometimes she handed it to a guest with a cheery, "Honey, won't you take a smoke?"

They were tremendously happy; but there were no children, and they were both so fond

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The Hermitage, Tennessee

TESSIE WORKS THE SHIFT

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

I CERTAINLY did sting him, though. Why not? They come drifting up to the news-and-candy counter in a steady stream, old and young, thin and fat, fresh and sappy; and just because I'm paid to wait on 'em they think they've got a license to hand me any line of josh they have in stock, from the simple "Hello, Sweetie" hail to telling me the story of their lives and trying to date me up for a wild party. Say, I got so I can spot a cut-up eye flicker clear across the lobby, guess how many miles from home they are, and nearly tell how long it's been since they were turned loose before. And with a couple of hundred new guests checking in every day, is it any wonder I'm no amateur at giving would-be Romeos the refrigerator stare?

"Know what I heard one bird call you, Tessie?" says Mame, my dumb-bell assistant. "He asks me while you was out to lunch if Miss Zero has gone back to Hudson Bay. That feller in the check suit with the popeyes and the thick under lip. You musta handed him sump'n special."

"I only told him if he wanted to rent elbow space on the stand by the day he'd have to speak to the manager," says I. "They'd been dusting him off as part of the fixtures if I hadn't. The big sap!"

"Why, I didn't think he was so poisonous," says Mame.

"In that case," says I, "I'll make you a present of him. Only keep him off the premises."

Maybe it was on account of a few like that, or else I was just naturally in the mood; but when this smart-setter with the weak chin and the baby-blue eyes starts buying all the high-priced magazines and stalling around asking for back numbers, I gets suspicious. And first off I'd given him my greeter smile. I'd even twinkled for him. I do, you know, when they're free spenders and act like they was used to charging against their room number. Besides, this old boy has all the earmarks of a high-class party, from the broad a's in his talk to the Palm Beach tan on his cheeks, not to mention the ribboned eyeglasses and the gray castor gloves. Not a real antique. Along in the forties, I should say, but still taking notice. Oh, yes, I caught him giving me the up and down as I finished checking the sales slip. Then he follows with the mushy opening.

"I hope you don't mind my saying so," says he, "but you are a perfectly charming young person."

"Y-e-es?" says I. "That will be all, will it?"

"For today, thank you," says he. "But I shall be motoring into town once or twice next week."

"Well, well!" says I. "How cheering!"

He don't seem to get any warning from that, but goes babbling on.

"I shall be—ah—quite alone, and I mean to drop in and see you again."

"Ruhily!" says I. "If you ask me, I'd say you were getting an eyeful right now."

"Not at all, my dear," says he. "You're entirely too dazzling for that. Besides, I want to get better acquainted. Suppose we say Wednesday evening about seven—a little drive out to some quiet place, a nice little dinner for two and—ah—all that sort of thing—eh, what?"

Then he springs what's intended for a naughty wink, but turning pink in the ears as he pulls it. Say, he's so simple about it that it's almost like swatting a mosquito with a baseball bat. But for all the baby blues and the blushes, he means bad enough. So I cuts loose with the acetic acid.

"Listen here, you poor fish," says I, "whoever got you thinking you were a fast worker was kidding you something fierce. Say, that mush line of yours might work with some green parlor maid just out of the steerage, but it only gets me yawny in the face. No, no, uncle. You'll be much better off Wednesday evening if you stay out at Mortgage Manor and watch nursie put the little ones to bed. Then you can drive over to the country club and tell the rest of your foursome how you tried out the Boy Scout stuff on Twinkling Tessie, but that it was a complete flop. Now toddle off and forget the way back."

He toddles, with his mouth open and a look on his face like a sheep that's been bumped by a trolley car. Turkey red clear back of his ears too. An absolute smear.

And just as I'm patting a side curl of my truly Titian bob into place and exchanging a grin with Mame, this elegant lady with the tight little mouth and the hard eyes appears from behind the marble pillar that divides the

I Leaned Across the Counter and Started the Chatter. I Threw In a Few Giggles That Were More or Less Genuine

periodicals from the box-candy department. Either she'd been there through the whole act or else she'd just stepped over from one of the south-side elevators. A Ritzy-dressed lady and so well made up that I couldn't say if she was twenty or twice that. She gives me a narrow-gauge smile.

"Thank you so much," says she. "You did that beautifully."

She almost had me off my balance for a second, but I recovers quick and counters, using my Park Avenue accent.

"Beg pardon?" says I.

"You gave Wallie precisely what he deserved," says she.

"Him?" And I jerks my head toward the willing toddler.

"My husband," she coos, and I heard Mame let out a gasp as she drops on her knees behind the counter and begins pawing among the returns.

"Sorry if I was rough about it," says I, "but ——"

"Not at all," says the lady. "I wouldn't have had you change a word, my dear. Wallie needed it ever so much, and I'm sure you taught him a lesson he'll remember a long time. That's his weakness, you know, and he's especially susceptible to blondes. He'd get himself into frightfully silly scrapes if I didn't rather keep an eye on him."

"I'll say he'd stand a bit of watching," says I. "Most of 'em will, for that matter. Still and all, I shouldn't worry a lot if I were you. That line of his will never get him very far."

"Oh, but they're not all so clever as you, my dear," says she. "And now that I've had a good look at you, I can't blame Wallie so much. You are a somewhat ravishing young person, you know, and that smile of yours might be positively devastating."

"Thank you kindly," says I, doing a curtsy. "I only throw that in with five-pound boxes and fifty-cent magazines. Helps hold the trade, you see; but when they take it wrong I have ways of setting 'em right. One has to at this job."

"Quite so," says she. "If only all girls in your position could do it as well. I am so much obliged to you for snubbing Wallie. Perhaps I can think of something nice to do for you in return. I shall try."

And with another close-lipped smile she trips off.

Mame stood gawping after her. "I never looked to see you ease out of that short of assault and battery, for you sure did throw the harpoon into the old boy—and her right there with an ear stretched!"

"Lucky I didn't know I was staging a family party," says I. "It might have cramped my style."

And in spite of the lady's threat to remember me in her will or something, I figures the books as closed. You seldom do cash in on such promises; and as for having a reward of merit pinned on you by fond wifie on account of giving the cold eye to a frisky hubby—well, I just couldn't feature it. Besides, with the Gloriana lobby full up with late spring shoppers and early European trippers, milling around like the well-known bees at a hive, I had other things to take up my mind. For with an information window in plain sight, four room clerks behind the desk and a whole squad of bell hops dodging about, who is it they pick out to ask their fool questions of? Right! Yours truly, Tessie. Where's the Russian grill? When does the Mauretania sail? What play is Billie Burke in now? Why haven't the trunks been sent up? What's the parade on the Avenue about, and how much postage on a letter to Buenos Aires? And me trying to pick out three good novels for the party in Suite 1030, explain that we don't carry the Chicago papers, wrap a box of chocolate mints for a rush customer, and watch Mame to see she pays more attention to stacking the noon editions than she does to chewing her gum.

So by 3:30, when there comes a breathing spell, I've forgot who it was I smeared or why I was thanked for it. And when this lady with the chilly gray eyes and the society smile beckons me to the far end of the stand I had to think twice before I remembered.

"I almost believe you've reformed Wallie for life," says she. "I've had him through three shops and he hasn't dared to look sidewise at a dress manikin or a salesgirl. Some of them were blondes too. And of his own motion he bought me a string of pearls twice as large as the ones I tried to make him get for me only yesterday. The old dear is so meek too. It's perfectly wonderful how changed he is."

"If I affect 'em like that when I don't half try," says I, "I got to be careful. I might open up on one that had a leaky valve and then have to tell the coroner just what happened."

But she doesn't seem to be listening. She stands there looking me over critical and curious until I wonder if I've rubbed in more natural bloom on one side than on the other, or what.

"I suppose," she goes on at last, "that you are rather used to—er—that sort of thing."

"Telling 'em where they get off?" says I. "Well, I don't have to do it more'n ten or fifteen times a day."

"You poor child!" says she. "However can you know what to say to all of them?"

"Oh, it's a gift, I expect," says I. "Besides, some can be shunted with just a dirty look, so I save my heavy stuff for the stickers."

"Fancy!" says she. "Day after day besieged by silly males! How dreadful!"

"Oh, I don't know," says I. "Don't some women spend their lives scheming for just that? I take it as part of the job."

I could almost see a greenish tinge in her gray eyes at that, for it's easy to guess she's not one of the kind who'd hate to have 'em trailing around. I might have asked her, too, if all the hours she spent in beauty parlors was mostly for Wallie's benefit. I didn't. I just gave her one of my famous smiles.

She's a bear for details, though, this lady.

"And do most of them ask you to go out to dinner with them?" she demands.

"That's their big play," says I. "Dinner, theater and sometimes a midnight review. For generally they're on

the loose and out for a good time. If I was triplets and could go without sleep, maybe I could keep half the dates I might make."

"Do you mean," she goes on, "that you—er—never accept? Aren't some of them young and rather nice?"

"All kinds," says I. "But I've had my little lesson. I know 'em and I'm off 'em. If I'm not sheikproof, then there's no such thing."

"H'm-m!" says she, tapping her chin. "I wonder."

"Don't believe it if it's any strain," says I. "I'll get along even if you list me as a two-minute egg that's posing for hard-boiled."

"Oh, I can't doubt that you must be experienced in handling such affairs," says she. "But there are some men, you know, who are—well, different. You would not be likely to meet them here."

"No?" says I, lifting my eyebrows.

"I have in mind one who is rather fascinating, and is quite well aware of it, of course," she goes on. "He's not really young—almost middle-aged in fact—but he is very good-looking, his manners are charming, and he's an incurable flirt—the sort of man girls lose their heads over. If someone could only give him such a lesson as you gave Wallie!"

"Send him around," says I. "I'll make your home wrecker know he isn't practicing on any boarding-school flapper. Just sick him on once, and if I don't get him leaving the stand like he had two flat tires, then I'll quit the business.

She shakes her head.

"I was afraid you wouldn't understand," says she. "Phil isn't the kind who would be apt to notice a —— Well, you know what I mean. He doesn't have to hunt for conquests in hotel lobbies."

I hunches my shoulders.

"Well, I don't have to go out with a net, either," says I. "So that's that."

"True enough," she agrees. "But let us suppose that you could be induced to—er—as you put it, use the net."

Which was where I guessed that this wasn't all idle chatter on her part.

"What's the grand idea?" I asks.

"It is only a whim of mine," she goes on; "but it happens that my friend is here in the hotel now. I could easily send him after a box of bonbons or something."

"Yes?" says I. "And then?"

"Why," says she, "if you should be rather nice to him at first, use those wonderful eyes of yours a bit, perhaps give him one of your best smiles—well, I am sure Phil couldn't resist playing up. You could—er—lead him on for a time. I don't need to tell you how. And when the proper moment came you could—ah—set him right."

"Some whim!" says I. "But if you'll excuse me for mentioning it, I don't see just why I should ——"

"Of course," she breaks in, "the inducement would be something substantial. Shall we say fifty dollars? Twice that if the results are as satisfactory as you predict."

If Mame had been listening in I bet she'd have swallowed her gum. I had to grip the edge of the counter myself. A month's salary for pulling my old stuff on a new victim! Must be some catch to it.

"You don't want him slapped on the wrist or anything?" says I. "I couldn't risk queering my job, you know."

"Certainly not," says she. "Nothing more severe than the lesson you gave Wallie. That would be enough for Phil. You see, for all his successes, he's a sensitive old dear. And he is so used to being made a lot of by silly women and sillier girls that an unexpected rebuff would be quite a shock to him. Well?"

I've had some odd propositions put up to me, but this was the weirdest. I was running a pencil through my back hair, stalling for time.

"Do I gather," asks the lady, "that you are not quite sure you would know just how to handle such a man as Phil?" Which had me flushing some under the eyes.

"You don't," says I. "I'll take on this he vamp of yours, I'll string him along the best I know how; and if he doesn't complain of frostbite after I'm done with him, we'll call it a free tryout and I'll apologize to Wallie. But you better stage the act when I'm not too busy to do myself justice."

She wants to know when, and I suggests about 9:30 P.M., after the dinner crowd has gone and before the theater bunch begin to drift back

"It's always slack at the stand about then," says I, "and my helper will be off. But how'll I know which he is?"

She has the plot all worked out.

"Isn't that a little balcony up there?" she asks.

"Sure," says I. "Opens off the ladies' writing room on the mezzanine."

"I will be there," says she, "and give you the signal by nodding. Thank you so much, Tessie. Here is my card so that you may know with whom you are dealing."

"If I'm Not Sheikproof, Then There's No Such Thing"

And she leaves me discovering that she's Mrs. Walter Atwater Keith, of Roaring Rock, Long Island. You know? You read about her in the social notes, giving dinner dances and garden parties and so on, along with the Twombley-McRaes, the Laurence Van Pelts and the Hubert Rawsons. A regular person. I haven't finished reading the card, either, before Mame is squinting over my shoulder.

"Seems to me you're gettin' chummy with the limousine trade," says she. "Askin' you to float at one of her teas, I expect."

"Nothing so simple," says I. "She's crazy about having me meet a gentleman friend of hers."

"Aw, come, Tess!" protests Mame. "Feed it to me in small chunks. I'm no pelican."

"Well, then," says I, "the whole scenario is that she's signed me up as leading lady for a specialty stunt. I'm to deal 'em frosty to a conquering male who needs the same sort of dose I handed hubby. There's an even hundred in it for me, real money, if I do it well; and believe me, sister, I mean to deliver the goods!"

For at least a minute Mame aired her adenoids without attempting any remarks. Then she got her speech back.

"How I pity the poor prune!" says she. "For unless you're struck dumb or sump'n', I can guess what's comin' to him."

"This Mrs. Keith isn't so sure about that," says I. "Seems to think her friend is sort of a supersheik who'll give me one glance and have me hanging my head and forgetting my lines. Maybe I ought to go into training before I take him on."

"Huh!" says Mame. "You! Say, I hope I can stick around close enough so I don't miss any of it."

"You can't," says I. "While I was just an amateur I didn't mind having a gallery; but if I'm going to break into the pro class I mean to make the first performance as private as possible. You'll be let off early tonight, Mamie dear, and I'll close the stand myself."

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"Rubily!" Says I. "If You Ask Me, I'd Say You Were Getting an Eyeful Right Now"

Neptune's Business Experts

By BEATRICE BARMBY

A SMALL boy, tightly buttoned into a bellhop's uniform, knocked at the door of the chief steward's room.

"Marconi f'you, sir!"

The message, which read briefly, "840 first, 720 second, 900 third," apparently brought no joy to the man with the two gold zigzag stripes on his sleeves, for he sighed out in exasperation, "For the love of Mike, another capacity hoding!"

Above and around him was the bustle of the day before arrival. In another twenty-four hours one of the world's largest liners would be alongside the pier in New York City. Passengers hummed with activity, packed their trunks, lost passports. For them it was the end of the voyage.

But for the executive and personnel of the giant steamship company, in whose organization the liner was but a unit, the end of one voyage is merely the beginning of the next. Even before the last passenger walks down the gangplank at the end of one trip, preparations are in full swing for the first passenger who will walk up it on the succeeding trip.

Serving the Morning Bouillon

The passenger of course knows nothing of such preparations. He sees only the finished product of the brains of the gigantic organization which provides the perfect meal and which gives him the smoothest and most efficient service.

He does not, for instance, remember that at sea there is no last-minute shopping just before mealtime; that, unlike the hotel and the housewife who can from outside sources and almost at a moment's notice procure that most important dainty which has been forgotten or that vital staple which has been exhausted, the liner must be self-contained. For this it is absolutely dependent on the almost superhuman organization which, among other things, puts aboard every conceivable item needed to furnish the passenger's table de luxe.

Victualing a Big Liner

HOW does this organization work, first in regard to the passenger's dietary needs—perhaps the most important to the average traveler—and next in regard to his comfort?

The Marconi from the victualing department, telling the chief steward how many passengers he may expect on the succeeding trip, is the first visible sign of the organization which puts on the table of the dining saloon all the luxuries of the international hotel. Upon receipt the chief steward immediately gets busy and takes stock of his surplus stores. Next he does a little sum—so much in hand, so much food per passenger, so many to feed—and then he makes up his requisitions. By the time the liner gets to the dock he is all ready to rush them to the victualing department.

The first link in the endless chain which in the steamship company's dictionary is only another word for service and which stretches from the passenger and the individual liner, through the various departments, to the executive, is the victualing or catering department, on the dock side. Details in the handling of this department vary a little with the differing companies and with its location in home or foreign port, but the main procedure is the same.

At its head are a superintendent and an assistant, men who have been in the business since childhood—literally so, as they have probably started as bellhops—and who have served in every branch of the catering department aboard ship, including that of chief steward.

They investigate and pass upon the chief steward's requisition. If the ship has several days in port her requirements go into their weekly list, which is composed from the individual requisitions and the number of ships known to be sailing in that time. This list is sent to the purchasing agent.

Speed

IF, HOWEVER, a liner has to make a quick turn round, the system is expedited to the nth degree. The chief steward Marconies his needs from the ship, the victualing department immediately reports to the purchasing agent, and stores are bought and rushed to the dock, all ready to be loaded on the liner as soon as her passengers are off.

The Winter Garden on the S. S. Leviathan, With the Ritz in the Background

The victualing department is responsible for the quality of the food which is put on board every individual liner of the company. Every carcass of meat, every box of fruit, every crate of eggs is inspected by the superintendent or his assistant, and is either passed or rejected. They are so used to handling food in bulk that they can tell at a glance whether the supplies are up to standard; and if not, back they go to the dealer. They are veritable martinets in their demands that the quality shall be first-class.

Here is an instance which shows that even in a case when the tremendous rush might have excused a little leniency, the superintendent had the courage of his convictions. A certain liner, arriving late, had to be turned round inside twenty-four hours, and for a Mediterranean cruise with 450 first-class passengers. No time here for ordinary procedure! Stores, as demanded by the chief steward's Marconi, were on the dock awaiting the vessel's arrival. Among these was a consignment of lobsters. On inspection they were found to be of poor quality, small and Broadwayish. The ship was sailing next day at noon. If these supplies were rejected there was a chance that the desirable lobster would be missing from the menu. But there was no hesitation. The victualing superintendent rejected the whole lot. Of course the dealers kicked—it would be impossible to send down fresh supplies!

"All right," said the man of iron; "they must be here tomorrow morning at eight o'clock!"

Of course he got them. As though any dealer dare fall down when that would probably spell "finis" to a huge account! But think of the courage of a harried official, working night and day, and yet rejecting a source of supply just because it was not quite up to the high standard! Think of the tender concern for the sensitive passenger's taste!

When it comes to an argument between the victualing superintendent and the dealers, the former is always right. In one instance, a consignment of ducks was delivered to a liner and rejected on account of quality. The dealer got mad and took the matter to the head office, insisting upon calling in an expert.

The Cold Buffet on The Leviathan

Said the company: "Our own expert has been handling food for some thirty years. If his opinion as to quality is not acceptable to you there is only one alternative." The dealer did not care to take it.

The victualing department is also responsible for the arrangements which insure the fresh-water supply. The passenger who presses a bell and asks an attentive waiter for a glass of ice water thinks the process a natural one. He does not give a thought to the minute and efficient organization which has made such service possible. A liner must be self-contained. It carries its whole supply of fresh water for drinking, cooking, bathing. A shortage would not only be a discomfort but a calamity.

The moment the liner arrives at the dock the carpenter makes the connection between the ship's pipes and the shore hydrant, and the fresh water begins its journey into the tanks on board, the connection being maintained until soundings show that all tanks are filled to capacity.

Water

IN THE case of a quick turnover, extra pipe lines have to be arranged for. The supply is carried in tanks arranged on port and starboard sides. In the case of a big liner the fresh-water supply amounts to the stupendous quantity of more than 1000 tons. Although in case of accident distilled sea water could be used, it would be extremely flat and unpalatable. In such an instance there are two tanks of 100 tons each, two smaller tanks of 30 tons each, and, in reserve, two tanks each holding 400 tons. The water is drawn off alternately from each tank so that the level is approximately the same.

The linen is another item which needs speedy handling as soon as a liner touches dock. On long trips and pleasure cruises a ship carries a laundry, but on the liners making the short Atlantic trip all laundry work is done in port.

Just imagine, Mrs. Average Housewife, facing the thought of a weekly wash which covers fifty acres and numbers 250,000 pieces! Yet this is the amount of soiled linen which may be disgorged by one of the huge liners making the Atlantic trip with a capacity booking.

On board there are usually a linen steward and two assistants who are responsible for the bagging and tagging of the daily discard of soiled linen. The tags are in duplicate and perforated. When the ship reaches port the head linen man stands at the gangway and counts the bags which are taken off, keeping one side of the tag as a record.

The victualing department has already got busy and notified the laundry company, which has the vans waiting on the pier. The huge wash is rushed to the tubs and returned before sailing day. Imagine the perfection of organization which can return a wash of 100,000 pieces within twenty-four hours—a recent record!

The victualing department also issues emergency stores of linen and crockery to make up losses and breakages, and it attends to arrangements for the cleaning of rugs and hangings when the ship goes through its regular spring cleaning.

Closely allied with the victualing department is the purchasing agent. He is the company's official shopper, and he buys food by the ton, linen by the hundred thousand pieces, crockery and glassware by the crate, rugs and curtains by the acre.

On a certain day early in the week he considers competitive bids from reliable dealers and does his shopping for that week. Dealers deliver directly to the liner. There are generally no food warehouses on the docks.

Consider that one of his company's liners is capable of carrying 3000 passengers and does carry a crew of 1000, and that it must also be self-contained. This means that during a week or more of an isolation as complete as though they were in a beleaguered town, some 4000 people have to be fed.

For such capacity holding, among the food required will be approximately:

75 Tons of meat
10 Tons of bacon and hams
28 Tons of fish
18 Tons of poultry
6,000 Game birds of all kinds
250,000 Cigarettes
And, if the ship carries a bar, 89,000 bottles of wine, beer, spirits
550 Boxes of grapefruit, oranges and apples
4,400 Jars of jams, marmalades and every conceivable kind of sauce
1 Ton of ice cream
2,240 Pounds of tobacco

This is for one ship. But the weekly housekeeping may have to include three or four, or even more.

For the outfitting of this same liner the purchasing agent has, among other things, had to purchase about:

A Corner of the Kitchen on the S. S. Leviathan, Chief Chef Meyer Superintending

250,000 Pieces of linen
25,000 Pieces of silver and cutlery
4,000 Mattresses
1,000 Rugs
1 Acre of carpets

His shopping is done in the best market—with the further consideration that in the case of a foreign shipping company, like the Cunard, for instance, which draws its passengers from both sides of the ocean, the buying is fairly divided between America and England.

Meats

IN THE case of meat purchases, the most reliable dealers in this country are on the company's books, and the purchasing agent may and does go down to the meat company's depots and make his choice. Remember that he is a man who has been in the business for some thirty or forty years, and his choice is likely to be sound. Remember, too, that his company's account is so enormous that he gets the very pick of the market.

Perishables are usually bought only for the trip,

(Continued on Page 209)

A View of the Kitchen on the S. S. George Washington

THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS

"Would You be So Good as to Tell Me What All This is About?" Said Dormier

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IV

MR. McMANNIS had a study, or office—a small room next the front door. He himself spent little time there, but Williams, his secretary, functioned here; and here were kept all the business cabinets unsuited to the library.

On leaving Pitts-Cave, Jacqueline went straight to this room. She had always hated it, whether because it was dark, being on the street level, or because the iron grilles in the window made it like a prison. But she knew that when her father came in, as he usually did between three and four, he stopped here to sign any checks and letters Williams might have prepared for him.

The room, when she entered, was empty; but as the desk light was burning, she knew Williams must be somewhere about. She sat down.

People who deal in truth themselves recognize it when they hear it, just as people who deal in diamonds recognize a real stone when they see it. Jacqueline knew that what Pitts-Cave had told her was true; knew that Dormier had not fallen in love with her on the stairs, but had come over to marry her; knew that Mrs. McMannis had not been won over to the romance but had deliberately planned it, sacrificing her stepdaughter's happiness to her own social ambitions. She had been warned. Paul and Lucy had both told her that Dormier had come over to marry her; she had hardly heard them. One reason why she had fallen such an easy prey to the plot was that she never thought of herself as having a part in her father's fortune. She knew that she was an heiress, but she had not learned to think of herself as one. Yet if she had not wanted to believe he loved her, there had been plenty of signs—those vast trunks of clothes—trousseau, of course—and Miss Salisbury's manner—there had been a subtle change. It was a terribly humiliating experience—to have shown so clearly that she supposed herself loved for herself. But humiliation was one of the minor agonies. She loved him so very much, and yet she never doubted for a moment that she must at once put a stop to the marriage.

It was strange, she thought as she sat there, that she had never before been so unhappy and had never felt less like crying. She was like iron. She felt as if she would never again melt enough to shed a tear.

The secretary came in.

"Ah, good afternoon, Miss McMannis. May I congratulate you? Quite a change for you; quite a new life, I presume—interesting, I have no doubt."

"Very, I'm sure," said Jacqueline.

Williams thought, "Well, well, think of that! She's different already—stiffer—that child!" He felt sorry, for he had always immensely admired Jacqueline. Still, it would make an interesting story to tell his wife. He had seen a lot of this sort of thing in his life

"You're waiting to see Mr. McMannis, I suppose."

Jacqueline bowed her head. Williams could take a hint. If prospective duchesses didn't want to converse he could let them alone. He went back to his pen, and Jacqueline sat as immovable as a Buddha.

Before long her father entered, in one of his most genial moods. He had walked uptown. The clear autumn weather was continuing and all his blood was agreeably tingling. As soon as she saw him Jacqueline knew he was going to say something comic and unreal about her being a duchess. She shut her eyes, and he said, "Ah, Jacqueline, you do us a great honor. We are not accustomed to visits from Her Grace, are we, Williams? . . . Are those the certificates? Good! It seems now that this other man is going to take over the whole block of the bonds, so that transfers will be easy; but the stock ——"

"Father," said Jacqueline, "I want to speak to you, please."

Mr. McMannis' manner indicated that nothing his daughter could have to say could be as important or demand as immediate attention as the transactions between him and his secretary.

"Perhaps you won't mind waiting, my dear," he answered, "until I've signed these certificates—not unconnected with your own future."

"I cannot wait."

"Ah, these imperial manners, Williams, they seem easy to acquire."

By this time Williams had arranged the beautifully engraved certificates, some printed in orange and some in green, some bearing pictures of locomotives. Before he turned them over Jacqueline had a glimpse of typed figures on them—ten thousand shares—fifty thousand shares ——

"It costs a good deal to get rid of me," she said.

She spoke very low, but at last she had attracted her father's attention. He looked up, and being, like most people, wise enough when his attention was fully roused, he made a gesture to Williams to go.

"What's the matter, Jacqueline?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"What I said—that you seem to be paying Dormier a lot to marry me."

"I don't like talk of that kind," said McMannis. "It's not suitable; it's not ladylike; it's not pretty in a girl of your age."

"No; it's just true."

"It is not true," answered her father. "If you mean that Dormier has been grasping—greedy—quite the contrary. He has been singularly generous—right feeling about settlements. And anyhow, whose business is it but my own—the dowry I choose to give my only child?"

"Hers, I should think," said Jacqueline, but he did not notice this interruption.

"I don't like this tone you're taking. You wound me very much. As if I did not know what was best for you, as if it were a crime for me to send you out properly equipped ——"

She interrupted again.

"There's no use in discussing my dowry, father," she said, "for I'm not going to be married."

It was strange how being very unhappy armed her against fear. The expected outbreak did not alarm her, though the subject of her father's speech surprised her. She had expected to be reproached for changeableness—folly, not knowing her own mind.

She was astonished to find she was being accused of ingratitude, lack of confidence in her parent's omniscience. He became eloquent.

"By heaven," he cried, bringing his fist down on the table, "it's hard on a man! I work all my life for you, my only child; I have no other thought or care; and now you talk as if I were trying to get you into something that would ruin your life, as if I did not know what was for your good! If I'd been an unsuccessful man, an indifferent father, you couldn't disregard my wishes and opinion more completely!"

As he talked she gradually sank back in her chair, staring at him in a limp sort of way. He had not even asked her reasons; or rather, though he had said "Why do you change your mind?" he had never waited for an answer, which seemed to indicate that he did not greatly care. It was only another aspect of the old trouble between them. She did not believe that love could exist except for a known individual, and she saw that to him she was merely a symbol, an object of paternal emotion. And he was hurt, not only for the reasons he had stated but because there was something repugnant to him in being obliged to envisage his child as an individuality differing from himself. It was further complicated by his general attitude toward women. McMannis demanded that women should fill allotted rôles—rôles selected by him. If Jacqueline had been his son he would not have loved her so well, but he would have been interested to discover what lay behind this change of mind. He would have set himself to track down the facts. But with women he had a blanket explanation for everything they did.

"A little feminine psychology," he would say, and feel no need of inquiring further.

"I don't understand why you're making this scene," he kept saying. "I don't understand you, Jacqueline."

"I don't see how you can, father, when you don't listen to what I say."

"It isn't as if he weren't a charming fellow. I don't see how you can help liking him."

"Like him? Oh, dear!" said Jacqueline. "But I won't marry him."

"I'll tell you what you do—have a talk with your mother."

"My mother?" cried Jacqueline. "My mother is dead. Why should I talk to this woman you have put ——"

"Steady, Jacqueline! Steady now!"

"I'm steadier than you think, father."

They were getting nowhere with their talk, and after a little longer they parted, she unshaken in her resolution, he unshaken in his belief that her resolution was unimportant.

She went upstairs to her own room. She was determined that within the next two days—before Dormier came back—she must have made some definite demonstration of her intention. What could it be? What ought it to be? She had no one to turn to. She thought of Mr. Winters—of Paul.

About an hour later a knock came at her door and she rose to meet her stepmother. Jacqueline knew that her interview with her father had been a mere preliminary skirmish—an effort, singularly unsuccessful, to gain an ally for the main contest

Mrs. McMannis sat down, and even in this crisis her calm eyes seemed to rove over the walls and ceilings and floor, assuring her that everything in the room was right—the pictures straight, the hearth swept.

"Your father tells me you have changed your mind about your marriage"

Jacqueline gave a little fierce nod. She found that unhappiness had not quite cast out fear of this iron will.

"I didn't get a clear idea of your reasons for changing."

"I don't wonder. My father did not listen to them."

"Tell them to me."

That was one of the alarming qualities of this woman—she listened—she even understood, if you gave her half a chance.

"I won't marry any man who plans it three months before he even saw me. I won't marry a man who doesn't love me. I suppose you'll think me a terrible fool, and I guess you'd be right, but I actually thought he loved me."

"He doesn't love you?" asked Mrs. Mac mildly.

"A man who picks me out unseen because father will endow me like—like a university? Oh," said Jacqueline with well-controlled fire, "I don't see how you could do such a thing to me—you, perhaps, but my own father!"

There was a short silence, and then Mrs. McMannis said:

"Jacqueline, you have always thought that I did not love you. I am not very emotional by nature. I only know one way of expressing affection—many people seem to find it an unsatisfactory way. I try to arrange the lives of those I love to their advantage; to the best of my ability, to their advantage. I assure you—and I say this without egotism—that I have not very often been mistaken. In arranging this marriage for you—and I take the full responsibility for arranging it; your father would never have thought of it but for me—I believe I showed my love for you. I believe I showed a long interested study of your character. Your father, Jacqueline, loves you dearly. He knows nothing about your character."

"You don't need to tell me that," said Jacqueline. She was absorbed by the bare stern reality of her stepmother's words.

"But I do. And I know something of the world. You are a person absolutely certain to make a mess of any marriage which for the next few years you would make for yourself. You are intelligent—far more intelligent than the people set over you—so you have this enormous belief in your own judgments; you are lonely, emotional, starved for affection."

"What? What?" cried the child. "But if you knew this, why have you never given it to me?"

"Because," answered Mrs. McMannis, her voice as smooth as her immobile face, "I am incapable of it. I have other powers—not that. As I was saying, with all these qualities, you are known to be one of the greatest heiresses in this country. Free choice on your part would be disaster. You would either be married by some adventurer for your money, or you would yourself choose to marry some utterly insignificant boy—because he was poor; this

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Jacqueline Simply Turned on Her Heel and Walked Out of the Room. She Had Accomplished Nothing and the Great Peril Was Still Ahead of Her

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16, 1925

Will Congress Declare a Dividend?

FROM time to time someone in or out of Congress solemnly announces that dark plots to reduce taxes are afoot and that stealthy propaganda to put over the Mellon plan is permeating the public prints. The attitude of these gentlemen is, apparently, that the desire for lower taxes is an unworthy craving, like the taste for strong drink, and that to favor a reduction of surtaxes is a form of editorial bootlegging that should be sternly suppressed.

We happen to be living in a republic that had its beginning in a little disagreement over taxation. The idea that there is something sinister in working, talking and writing in favor of lower surtaxes is as ludicrous as Pinafore. It is against human nature to give up a dollar more in taxes than is necessary for the economical running of the Government, and only those who think they are not giving up a dollar—though they fool themselves—are in favor of heavy taxation. It is not necessary to look for a plot on the part of "the interests." Let every man look within and he will find a plot to lower taxes that is as deep and as dark as the amount that he is taxed.

In the closing days of the session Congress raised its pay thirty-three per cent, and the country on the whole was satisfied that it should. Nobody howled that it was a "plant" or a "plot." Congress was just as hearty and unanimous over this raise as taxpayers are over the prospect of a twenty-five per cent reduction in taxes. Such a decrease would be the equivalent of a substantial increase in wages, salaries and incomes. That reduction will look just as good to outside-of-Congress human nature as the salary raise looked to the insiders. In short, it looks so good that taxpayers are plotting for it through a megaphone.

In contrast to those who view with alarm and suspicion every movement to lower taxes is the attitude of Martin B. Madden, Congressman from Illinois. We believe that he fairly represents the position of a majority of the members, both Republican and Democratic. Mr. Madden not only favors revision at the coming session but he would add a clause to the new revenue bill providing that whenever the surplus in the Treasury reaches a substantial sum the United States shall declare a dividend of this amount, to be paid pro rata to income-tax payers of record.

A provision of this sort would be a long step forward. It would emphasize the importance of economy in government, recognize the principle that the Congress is acting in a fiduciary capacity for the people and that the wasteful expenditure of their money is a betrayal of trust. It cannot too often and too emphatically be brought home to every legislative body in the country that taxation must be as light and not as heavy as the traffic will bear.

Congress sees farther ahead on this question than a majority of the cities and states, and it has been more responsive to the wishes of the country. But the day of reckoning approaches for the jolly, care-free city fathers and state stepfathers who have been spending and giving I O U's for this and the next and the third generation to pay.

Almost every city and town in the country has a more or less monumental house, finished or half finished during the last generation, called somebody's folly. It was built by a citizen who, as he grew prosperous, got delusions of grandeur, thought that there was no end to the money, and built in anticipation of a future that he never realized. There is a lot of that kind of municipal and state building going on right now.

Somebody's folly is everybody's folly who does not watch the expenditures of city, town and state, that does not raise a voice in protest when they exceed the limits of necessity and prudence. The competitive standard of living is quite as common among cities and towns as among the people who live in them, and as surely leads to folly and extravagance. You can't have high municipal living and low taxes.

Boosting has its place and its uses, but too often the booster only boosts taxes. For the American desire to be the biggest it might be worth while to substitute the wish to be the best, which is often something quite different. As a slogan, "Watch us grow!" has had its day. How we grow is the thing of importance.

A city, like an individual, should plan its future intelligently, living within its means, but looking ahead to the future and keeping in a position at all times to expand its facilities without actually building beyond its needs. To buy luxuries far beyond its means, with the installment collector dogging the heels of the city treasurer, is unintelligent.

The greatest value of Mr. Madden's proposal is the ideal of trusteeship for the people that it holds up before legislators. If it will teach them to be scrupulous in taking and careful in spending the people's money, and if the idea can be passed along to the states and the cities, Mr. Madden will deserve a monument in front of the Treasury Building. But Mr. Madden and the city fathers cannot do it alone. A lax, a careless, a spendthrift legislative body simply reflects a fool electorate. Stockholders who are hungry for dividends install a capable management and then keep after it to make good for them.

Burning Up the Country

IN THE movement of the seasons there is hazard as well as joy. Summer brings vacation and recreation, but it likewise ushers in one of humanity's most dangerous enemies—the forest fire. Responsibility for contending against this great destroyer of wealth is accepted by no one, except by a few scattered and certainly not overpaid rangers. The millions who live in cities and towns or in agricultural areas remote from forests and brush cover take but passing interest in this recurrent annual killer, this fiend, the peer of war, panic and pestilence.

The older residents of forested regions declare that fires were worse in early days. But population was smaller and resources greater. It did not matter to pioneers if great tracts were burned over, provided only their own lives and those of their stock were not endangered. The timber itself was not needed, and plenty of water was to be had elsewhere. But today the conservation of forest products is one of the chief necessities of national life. It is exceeded, however, by the need of water for large centers of population, and water in such volume can be gathered only from extensive areas of forested or brush-covered land.

If air is the first necessity of life, water certainly ranks second. The carelessly regarded brush fires that are so often allowed to run through the smaller growths of bushes, ferns and mosses may threaten the integrity of a watershed that supplies a metropolitan city. Cities and whole states carry on protracted legal and legislative battles for water-bearing lands, fearing or knowing there is not enough to go around. But the common enemy of all is too often permitted to run riot through the commonwealth.

To the extent that groundwork is laid for forest fires by an especially dry season, or when the immediate cause is lightning, we must acquiesce in fate. But even in a dry year the direct cause of a very large portion of all such conflagrations is not lightning, but the sheer carelessness of man as a camper, as a smoker and in the general rôle of going about in the open to suit his own sweet pleasure.

This fact is not a new discovery; it has none of the charm of novelty. Perhaps the very repetition of such warnings has dulled the public ear. But a nation cannot survive which wastes its patrimony through sheer carelessness. If there is any sure test of national character it is the ability to maintain the natural wealth for the commonwealth. If we cannot do that, our place will be lost in time to peoples that have at least the rudiments of sense.

No one who thinks at all supposes, however, that heedlessness is going to continue. "Verboten" has been a byword of reproach to Germany. In Europe it seems to the American, with his freedom of action, that almost everything is forbidden.

If we keep on with our thoughtless, inconsiderate ways it will not be many years before Americans will be equally forbidden. Everywhere we travel a passport will be visaed, a tax imposed, a license renewed or revoked, a rebuke administered or barely avoided.

We are entering, it is to be feared, upon a period of universal summer surveillance and espionage. At the entrance to every park, forest and mountain area uniformed inspectors will give us more than the casual once-over of the past. It will be like traveling across a dozen European borders, and we shall pay in taxes for the support of an army of government employes whose sole duty will be to protect us from ourselves.

Does this seem a ridiculous picture? Obviously there are only three possibilities. The first is the destruction of the watersheds through erosion caused by fire. This means the depopulation of great cities, which is utterly unthinkable. The second possibility is a complete mending of our ways.

But can that come without a blow in the face? The consumption of cigarettes has increased something like 50 per cent in two years. Automobile travel and camping in forested areas are moving upward by leaps and bounds. Millions now have the money and leisure to break for the open who could not go there even a few years ago. Good roads are being built in every direction. Many observers insist that as a people we are constantly becoming more independent of convention, more unrestrained and free from control. Does it look as if we were about to mend our rash and negligent manners in the open? Consider but one of very many cases:

"A picnicker visiting one of the most beautiful and popular camping places in the Sierra Madre Mountains threw a lighted match into the dry grass after he had lighted a cigarette—on August 31, 1924. That careless act started a conflagration that burned over 50,000 acres of brush and forest land, and denuded not only a valuable watershed but also numerous delightful camping places."

So says Supervisor Cecil, of the Angeles National Forest in one of the Western states. And so could say a thousand others whose duty it is to struggle with the fire demon after it has been unleashed. If cities are not to be depopulated and people do not mend their ways, there is only one other method of handling the situation, which, as already indicated, is the enormously costly and irksome European system of minute government surveillance, which in our mountain and forested areas it might be necessary to carry far beyond even Continental standards.

Each year, each summer season, the control of fire becomes a more serious problem. A cycle of wet years will put off evil days for a while. But dry cycles will come again. A solution must be found before many more years have passed. The nature of the solution will show up the stuff of which the American people are made.

The Great Commission Metropolis

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

IT WAS back in 1934 or 1935, I remember, that there began to be so much talk in all the newspapers about making Washington the most beautiful city in the world. A New York paper exposed the fact that 386 highly important government commissions, of such standing that not a commissioner on any one of them was receiving less than $7500 a year, were housed in ancient red-brick dwelling houses, and that the average rent paid for each house was $9700 a year, or about $9000 too much.

Other American newspapers immediately took up the matter and demanded that each commission be housed in a suitable dwelling of its own, and that plans be made for the housing in fitting buildings of at least thirty new commissions each year. They pointed out that the management of everything in the country was rapidly being turned over to commissions, and that the smallest number that could reasonably be expected to spring into existence annually during the remainder of the century was thirty, which would mean that there would be more than 1900 new commissions in Washington by the year 2000, or a total of 2506 of them, and that since the commissions would be the true Government of the United States, they should be lodged in structures that were truly representative of the magnitude and resources of the nation.

The outcry and uproar was so tremendous that senators and representatives almost went crazy in their efforts to obey the voice of the people. In less than a week they created about forty-six commissions to attend to all the details of beautifying Washington and making it into a fitting home for all existing as well as unborn commissions.

Everybody in political circles was very much pleased and excited over this unexpected windfall, and ex-senators and ex-congressmen who had been out of office for six or eight years and had almost given up hope of getting a good fat easy government job were given first-class positions at $10,000 a year.

A number of senators and representatives resigned in order to take the positions, because they knew the commission jobs were life jobs with little or no work, whereas they were apt to lose their jobs in Congress at any election.

Everybody who had ever played golf with the President or gone to the same business college with him as a boy was given a fine position; and it is probable that anybody who had even lived in the same county with the President during his early days could have had a commissioner's job if he had cared to ask for it.

In fact, everybody, whether he was in politics or not, was pleased; and it was then that all the newspapers and magazines began to tell everyone that Washington was soon going to be the most beautiful city in the world. Rome and Edinburgh and Budapest and all other foreign capitals with reputations for beauty were heartily sympathized with; for everyone agreed that all of them, by comparison with Washington, would look like something the dog disinterred, as soon as Washington had made the changes that were being planned.

But all that is neither here nor there. The chief feature of the whole business was that the changes were made. Though I was a mere lad at the time they were begun, the excitement and to-do over it made a great impression on me. I remember that our school debating society used to debate such questions as "Would it be better to be a Commissioner of Birds' Nests at $5000 a year or Commissioner of Shingle Standardization at $3500 a year?" We were young, you know, and didn't know anything about politics; so $3500 a year more or less meant nothing to us.

The excitement over the ravishing beauty that was to clothe Washington in another quarter century led me to make my first

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Old Man Science—the Genius of the New Generation

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Rhymed Presidents

LISTEN, my children, while one at a time
Your twenty-nine presidents greet you in rhyme!
First comes George Washington, followed by Adams,
Martha and Abbie their dutiful madams.
Jefferson third, he who gave to the nation
The Democrat Party and Great Declaration.
Now meet James Madison, then James Monroe,
Who both sponsored doctrines you all ought to know.
John Quincy Adams took over the reins,
Then Hickory Jackson of Indian campaigns.
Martin Van Buren is next in our view;
Then Harrison, hero of Tippecanoe.
Tyler and Texas are words you should bracket,
While Polk is tied up with the Mexican racket.
Old Rough-and-Ready, that warrior fierce,
Zachary Taylor, then Fillmore, then Pierce.
After Buchanan—the friend of the slave,
Abraham Lincoln, great, simple and brave!
Then Andrew Johnson, who won little fame,
Followed by Grant, who earned much of the same.
Out Hayes, enter Garfield, who shortly was killed,
When the President's office by Arthur was filled.
After Cleveland came Harrison, Cleveland again,
Next William McKinley, who also was slain.
Now Roosevelt, Rough Rider, Progressive and tourist;
Then the screen projects Taft, who is famed as a jurist.
The World War and Wilson will live through the years,
For they symbolize sacrifice, sorrow and tears.
Warren Harding, who strove for the normal again,
Was stricken and died on his World Court campaign.
Today we have Coolidge, of pioneer Yanks,
A thrifty American—let us give thanks! —*A. W. Neall.*

Only One Thing Lacking

THE revue producer had done all he could and was ready for the opening night. "Let's see," he said. "I've got a prohibition number, a take-off on the radio, a satire on the movies, and one on censorship. I've got a comedian and a blond soprano. Then there are the two vaudeville teams and the two supper-show dancers. Oh, yes. I mustn't forget the burlesques on the successful plays, and, of course, the English dancing girls, and the chorus and the music. The patriotic finale, showing General Mitchell riding at the head of a fleet of airships, will be a knock-out. I wonder if I've left anything out?"

And, being discreet, his demure private secretary simply tapped her pencil and did not say, "Brains."

—*McCready Huston.*

The Salome Sun

See What Gentle Spring Has Brung Us

GENTLE Spring has come again. Pretty near everybody gets to Feeling Bad and sort of Bilious along in the Spring about the time they are Shedding their woolen Under clothes—a sort of a kind of Sweet Sudness that makes them want to Write Poetry, if they aint too busy working on Cross Word puzzles, which is one thing that Salome didn't get hurt very bad with Yet. There is only one Dictionary in Town and most of the rest of the Folks here has an idea that these Puzzles is Pictures of new Town Lot subdivisions being advertised in some new way by Los Angeles real estaters.

You wouldn't ever think to look at one of them that a Garage man could write Poetry, but they can and Do. The Reptyle Kid has got it Bad—and Archie Bald Doveface says that most of the Poetry you see in the Papers is wrote by Garage Men and Automobile Mechanics. Archie Bald ought to know because he has Lived Back East and is Educated and hangs around the Garage a good deal because he hasn't anything else to do and there aint no other place to hang. His Folks sent him out here for his health and send him So Much Money every month as long as he stays here. I guess maybe they are afraid someone will kill him if he comes Back East again.

Tuning up the motors and listening to the engine running is what Makes Poets out of Garage Men and the old 4 Cylinder Tin Lizzies is the Best Kind to work with and the worse they work the Better Poetry it makes. If you can get one Hitting on Three, kind of Hop Skippity Jump, it's fine and dandy as soon as you get used to and keep time with it. The kind of Poetry you write all depends on how Bad you Feel and How Hard you Step on the Gas. If you're feeling Blue and Lonesome like and Chloride Kate was cross this morning when she give you your Ham and, all you have got to do is go out in the Garage and back Lizzie up in the corner and put the Emergency Brake on and Start her up. Run her Slow and when your Brain gets Tuned up good with the Engine the Words will come to you. You don't have to have Much Brains, but if the Words don't come, then you have got to sit there and Try to Think—but with Most Folks writing Poetry the words come without Very Much Thinking.

Six Cylinder cars aint much good to write Poetry with. They run so Smooth it makes everything sound like Bed Time Stories, which aint Good Poetry. A good old 4 Cylinder 1917 model has got them all beat and you can make it slow and Mournful or Fast and Snappy, just as you like, but when your Spark Plugs get Dirty or something gets the matter with your Ignition and she gets to hitting on Three indiscriminate (I don't know if that's Spelled Right or not then you've got to be a Regular Hum Dinger to keep up and in Tune with it or else you will be writing Blank Verse before you know it.

The Hardest Part is to get the Words to Match Up and Rhyme at the Ends of the Lines. Me and the Reptyle Kid has discovered a new way to do this, which we may get Patented and sell on a Royalty to Other Poets. We have made a couple of Wooden Ear Plugs and when you get to the End of the Line you stick the Plugs in your ears so as you won't Hear the Engine while you are hunting for a Good Word to Match Up with the one on the End of the Line Before. If you don't use the Ear Plugs the engine will be carrying you right along on to the Next Line before you have got the last one Rhymed—and if you Shut the engine off every line while you're hunting for End Words,

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The Way He Looks to Some of Us

Stage Director—"Hey, Madge, Peel Off Some of That Make-Up! Where Do You Think You Are—in the Audience?"

Children need SOUP every day!

Hot, nourishing stimulating soup should be part of the daily diet of every child in the United States.

Little eyes would be brighter in many homes—cheeks rosier, school reports would make better reading, minds and bodies would be more alert.

For soup is a food—a splendid food.

For soup is a tonic—the great wholesome healthful stimulant to appetite and digestion.

Green vegetables with their blood-building iron. The mineral salts so valuable for health and good condition.

Cereals that build muscle and body-tissue. Beef broth with its wonderful invigoration. Fresh herbs that tempt the appetite.

All in Campbell's Vegetable Soup—thirty-two different ingredients that make a lunch or supper or a substantial part of a dinner.

Real food—and so delicious!

21 kinds

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

An American Immigrant in Japan

A Party for an American Visitor

By THEODATE GEOFFREY

I SUPPOSE that in all countries the alien meets with more or less contempt and contumely according to the degree in which he adopts the customs of the new country; the more different he remains in language, clothes and manners, the more scope he offers for criticism and covert or expressed dislike from the natives.

As a child, I lived in a mill town which attracted so many alien operatives that the public notices were always printed in seven languages. I still remember the various opprobrious nicknames which we loved to yell after the foreigner.

When in my turn I became an immigrant in Japan, very occasionally I encountered the same spirit. In slum districts such as surrounded the great dockyards, I have heard unsavory comments as I passed in a ricksha. Once, riding in a motor car with three other women through the crowded narrow street of a country village, where the pedestrians had to scuttle into doorways to allow us to pass, a tall Japanese man, his hair long and thick, in the fashion of social agitators the world over, leaped on the step of our car and spat in my face. It was not an agreeable experience, but I wondered afterward what lay behind his offensive act; whether he or his family perhaps had suffered through a foreigner in some way.

The Japanese, as a rule, are hospitable. In the country villages, the children line up by the road, arms upflung, calling "Banzai!" as the foreigners whirl by. The story goes that in the early days, when the Japanese people objected to the presence of aliens, the children were known to throw stones and call bad names, much as American children sometimes tease foreigners; whereupon the emperor himself made it known that he wished the foreigners received with hands upflung in greeting and the cry "Banzai!" That decree was quite in line with modern constructive psychology; one cannot throw stones with both hands in the air.

The Damaged Bridge

ON MY trips through the country I almost invariably received most kindly treatment, and at small isolated cottages the people generally refused payment for the cup of refreshing tea offered to me with ready hospitality. The old man of Jimbohara showed me most forcibly the contrast between Japanese courtesy and barbarian rudeness. It happened in this wise:

Four of us, unable as yet to speak more than a few words of Japanese, but eager to see the beauties of the country, were motoring up to Nikko by a rarely used route to see the wonderful Tokugawa shrines.

Late on a rainy October afternoon, we passed through a tiny village in the heart of the farming country on the level plains below the mountains in which Nikko is situated. It was almost dark, so we were surprised to find a large crowd of villagers assembled at the far end of the one street, where a wooden bridge spanned a river.

The autumn had been very rainy, a recent typhoon had swelled all the streams; the river before us was in full flood. In the twilight we could just make out a racing stretch of dark water running less than a foot beneath the arch of the bridge, frothing around the piles.

The headman of the village ran up to the car, bowing politely, while Suzuki, the chauffeur, interpreted his speech. The river, he said, was so high that he feared the bridge was unsafe; we should go back over our road to the nearest steel bridge, fifty miles below. Even as he spoke, a chorus of exclamations broke out in the crowd, whose eyes were fastened on the river. The central span of the bridge had been carried away by the swift current!

Our host and owner of the car was an engineer, accustomed to size up situations quickly.

"Suzuki," he said, "you tell the headman that I don't want to go a hundred miles out of my way. Tell him I want to hire two of those sampans tied up on the bank and have the men lay them to against the piles in the gap. It is only twenty feet across, so they can lay planks across the gunwales of the sampans to make a pontoon bridge for the car."

Pleasant Roadside Shelter

AT THE chauffeur's translation, a vigorous parley broke out; the fishermen who owned the boats were anxious to earn the big money offered and perfectly willing to risk their lives and boats in the roaring flood, but the headman would not consent.

"It is too great a responsibility for me to assume," he said. "Lives may be lost, in which case I would be held accountable. But if you secured permission from the police authorities in the nearest town ——"

Suzuki, having driven a hundred and fifty miles already over the villainous Japanese roads, did not look forward to a hundred-mile detour. He suggested that if we would wait in the village he would take the headman back ten miles to the police station, where he could obtain the requisite permission and bring back policemen to superintend the undertaking. We found ourselves marooned in the rainy twilight beside the luncheon hamper, thoughtfully left by Suzuki. The villagers drifted back to their homes for the evening meal and we began to feel damp and hungry ourselves.

"That big house over there must be the village inn," volunteered the practical-minded engineer. "It's the only two-story house in the place and the courtyard is piled with casks of sake."

"Then let's go," replied the American girl whom I was chaperoning. "We can get some tea to drink with our sandwiches, and I have a pack of cards in my pocket, so we can have a game of bridge while we wait."

The house was built in a hollow square around a courtyard ankle-deep in mud; one side was a warehouse, the center appeared to be the kitchen and the third side contained two large rooms furnished with *tatami*. In the smaller of the two, an old man and an equally old lady were sitting on their heels, with a low table between them and an electric light suspended over the table.

As we waded through the mud, seating ourselves upon the *roka*, or

All Dressed Up for New Year's

(Continued on Page 41)

"Double action!"

1—Cleans, scours 2—Sweetens, purifies

Double action!—This is the new easy and effective way to attain perfect household cleanliness. **Sunbrite,** the "Double action" cleanser, does more than the necessary scouring which you expect of any cleaning powder; it also in the same process sweetens and purifies. As it whitens and scours, it also leaves every surface fresh and sweet and odorless; free from all stale taint.

One process, two results! Yet **Sunbrite** costs so little. And every can carries a United Profit Sharing Coupon. *Complete cleanliness*—in your bathroom and for all kitchen needs! Enjoy it now, at slight cost and less work, with **Sunbrite's** double action.

Swift & Company

Double action
Single cost

A pure soap in a new convenient form

Quick Naptha White Soap Chips! Just what you want for all household uses—for washing clothes dishes, woodwork. It is specially fine for washing machine use; dissolves quickly, acts instantly on dirt. Mild and harmless on fabrics and hands because it is a PURE soap

The charming Oriental pattern shown in the living-room is No. 534 On the dining-room floor is pattern No. 321

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Example of the Gold Seal that is placed on every guaranteed nationally advertised Congoleum Gold-Seal Rug. It protects you against substitutes and guarantees complete satisfaction. Look for it.

"No more beating and sweeping for me! I can clean these Congoleum Rugs in a few minutes!"

Women *do* appreciate the labor-saving features of Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs. All the cleaning these modern rugs ever need is just a light wiping up with a damp mop or cloth. What a welcome relief from the tiresome sweeping and beating which all old-fashioned floor-coverings require.

Waterproof and Mothproof

Then, too, these modern rugs are waterproof, mothproof and sanitary. Spilled things, dust and dirt cannot penetrate their smooth, seamless surface.

They require neither tacks, cement or any other fastening yet always lie perfectly flat on the floor with never a turned-up edge or corner.

Variety of Patterns

One of the big advantages of Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs is that there's an appropriate design and coloring for every room in the house.

Rich Oriental motifs, like the two rugs illustrated above, are very popular for living and dining-rooms. Then there are dainty floral effects for bedrooms and neat tile patterns for the kitchen and bathroom.

At your local dealer's you can see how attractive Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs are, but you must use them in your own home to know how much time and work they really save.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.40	Pattern No. [illegible] shown	1½	feet x 3	feet $ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.70	below [illegible] in all the	3	feet x 3	feet 1.30
9	feet x 9	feet	14.05	sizes. The other patterns	3	feet x 4½	feet 1.95
9	feet x 10½	feet	16.40	illustrated are made in	3	feet x 6	feet 2.60
9	feet x 12	feet	18.75	the five large sizes only.			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," an interesting new booklet by Anne Pierce, shows all the beautiful patterns in their actual rich colors. Write our nearest office today for your copy. It will gladly be sent free.

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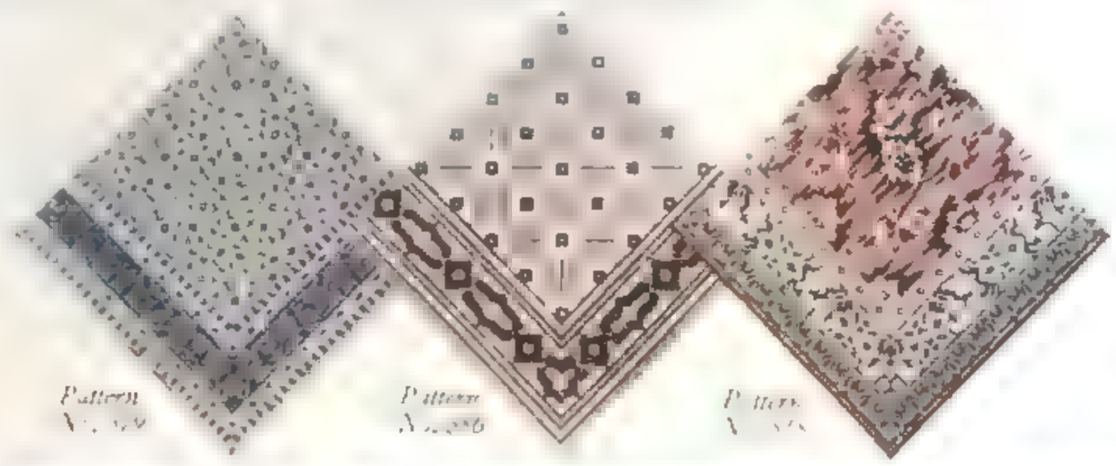

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small wooden veranda that surrounds the straw mats of a Japanese house, to unlace our wet boots, two rosy-cheeked little maids came running from the kitchen with shrill cries of "*Irrasshai! O hairi nasai*" "Welcome, please deign to enter."

"This is a real country inn," grunted the engineer as he shuffled in his stocking feet to the larger room. "They don't even give you velvet slippers, as they do in town."

The room was absolutely bare of furniture, but the Japanese girls, with bows and smiles, brought out a flat silk cushion for each of us. One thin cushion, upon which you kneel decorously, is the Japanese idea of an easy-chair, but not ours.

"*Motto*"—"More" demanded the engineer. "If I have to sit on the floor, I've got to have a whole pile of cushions."

The girls obligingly scurried about collecting armfuls of cushions.

Okusan and the Babies in the Honmoku House

The engineer was the linguist of the party, making up in deaf-and-dumb language for what he lacked in vocabulary.

"*O Cha! Bieru*"—"Tea and beer"—he ordered, making up in emphasis for his deficiency of polite phrases. One of the girls nodded and scampered off toward the kitchen.

"Now we need a table and some light," announced the engineer, "but darned if I know how to say it."

English commands produced no comprehension, so finally he pointed vigorously, if inelegantly, through the open *shoji* at the table and light in the next room, where the aged couple still knelt, motionless as two Buddhas. The girl looked blank, but suddenly the old man roused himself to speak to her in a tone of authority. She carried his table in to us and then brought in the one electric light, draping its long cord over a hook in the rafter. The two old people were left on the bare mats of their apartment, and behind them, now that it was in darkness, we could see the faint glow of a bean-oil lamp before a household shrine; it was the hour for family prayers.

An Embarrassing Moment

"THIS is pretty good," approved the engineer, stretching his long legs with abandon on the soft mats, his cards in one hand, a sandwich in the other, from which he sprinkled crumbs over the clean white mats. "I bid one without."

We all sprawled around the table, nibbling at the sandwiches from our hamper, waxing animated over the game. Presently we saw the first little maidservant tilting on high wooden clogs across the muddy courtyard, a yellow oil-paper umbrella over her head, two large bottles of beer under her arm. She and her companion served us daintily with the beer and delicious tea in tiny cups of blue and white Kioto porcelain.

We were a lordly quartet for nearly an hour, engrossed in our game, while the two girls served us on their knees and the old couple knelt impassively in the dark room beyond, watching us.

Then we heard the hum of the motor and saw Suzuki coming through the courtyard toward us.

"All right, Dana San," he informed the engineer. "Policeman say no can do. We go back to hotel next town. Very big hotel there."

"Guess we'd better," answered the engineer. "This place isn't much good. Tell these people to give us the bill, Suzuki."

Suzuki's face took on a curious sallow shade; some concealed emotion tightened the muscles around his mouth.

"Dana San," he stammered, "you make big mistake. No ask bill these people. This house no hotel. Belong rich man. Please make bow for thank you and come away quick."

It was the most mortifying moment of my life. To think that we had vulgarly swaggered into a gentleman's house, disturbed him at his prayers, deprived him of light and furniture, ordered his servants about and disported ourselves with unparalleled boorishness in his room!

The old gentleman added the last touch to our abasement by rising with perfect courtesy to bow us from his house; his servants refused a tip; we were not even allowed to pay for the beer, which they had bought from a shop for us.

When we returned to Yokahama we took counsel with a Japanese friend, buying with his aid an appropriate present, which we forwarded to the old gentleman of Jimbohara. In return we received a punctilious acknowledgment, but I know that the remembrance of our American rudeness will never be obliterated in one country village of Japan.

Japanese Fishing Boats. Above—A Fisherman in Straw Raincoat

Settling Day

NEW YEAR'S in Nippon was a very gay affair, like Christmas, Easter and Fourth of July all rolled into one. For a week before the first of January my back yard looked and sounded like a rookery filled with black crows. The crows were the Japanese clerks of my different tradesmen, dressed in their best black silk kimonos, gabbling while they waited like a lot of crows in a cornfield.

They were waiting for me to pay my bills. All year long I had gone in and out of shops, buying whatever pleased my fancy or filled my needs, signing chits instead of paying cash, and now the day of reckoning had come, for everyone was supposed to start the New Year with every bill paid up. Checks not being in vogue in Japan, I would have a pile of paper, silver and copper money in my desk that should logically have led to an influx of burglars, though it never did. All my servants knew that I would have perhaps a thousand yen in the house overnight; presumably the public at large could suspect as much; yet such was the honesty of the Japanese that nothing untoward ever happened.

One by one the "crows" were called into audience to receive their money, and each one, as he gave me a receipt, would present me with a New Year's gift. The grocer used to send a basket of champagne, the tailor brought silk undies, the confectioner, of course, had made a marvelous fruit cake frosted like a castle, and the florist would produce an adorable miniature junk of green pottery in which flourished a twelve-inch blossoming plum tree trained to represent the sail.

When all the bills were paid and the cackling in the back yard ceased as the crowd melted away, I would hear a mysterious monotonous thumping, regular as the beat of a tom-tom, from the Japanese village below the Bluff. In every house down there the women were pounding rice in great mortars to make the sticky cakes called *mochi*, which are as necessary to New Year's in Japan as holly is to Christmas with us. It was an awesome thing to hear that thumping, knowing as I did that on New Year's Day every Japanese of my acquaintance would bring a little lacquered box full of loathsome, pallid, sticky dumplings of *mochi*, and that my servants would watch with accusing eyes to see that I ate every bit of the mess, which tasted like the flour paste with which we made scrapbooks in my childhood.

At New Year's, Usui and I always went to the banks of the canal near Theater Street, for

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THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

"So Now We are Alone Together, Monsieur Channay," She Said at Last. "You Wonder Why I Make You Stay"

Channay the Deliverer

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE princess—who was a Russian princess, but quite genuine and very beautiful—suddenly brought her escort to a standstill. They were strolling through the crowded rooms of the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo and the man was doing his best to point out a few of the notabilities to his companion.

"I wish," the princess declared, "to know the name of him—the man who seet there. He has a face that does not move, and he wins."

Major Egerton Warling looked across at the person indicated, at first without any particular interest, then with a little start of surprise.

At that moment Gilbert Channay glanced up. He looked steadily at Warling, but there was no shadow of recognition in his face. The latter, however, was not to be denied. He added to his nod of recognition an insistent smile and a little wave of the hand. Channay responded and continued his game.

"Who is he?" the princess demanded. "You know him? . . . That is good. You shall present him."

"If there is an opportunity," her companion promised a little evasively. "I know him all right. We were at school together, and at college; but he has had a great deal of trouble and is a little difficult just now."

"Trouble?" the princess repeated. "Have other people trouble besides Russians? What has he do? He has lost his money, so?"

"Not exactly that," was the hesitating reply. "He is, I believe, a wealthy man; but he was the victim of a conspiracy. As I think you know, I am the governor of a prison in ——"

"He come to preeson?" the princess interrupted eagerly. "He look to me the sort of man who would do what he chose, whatever the law might say."

"His was not a grave offense," Egerton Warling confided; "but he spent three years under my care."

"You shall present him," the princess insisted. "He is the man for whom I search."

Egerton Warling looked doubtfully across the table.

"We cannot disturb him now," he pointed out. "He is playing, as you see, for high stakes, and he would not wish to lose his seat. Later on, perhaps."

The princess frowned. She was unused to such evasions. Then she remembered that the world had changed and that it was no longer a wonderful thing to be the Princess Variabinski.

"We'll have a look at the baccarat table," Warling suggested. "There has been some high play there this week."

She suffered herself to be led to the farther room, and her companion at various intervals presented to her an English duke, a great French actor, an English tennis champion and the wife of an ambassador. The princess was gracious to everyone, but her interest in notabilities seemed momentarily to have evaporated. As soon as she could find a reasonable excuse she induced her escort to return to the roulette tables. Once more she paused, this time at the back of Channay's chair.

"Cannot you make him get up?" she whispered to her companion. "I wish to speak with him—this man whose face do not move. That is how our Russian men gamble, but he is different."

Warling still hesitated, but at that moment Channay solved the problem for him. He swept his winnings into his pocket, handed a contribution to the *boite* which brought him the amazed thanks of the chef, and rose to his feet. He came, almost at once, face to face with the two people who had been discussing him.

"How are you, Channay?" Warling said, holding out his hand. "You've been scooping it in, I'm glad to see."

"I have won a little," Channay admitted.

"I want to present you to the Princess Variabinski," Warling continued. "Mr. Gilbert Channay—the Princess Variabinski."

Channay bowed. He murmured some polite commonplaces and would have moved on, but the princess detained him with an arresting smile.

"I like to see you gamble, Monsieur Channay," she said. "Your face does not change. Major Warling was taking me to the bar for some coffee. Will you come with us, please? I wish."

Channay's attempted excuse was overruled Nevertheless, it was obvious that he joined the little party with an air of reluctance. They found a corner in the bar, but before Channay took his place he drew Warling on one side.

"Have you explained to the princess," he asked, "the circumstances under which we lust met?"

"I have," was the prompt reassurance.

The princess leaned forward. She had dark-brown eyes, very beautiful and very expressive. She looked at Gilbert Channay and she made it clear that she wished him to stay.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "My English is not good. Major Warling, he has tell me something about you."

"He has told you, perhaps, that I spent three years in prison?" Channay inquired.

"In preeson?" the princess repeated. "But what of that? I myself have been in preeson, over one year and then many months. So we have something together, Mr. Channay. We are both what you call in English jailbirds, is it not?"

Channay took his chair with the faint beginnings of a smile about his lips. "I am afraid, princess," he said, "that the world would not judge our misdemeanors equally. I was supposed to be guilty of fraud."

"I, too," the princess confessed cheerfully. "Those men—those awful men who call themselves the government—they said I was trying to defraud the country because I wished to bring away my valuables. But we will forget that. We have both had shameful pasts—you and I, Monsieur Channay. We are not respectable people like Major Warling, so we must be friends. You wish?"

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, princess," was the polite reply.

The princess smiled happily. They all three talked for some time of Monte Carlo, the people who were staying there, the changes during the past ten years. Presently the princess rose.

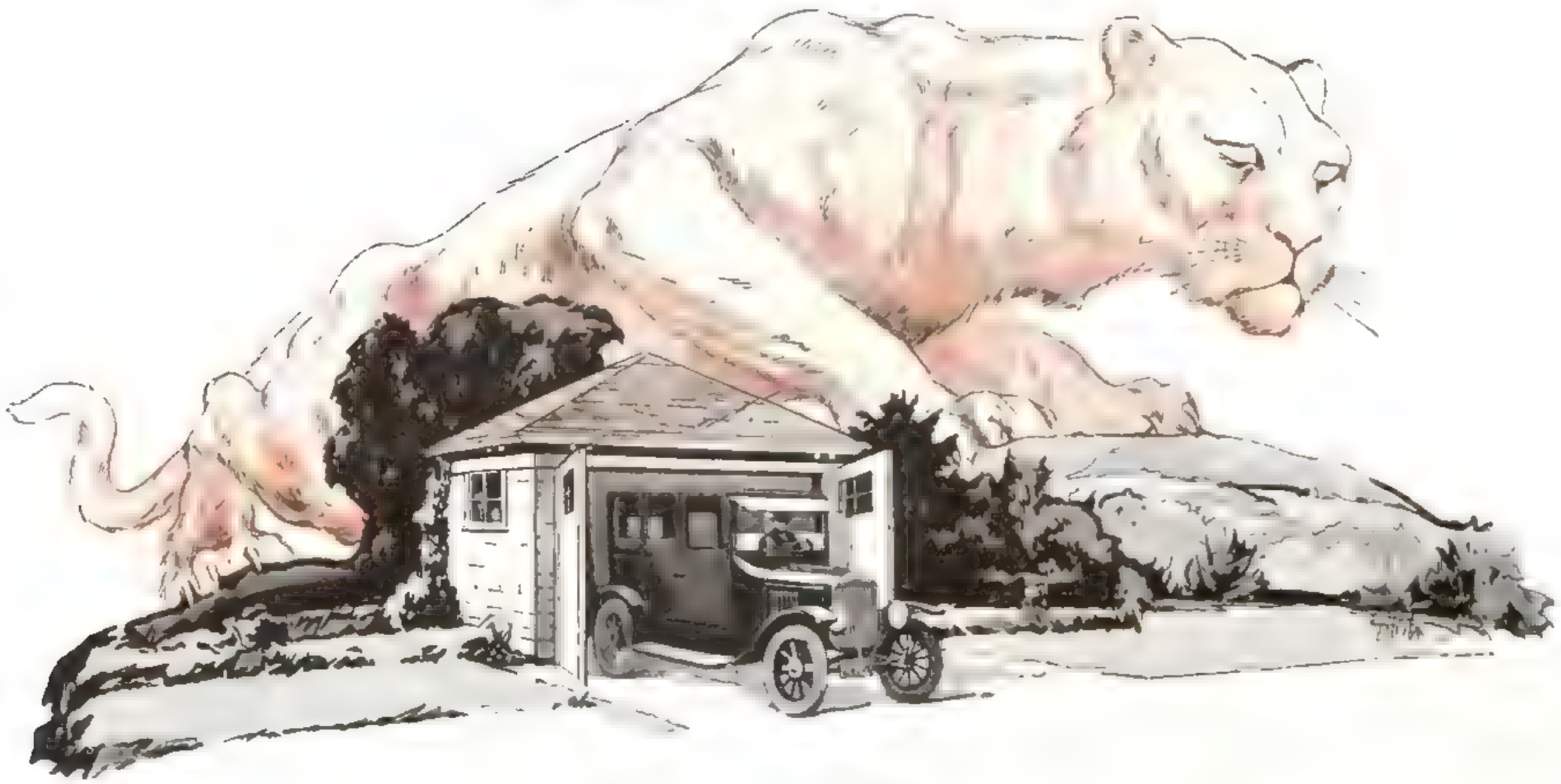
"I go now," she announced. "I live with an old aunt, Monsieur Channay, who has also seen much suffering, but she cannot so easily forget. I tell her always if I am to be late. Tonight I promised that I would see her before she slept. Tomorrow, monsieur, I wish you to come and take luncheon with me. You have no engagement? No?"

"Princess," Channay replied, "I have no engagement, but I do not think that you fully understand. Your own troubles have been wholly political. I do not mix with the people of my own country any longer upon equal terms. Few of those even who were my friends are as broad-minded as Major Warling here. I do not, therefore, visit houses where I am likely to meet other English people. They might object."

She smiled up at him.

"You are a very silly man," she said. "For what you have done I do not care. I wish you to come to luncheon.

(Continued on Page 44)



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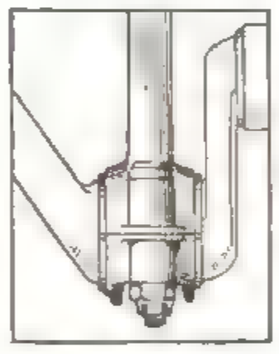

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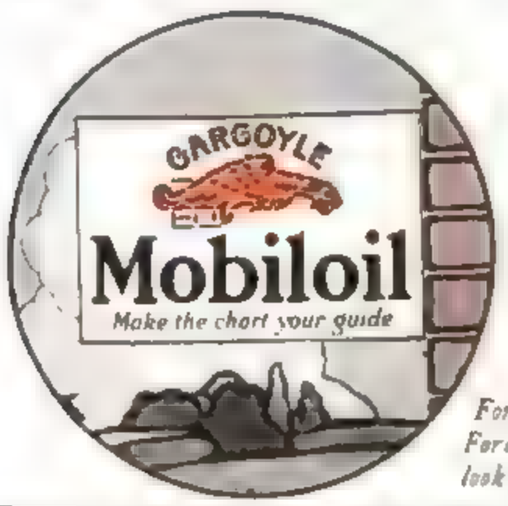
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32°F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet FB							A	Arc
" (see note)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc						



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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 42)

There may be others. That is how it happens, but they will not be English."

Gilbert Channay bent low, until his lips touched the fingers she held out.

"I find you, princess — " he murmured.

"At the Villa St.-Pierre," she replied "It is on the Corniche road above Beau Soleil. At half past twelve, if you please."

After all, the luncheon was a very pleasant function. Besides himself and Madame de Kragoff, the aunt of the princess, there were present a young Italian, Count Pinesti, his sister, the Marchesa da Sienitivia, and Warling. The conversation, which was mostly in French, was of the lightest possible order—the doings of mutual acquaintances in Monte Carlo, gossip as to their winnings and losings, rumors as to forthcoming arrivals, more than a little scandal concerning some of the residents. After luncheon they took coffee upon a terrace over which the late mimosa still drooped, sheltered from the sun by a striped awning and looking out upon a garden filled with flowering shrubs, a few orange trees and many beds of roses. Beyond was the Mediterranean, blue and tranquil. The princess established Gilbert Channay by her side, and as one by one her guests rose to go she accepted their adieus without protest. When, however, Channay attempted to follow their example, she held out her hand in protest

"I wish you to stay, my friend," she insisted. "We shall have some little talk together. I wish "

Channay was puzzled but was compelled to acquiesce. Madame de Kragoff departed for her siesta, and finally the princess and Channay remained alone upon the terrace. The former gave a little sigh of relief. She lit another of the cigarettes she smoked endlessly, pushed the box toward her companion and stretched herself out in her chair; a graceful, almost voluptuous movement, but altogether natural. Channay, whose curiosity was more than ever excited, watched her closely during the next few moments of silence. She was without a doubt even more beautiful here in the shaded sunlight than she had seemed last night. Her complexion was pale, but it was the ivory pallor of health which defied cosmetics. Her mouth was a little large, but beautifully shaped, her nose delicate, her forehead high, but relieved by a short black fringe. She was dressed with the difficult simplicity in which the women of her nation excel. She wore no jewelry or ornaments of any sort.

"So now we are alone together, Monsieur Channay," she said at last. "You wonder why I make you stay. You think, perhaps, you have made a conquest, eh?"

She looked at him with a smile upon her lips and a challenge in her eyes. He shook his head.

"Princess," he assured her, "I have no such vanity. For that reason, my curiosity is perhaps the greater."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well," she remarked enigmatically, "one never knows. I have suffered very much and it would take much to make me feel. I am not easily attracted either; but I like you and I have a feeling —— Shall I tell it to you this way? If I were a general and I needed from amongst my soldiers someone for a task very difficult, very dangerous, I think I should choose you."

"I am afraid, princess, you flatter me," he sighed.

"You have the face that does not move," she insisted.

"That is perhaps because I have had rather a hard time, and my own emotions are a little dulled," he told her.

"Who knows?" she replied. "Yet I would answer for it that you have courage. I believe that you have chivalry. I tell you now a little story. You wish to hear?"

"Of course."

"Before the great trouble," she began, "there visited often at my husband's palace in St. Petersburg an Englishman. He was what you call a great financier. He was engaged with many money interests in our country. He had, they said, great wealth. Now I shall speak quite plainly, for why be vain? He had the great foolishness to believe himself in love with me—I, whose husband was then alive; a handsome, gallant soldier, and one of the great nobles of his country. It was foolish of this Englishman."

"Your husband is dead now?" Channay asked gently.

"He was killed in the war," she answered—"killed in the great push through Austria, when we risked everything to lighten the pressure upon your western front. He died as a soldier, and it had to be. But whilst he lived I loved him, and this Englishman—he was well introduced, he was received, indeed, by our Czar; but he was a man of commerce, a man whom no sane person would compare with my husband. So you may understand what happened. I had no need to say more than a few words. They were enough. I think he understood. He left off coming to the house. If I had spoken to my husband he would have lost his life, but I said nothing. It did not seem to me that the man was worth so much.

"Then, you see, the storm came. Paul was killed, my relatives were dispersed. I had some money, but I had many calls upon it. I had, too, wonderful jewelry. This Englishman came to my palace. He was wise. He said nothing of the past. He came, he said, as a friend. I intrusted to him for sale the whole of my jewelry. It was safe with him, at any rate, I thought. He advanced me the merest trifle. In French money, my jewelry must have been worth at least ten million francs. He advanced me a hundred thousand francs.

"With that I tried to bribe my way out of the country. The first time I failed. I was in what you call preeson for many months. Then at last I succeed. I write to this Englishman. I get no reply. I visit him in England. He is a very wicked man. He pretend that for that hundred thousand francs I have sold him the jewels. I have the papers. My husband, for a soldier, was a man of practical things. They were insured. I show him—insured for ten million francs. He only smile. He hinted that a better arrangement might perhaps be made under other circumstances.

"So I got up. I left his office. I thought to myself it is for a man to deal with this thing. I went to my cousin. Alas, he had sailed for New York. Then I go to my husband's uncle, the Grand Duke Peter. He and I were always enemies, but I thought for the sake of the family he would act. He promised to see this Englishman. Perhaps he did. He wrote me afterwards that the Englishman had assured him that the value of the jewels was greatly exaggerated, that in giving me a hundred thousand francs for them then, with the risk of not being able to get them out of the country, he considered this man had done well. So I come out here and I have not my jewels and I have not the money."

"You have been to a lawyer?" Channay inquired.

(Continued on Page 193)

Channay's Eyes Passed on to Her Companion, and as He Recognized Him He Became Suddenly Very Quiet

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V63

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

DULCARNON

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

VII

RUNA snatched the candle, making it stream flat and burn blue in the wind of his hurry through the long cellar passage, then up the corkscrew stair. Above, on the landing, he put it out.

"Much too good to be true," said he. "Far too easy. But who can tell? In Caltrop's day I remember a promising object lugged by ten men up these very stairs, from that room we could not open. Like its owner, I forgot until now. We shall see."

In dusk, on the main floor again, he went with all his former deliberation, but as one going toward a mark. Dan followed him through billiard room and corridors, to the vestibule of wreckage where they had begun. Past this, another dark hall swallowed them, a low forest of triple sandstone columns, among which Runa dodged

"Here!" he called. "Here she is! Right where the ten or a dozen men dropped her."

In the wall, over his head, two slits covered with reed curtains let in a faint striped glow of light. Here on the floor stood a black iron chest, longer, broader, deeper than a coffin, and quite as grim. Through the handle at either end ran a chain that passed with a turn round one of the triple columns.

"If this were it!" grumbled Runa. "Far too easy—far. But we will not chagrin ourselves for that, *quoi?* My thieves' club all believed in it. They had just found this the night we were caught. Try what she weighs."

Both men, laying their sticks down, grasped an iron handle together and heaved. With all their might, they could not stir one corner.

"Hefty," said Dan. "She promises well!"

La Flèche, bending double, swept his fingers along the sides of the dark metal.

"Tight as a drum," he reported. "Beautiful joining. You can hardly feel the crack of the lid. A master fitted her."

He knelt in front of the chest.

"What's here? Eh? Look!"

Dan crouched beside him.

A handbreadth down from the top, flush in the black surface, appeared an oblong patch of somewhat lighter hue.

"Brass. All dirt and verdigris, but brass. Ah, *bon Dieu*, see! The tiny keyhole for such an elephant box. It must be —— Yes, I tell you. It shoots a heavy bolt set very ticklish—*et alan!* It must be." Muttering thus, Runa gripped his friend's arm with a hand that trembled.

"Oho! I will bet you my turnip of a head. It is a Bramah lock made over, let in solid and put to work a *Vite, vite*, give me the brass key that our thief coughed out."

Dan opened his purse and got the key. Having taken it, Runa made three vain shots at the hole.

"Bah! Doddering! Tit-tat-to, round I go. There! It is!"

The key turned with an absurd little click; then, sudden, but without haste, like a muffled gun firing after the creep of the trigger, there came a hollow inward thud of iron. As if worked by the same spring, La Flèche bounded on foot.

"My son!" His face had gone from brown to sallow, his eyes were all brilliance, widening. "My son, if Golconda is inside, remember, we share alike!"

Blowing out a great breath, he relaxed; but only to pounce again, seize a corner of the black chest and tug upward. The lid rose half an inch, stuck, yielded, tipped aslant, had come almost free, when he dropped his hold and let it sink.

A voice had murmured, not far distant. Something fluttered the gloom; overhead, as the men watched, a vague tremor like the shadow of a bird passing wheeled across the light, the horizontal threads of brightness in the reed curtains. This movement faded beyond the two narrow slits high in the wall.

As rapidly, and as quietly, Runa mounted the iron chest, whipped off his helmet and leaned staring through the chinks of the nearer curtain. With one hand he made a sign downward and backward, for silence. A moment later he waved again, this time beckoning Towers to join him.

"At your left," he whispered, as Dan's head came alongside his own. "Take a peep."

Before them the hole pierced the masonry like a squint in an old church; the reeds of the curtain, painted green and tightly strung together, baffled their view; yet by keeping his eyes level with a chink, Dan could see part of what shone behind the wall. They looked into that glass room, hall or pavilion, which bulged from one end of the great house like a bubble clinging to a rock. It was empty, confused with shadow, blind with sun. Tops of outdoor weed and bush crowded halfway up the windows, flattening their mass against the dirty panes.

"There they are."

Over the dazzle of leaves popped a black skullcap, a wad of white turban, then two faces. A rod away, perhaps, and rimmed each by a fiery halo of sunshine, they appeared at the moment disfeatured, obscure; but as they bent near the glass and remained so, never moving, the face under the cap showed a round, full black beard, while the face under the turban limned itself evilly with hollow brown cheeks, a wide nose and restless eyes piercing everywhere.

Both were gone, suddenly, and the leaves they had parted sprang back against the window.

"Right!" Runa kissed his finger tips after them and jumped down. "We saw more than they did, for all their goggling. One of 'em, with the razor eyes there, is the blind man, the *gunguna;* he talks through his nose, which is round as a chestnut."

"The other," said Dan, "is my black-bearded friend who slept in the same compartment and traveled on the same boat."

"Underlings; hirelings. They don't matter." La Flèche pointed along the wall to a door barred and shored up with a balk of timber. "They can't get in. I'd like to meet their chief though. But come. What is waiting? Freedom for us both—freedom, waiting in this dull box?"

He kicked the iron chest.

"Now, like King Hezekiah, will I show you all my riches—our riches. Together. Up with it!" Hauled by four arms, the lid rose and dropped clashing over on chain and pillar.

"Ha-ha! Riches? Behold, a remedy for greed, is it not?"

The coffer was brimful, but of junk and rubbish: on the top a few moldy books thrown helter-skelter, below them scrap iron, pig lead, half a millstone, brass door knobs by the peck, fragments of marble, and a rusty caldron heaped with bricks. It was Dan who rummaged these to the bottom

"A cure for avarice! All gone!" cried Runa, and began to hum dolefully:

"The hay is all gone, the hay is all gone,
This is the tune the old cow died on!"

He broke out laughing again.

"Did someone play the iron-safe game and fool his highness? Or what? Comic, Daniel, my child, comic! Golconda *fuit!* And me, *Ezéchias le hâbleur!*"

Towers rose and hit him a clap on the arm.

"Boy, I never liked you better. That's the talk!"

They stood grinning at their disappointment.

"Close her down. Finish!"

"Wait! I handled a kind of a sort of a —— Drat, where is it? Oh, shied in the corner."

Dan rescued one of the moldy books, thumbed a page or so, and beckoned.

"See here.

"Geoffrey Chaucer. Complete Works. Well," said Runa, "why not? Why not anything in this jackdaw's nest? The most real of your English poets, because he was the most French. And then?"

"The flyleaf."

On paper stained and blistered by damp, written words had left a smudge. Only part of these remained legible:

"M . . . o . . . ulcarn . . . R . . . 12'8" . . . G. N. C."

La Flèche read and nodded without concern.

"G. N. Caltrop's hand, poor fellow, and his initials. Old G. N. C., the man of figures, dropping into poetry? I never suspected Caltrop knew Chaucer."

"He didn't," rejoined Towers dryly; "no more than a babe. You ought to see his critical notes, in pencil. I was reading them last night before you came. Caltrop certainly did not. And that's what makes me wonder if ——"

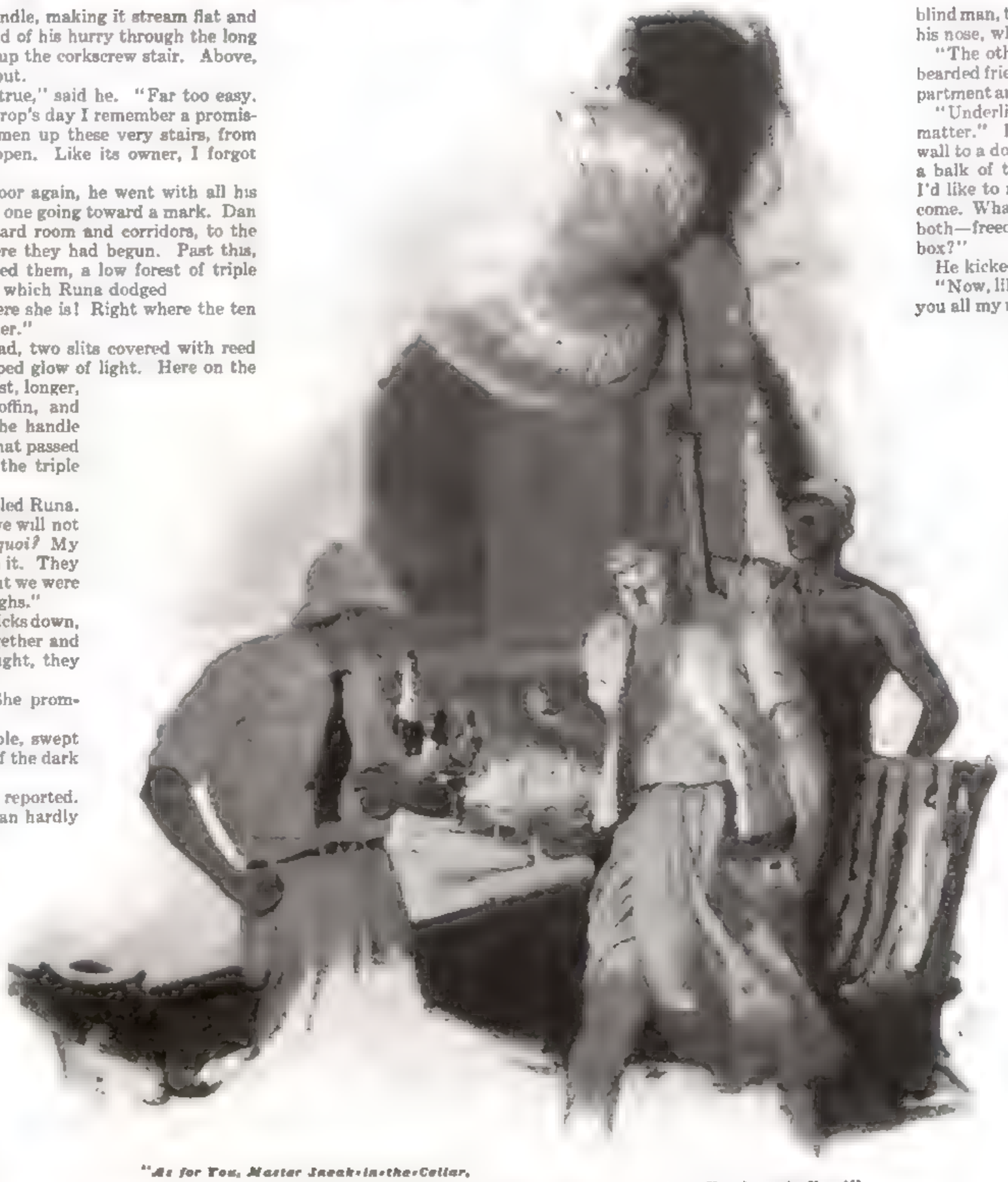
Dan fell into a brown study, so prolonged that Runa began to fidget.

"If? If? Go on, my apocalypse."

"Look here, did Caltrop have a good memory?"

"No, a rotten. Like all you men of method, he pampered it while young with diaries and documents and pigeonholes and tape and gutta-percha bands and little senile packs of

(Continued on Page 48)



"As for You, Master Sneak-in-the-Cellar, Come On, Try Your Luck! Put Me Through That Window for Choice. Handsomely Now!"

25 Miles to the Gallon

MAXWELL

The new good Maxwell is a *modern* car, as Maxwell engineers interpret that term. That is the real secret of its greatness.

It is superior because it is progressive. It has set the pace. It is setting the pace today.

Today, for the good Maxwell results, you must look to Maxwell. Or you must pay hundreds of dollars more.

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The new good Maxwell is made possible by a unique combination. It is the expression of a master production genius, and of the ability of a group of eminent engineers, working through the unsurpassed manufacturing facilities of the great plants in which Maxwell is manufactured practically complete.

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Balloon tires, natural wood wheels, stop-light, transmission lock, Duco finish *standard* on all Maxwell models. Shrouded visor integral with roof; heater, standard on all closed models.

Touring Car, Roadster, Club Coupe, Club Sedan, Standard Four-Door Sedan—attractively priced from $885 to $1095. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra

There are Maxwell dealers and superior Maxwell service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.

5 to 25 Miles in 8 Seconds

The New Good MAXWELL

Continued from Page 46

cards in boxes, *et patati, et patata!* And memory, the warder of the brain, took a vacation."

The scornful outburst gave Dan pleasure. He came from his reverie smiling

"Good! And you say Caltrop left no papers in England?"

Runa plumped himself on the edge of the coffer, crossed his knees and sat staring upward, as keen as a listening bird

"None to help us"

"Then this may." Dan closed the volume and tapped it. "Down in the bungalow, I read myself to sleep with the mate, the spit and image, of this book: the same writing on the flyleaf, a memorandum. Of what, sonny? Of a line and measurement. It may be nothing."

The listener got grudgingly up from his perch.

"Dan," said he, "you are not half such a fool as you look."

"That's very sweet of you"

"Bar compliments, you're right. We'll take this Chaucer home and compare him with the other. No, more yet." La Flèche tossed the remaining books out angrily, flung down the lid of the chest and turned the key. "We'll take them all home, all, for a quiet evening of study. Here, three apiece. I am jealous; me, boasting, thinking to crack our shinbones over ninety bars of gold, then discovering bricks and door knobs, idiot; while you said nothing, but —— Pah! I am green jealous!"

Indeed, as they went through pillared hall and vestibule, the young man seemed to be downcast. His pride of the eye had taken a hurt; someone else, an amateur, had seen more than he, beaten him, left him sore and touchy. Dan, who came after, secretly enjoyed this foible, known of old—his friend's harmless worst point, endearing vanity.

They locked the great door, from the archway came blinking into a level glory of sunset, and down the broken terrace plunged into leaves.

When they had quitted the garden, Towers thought it a fair time to break silence.

"Your gatekeeper's gone, since last night"

"The feeble old man?" snapped Runa. "I dismissed him. Of how much good was he, where all this wall dangles with roots and branches for climbing, as our *gungana* riffraff know? Perhaps I am wrong again. If you desire, let us put Dhirendra back on guard, expose him to be killed perhaps. We do not value danger. You are the wise one of us"

Dan took care to laugh well up his sleeve, not unkindly.

"You're the better one," said he. "You think of others."

"Bosh! We have nothing but flattery to exchange, therefore let us close the mouth trap."

Grimy with dust, cobwebs and sweat, they brushed their way down the bamboo thickets, in and out among areca lances, to the bungalow. Each dropped his armful of books in a chair.

"Come." Runa stalked on through house and veranda. "Let us walk off our ill temper."

Not even rejecting the pronoun, Towers meekly followed him down the front stairs, across the ruin of Caltrop's garden and through a gap in the hedge. It was a glum walk, dogged exercise that they performed without a word. Lanes burrowing under foliage; paths bordered by lush green wands of jute standing taller than a man, thicker than grass; peaceful glades where nothing moved but a curl of smoke above saffron thatch, or a woman who vanished at the door of a mud hovel; fields, intensely verdant, flat as a table; pools of rain, where scab-throated vultures flapped and wrestled, tearing some waterlogged carcass all these grew dark while shadow crept along the plain, blotted every green-gold stretch and became evening. The sky, infinite pure sunlight, faded and was drenched with a blue no sooner spreading and deepening than gone, so that the flying foxes on high, tawny one moment, were as black the next as charred paper blown down the wind. It was dusk, then early starlight. The two friends tramped on side by side and neither spoke.

A pariah dog yowled at them, and a stink from retting jute soured the air, to tell that some heap of blackness by the path might be a village or a lone house. For a mile afterward there was not a sound but their own footsteps, nor anything before them but the plain, a sea of night without horizon, lost under the stars.

In the middle of this, Runa, going like a machine, brought up suddenly and cried out:

"The devil! I behold him! Poking his two horns again! Ah!"

He stared as though seeing a phantom, bodily, near at hand. Whatever the form, it made him chuckle. Turning right-about, he linked arms with Dan, swung him round and began to march gayly home.

"My long-suffering one, pardon," said he. "It was not so much the hump, the pip, the black dog or the liver as a damnable despair of thinking. Now we begin, for I have seen him, his two horns. All may be well."

Runa fell to whistling, then to singing, and rolled his head to beat the time:

"On regarda dedans sa cave,
Il y avait trois tonneaux d'argent,
Tirli sautant, sautant la vieille,
Il y avait trois tonneaux d'argent,
Tirli sautant, sautant."

So, by gray star shine, they returned very cheerful to the gap in the hedge, the veranda, the lighted lamp indoors, the comfort of a bath, fresh clothes and dinner. To make up for lost time, Runa's tongue wagged extravagantly, without pause. Not until the coffee cups were gone and the servants in bed, however, would he speak a word of sense. Having laid on the table a dozen good Burman cheroots, and artfully mingled brandy with benedictine in a small glass for himself, another for Dan, he fetched the armful of books, piled them beside the lamp, then drew in his chair.

"A quiet evening," he declared briskly. "Whet your brain, fellow student, and to work. The memoranda of George Caltrop, honorable poor man, who took to his grave a secret we must unriddle. Repeat me your flyleaf of Chaucer."

Towers got a cheroot burning well and complied.

"M . . . o . . . ulcarn," he read aloud. "R . . . twelve feet eight inches . . . G. N. C."

La Flèche, rubbing the black bristles on his poll, meditated.

"Yes. Ulcarn. Did you ever hear," he asked, "of the cook who tried to make an eel pie, but could not because the eel kept running its head up through the dough? We are like him. This beast, Alexander the Great! He has taken a fancy to us, Danny; he meddles; it is a mania; he will not stay out of our affair!"

"He does seem," Dan admitted, "to be your head of Charles the First."

"Bravo! Exactly! . . . Well?"

"Well, what? I have no more to say."

"I have much more to say." Runa leaned back, crossed his legs and blew smoke up at the torn ceiling cloth. "About the year 330 B. C., Alexander, like the true bounder he was, unable to sit still or let anyone else, dragged his army over the Libyan sand, carrying only four days' water for a fortnight's march—think, those poor souls—to Siwa, the date-palm oasis, the oracle of Jupiter Amon, a god with curly ram's horns. He went alone, a man, into the temple.

Continued on Page 68

The Key Turned With an Absurd Little Click; Then, Sudden, Like a Muffled Gun Firing After the Creep of the Trigger, There Came a Hollow Inward Thud of Iron

The Touring Car $1095

Four-wheel brakes, Fisher body, permanent top, Duco finish, balloon tires, disc wheels, full automatic spark control, unit instrument panel, driving controls on steering wheel, transmission lock, windshield cleaner, cowl ventilator, weather-tight windshield, hand tailored side curtains. Glass enclosures furnished at small added cost.

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Roadster $1095; Touring $1095, Special Roadster $1195; Special Touring $1195; Coach $1215, Landau Coupe $1295, Special Sedan $1375, Coupe for Four $1495, Sedan $1595, Landau Sedan $1645. Prices f. o. b. factory. General Motors' Time Payment Plan enables you conveniently to purchase out of income at a saving.

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OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Adventurous Blood

THE sensitive plant, which curls up when prodded by an inquisitive forefinger, is a tough and hard-boiled organism by comparison with United States senators of the old school, who are so delicately constituted that they frequently scream with anguish for weeks on end if a newcomer to the Senate dares to express himself publicly on any subject.

In the old days a senator had to mingle silently among his fellows for at least a year before he was permitted to move timidly to have an amendment printed and laid on the table. Of recent years, newly elected senators have developed a habit of standing up and talking about anything concerning which they wish to talk; and because of this, a number of new senators have been regarded as potential bad eggs by the supersensitive senators of the type that spend most of their time thinking about their dignity.

For this reason there has been considerable head-shaking and lip-pursing among Washington's elder statesmen at the arrival of the slender, elongated and silver-haired senator from Connecticut, Hiram Bingham, among the Senate furniture.

Along this general line, however, attention might reasonably be called to the fact that when Hiram Bingham has felt the urge to explore a certain South American jungle or climb a certain unknown Peruvian mountain or drive an airplane down onto a certain spot of green, he has proceeded to obey the urge with the utmost promptness and spontaneity, regardless of the outcome.

It may be that he nearly starves to death, as in Venezuela some years since, or that his green landing place proves to be a swamp which causes his plane to turn over on top of him, press his nose vigorously into the mud and fill his eyes with glass, as in France in 1918; but any disapproval which may be evinced by persons who view with disfavor his wanderings in Venezuelan jungles, and his airplane driving and his other multifarious activities, has about as much influence on his future actions as has the ejection of water by a little-neck clam on the rising tide in the Bay of Fundy.

Whatever he does, he does with wholesale energy and completeness. To give a few examples of his thoroughness, his explorations in Peru unearthed a city that had been concealed from man for centuries; his first venture into politics resulted in his holding—to the keen distress of many professional and less successful office seekers—the positions of lieutenant governor of Connecticut, governor of Connecticut and United States senator in the course of one day's time. His sons are seven in number.

It is a fairly reasonable assumption, therefore, that if any of the more dignified old-school senators think to persuade Hiram Bingham to follow their ideas of being a senator instead of his own ideas, they are entitled to a number of extra thinks and can start using them up immediately.

Anything for Excitement

FURTHERMORE, prominent American genealogists state learnedly that the Bingham family for many generations back have displayed a marked aversion to overmuch civilization; so it is barely possible that when Hiram Bingham has felt the crushing weight of overgrown senatorial rules and procedure for a year or two, he may kick over the traces and join Vice President Dawes in a general protest against licensed fat-headedness in the Senate.

Hiram Bingham's forbears were in Saybrook, Connecticut, in 1635; but when the town grew too effete and noisy, what with as many as eleven Indians coming in to trade all in one day, they pushed on into the backwoods and opened up the town of Norwich. That in turn began to get overpopulated, so the Binghams shoved up into the Vermont wilderness and founded the town of Bennington. The head of the Bennington Binghams was named Calvin; and he, like the present Hiram, had seven sons, which facts ought to convey some powerful meaning to any soothsayer worthy of the name.

Hiram Bingham's grandfather was the first person who ever went as a missionary to any part of the Pacific Ocean. He translated the Bible into the Hawaiian tongue, helped to write the constitution for the Hawaiian monarchy, composed hymns for the natives, and was highly thought of by all the leading royal families in the Pacific. Hiram Bingham's father had the same persistent anxiety to get away from civilization that has characterized all Binghams, so he and his wife went out to the Gilbert Islands as missionaries, and utilized their spare time by reducing the

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Hiram Bingham, United States Senator From Connecticut, and Former Governor of the Nutmeg State

language of those islands to writing, giving the Gilbertians a literature, translating the entire Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek into Gilbertese, and making life moderately hideous for the young Gilbertians by producing a Gilbertian geography.

The adventurous blood that had come down through these many generations of Binghams caused the boy Hiram, on his graduation from Yale in 1898, to look around for some sparsely populated and far removed portion of the earth's surface to which he could go and explore and take chances and perspire and get lost and otherwise Binghamize to his heart's content.

It seemed to him that South America offered more opportunity than any other from a Binghamish point of view, so he went to Harvard and read all the enthusiastic lies that the old Spanish explorers told about South America, and everything else of interest and noninterest that dealt with South America, varying the monotony by getting married and accepting a position at Harvard as a teacher of Spanish-American history.

Fortunately for Hiram Bingham's craving to delve among the ruins of distant lands for indefinite periods, he was relieved of any worry about where his family would get its provender during his delving by the fact that his newly acquired wife was a member of the Tiffany family of New York, so that any wolf who made an effort to get past the Bingham front door was rewarded for his pains with a silvery, not to say a gold-and-diamond, Tiffany laugh.

So young Mr. Bingham, in 1906, went down into Venezuela and Colombia with a light heart and explored the route that was followed by Bolivar the Liberator back in 1818, ran into floods, was marooned on an island, was hounded by government officials on suspicion of being an American spy, had trouble with unfriendly Indians, lost all but one of his pack animals, covered 1000 miles in 118 days, was bitten by 7,283,961 insects, and wrote a book about it.

When he returned to America, Yale University offered him a double-barreled job which permitted him to teach when he wasn't exploring and explore when he wasn't teaching, which struck him as an eminently fair proposition. He had no sooner accepted this than Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, selected him to go as a delegate to the first Pan-American Scientific Congress, which was held in Santiago, Chile.

The records say little concerning his ability as a scientific congressman; but as an explorer he made considerable of an uproar. He seized the opportunity to buy himself a good strong mule and set off on an exploration of the old Spanish trade route, which cut across seven or eight South American countries. While crossing Peru he worked into unexplored Inca country and sighted some snow-capped mountains which seemed to mark the edge of the known world, so far as the Peruvians and his companions were concerned.

Nobody knew what lay on the other side of the mountains; and as soon as this fact had penetrated the Bingham brain, the Bingham blood began to race violently with excitement. Controlling himself as well as he could, he went home and wrote two books, after which he organized the Yale Peruvian Expedition and led it back to Peru and into the unknown country behind the range of snow-capped mountains.

There he found great glaciers and 2000-foot precipices and magnificent ruins of ancient cities and towering mountain peaks whose names had never appeared in any school geography, all of which was meat and drink to the adventurous Bingham soul. When he returned to the United States with his story of the great ruins of the ancient Inca city of Machu Picchu, he easily got the financial backing which resulted in the Peruvian explorations of 1912 and 1914–15 under the auspices of Yale and the National Geographic Society; and during these expeditions Machu Picchu was uncovered and the fame of Hiram Bingham waxed and grew great.

But when he came back to America after his last explorations, he found the war raging, and exploration promptly struck him as being about as trivial as making pin trays out of cigar bands. He went into the Yale Batteries and earned a captain's commission in the field artillery, after which he signed up with Roosevelt's division. Things moved a little slowly, so he rushed to Florida with Binghamish vigor, enrolled in the Curtiss Flying School, got his pilot's license in April, 1917, applied for a transfer from the field artillery to the air service, and on the first of May was asked by General Squier to come to Washington and organize the School of Military Aeronautics. He did this with the usual Binghamish enthusiasm, and established the aviation schools at Cornell, Princeton, Technology, Georgia University, Ohio State University, Illinois University, University of California and University of Texas, from which 17,500 aviation officers were graduated.

When this job was finished he was sent to France and eventually put in command of the great flying field at Issoudun, a position which he occupied with efficiency and ability from August to December, 1918. It is a matter of record that the chief of the air service was about to recommend his promotion when the Armistice stopped all advancement; and a high official of the air service officially thanked him and his staff for his training of pursuit pilots, adding that the Issoudun pursuit pilots being received at the Front were the best that had ever been turned out.

Better Aviator Than Diplomat

UNFORTUNATELY he was a better aviator and commanding officer than he was a diplomat; and he had no hesitation in emitting prompt and bitter protests against such matters as nonflying air-service officers, the dear old boys of the War College who ruled that aviators must wear spurs, the Regular Army cavalry officers who were too often placed in charge of American flying schools in France, Assistant Secretaries of War who visited flying fields but refused to ride in planes, and the lack of sympathy on the part of the General Staff for the problems of military aviation. Following this line of thought, it is worthy of note that he has never received a decoration of any consequence from his own or any other government.

Having gone for two years without a furlough, he celebrated his discharge from the Army by having two attacks of flu and staggering off to Samoa, the Fiji Islands and points west. On his return he was elected lieutenant governor of Connecticut by a larger majority than the governor received; and in November, 1924, he was elected governor by a majority of 125,000, which is large enough to make the hardest-boiled political eyes in Connecticut grow soft and moist with amazement.

He was backed for Frank Brandegee's seat by the big boss of Connecticut, J. Henry Roraback, sometimes known as the Last of the Satraps; and by his handy defeat of Hamilton Holt, a lifelong resident of Connecticut since September, 1924, he not only provided the Senate with an adventurous and outspoken irritant but he also gave Connecticut's big boss a new and welcome lease of life.

And in spite of the irritability of the elder statesmen, all inquiries concerning South America, the exploring business, aviation, the proper manner in which to bring up a houseful of sons, mountain climbing, the mental numbness of the General Staff and other interrelated subjects may be addressed to Hiram Bingham, Senate Office Building, Washington, for several years to come.

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E X C E L L E N C E

The REMY Standard is Excellence

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THE LITTLE DRAGON OF JADE

By EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

SOOPER? I'm used to it. Naturally the young policemen won't call me that to my face; they'd be ticked off if they did. I want "sir" and "superintendent" from them. Now over in New York I'd be "chief" to everybody, but in the metropolitan police area "chief" means that herring-bellied deputy commissioner, and nobody else.

As a detective, I'm a disappointed man; I've got no science in me. Pawson, the banker, was telling me the other day that the only way to discover whether a chap is a crook or just plain stockbroker is to examine a gland—I forget the name of it—in the middle of his neck. He read about it in a newspaper. He said that another way is to measure his head. Personally, I've never had the time. When I put the stick to a man's head it isn't to measure it. But I admire that kind of detective. There's a book been written about one. He lived up in the west—had an apartment in Baker Street—and played the fiddle. An' when he was short of clews, he took a shot of coke, an' naturally he saw more clews in a minute than a flat-footed policeman would see in a year. This feller always had a doctor around, so that you might say that he wasn't as big a fool as he looked.

I've seen the scientific method tried—once. There used to be a subinspector of the C. I. D. at Scotland Yard named Croomb. He was a sergeant of mine when I was in K Division, a young feller who took police work pretty serious, though he never got a real good case till the Hillboro Road murder came along. I must say he put his back into that an' did good work. You remember the case—the woman's body in a sack an' nothin' to identify her except she wore odd stockin's. Croomb worked on the stockin's and got Lebrun, the Hoxton butcher, in the pen an' eventually onto the trap. It was good work. But —— What's the word when a parson starts in to put fancy bits into the marriage service? Unorthodox! That's it! The case got him promotion, which was good, but it got him into the the'rist class, which wasn't so good. He started laboratizin'; fixed up a sort of workshop at the back of his house in Camden Road, and he an' his girl used to work there for hours. Her name was Eleanor Fenning, a pretty blonde who had been to college an' held degrees in science.

It's a great thing for any man when a woman believes in him, because women work by a kind of wild-animal instinct that's neither sense nor reason. Never played the races with a girl, have you? She doesn't look up form or go pikin' round for tips; she just likes the pretty jackets—the mauve an' cream, or maybe the powder-blue with silver trimmin's—an' she plays a twenty-to-one shot that all the clockers say couldn't win unless the others dropped dead; and it comes home alone.

Eleanor believed in Croomb. She got an idea that I was jealous of him and kept him out of promotion. When a woman thinks that way you've just got to let her go right on thinkin'; it's like lettin' Niag'ra fall.

She was strong for Eastern stuff. Read Major Laye's Short Study of Native Crime, and Bissart's —— Can't think of the title now, but it's got to do with crimes that are committed by natives for religious purposes.

"There are a lot of undiscovered murders, Sooper," she used to say to me, "that are traceable to the rites an' ceremonies of the mysterious East."

"Maybe there is, Miss Fenning," says I; "but there's a whole lot that's traceable to people wantin' the money in the mysterious West"

Some of the stuff she talked about I didn't understand. In my young days education wasn't so epidemic as it is now. We hadn't anybody at headquarters who could tell you whether a bloodstain came from a mammal or an animal—are they? Well, whatever they were.

Charlie Croomb kept samples of London mud an' could tell you whether a burglar lived in Kilburn or Kew. My own way is to ask him and tell him he's a liar; say that often enough and he'll spill it. And what does it matter where he lives so long as you've got his finger prints, an' records can tell you the day of the month he went down for his last conviction? Real crime an' book crime's different. In a book, the feller that's caught leanin' over the body with a gun in his hand is usually the hero of the piece, and the bird who did the shootin' is the old butler who's been in the service of the family for forty-five years. But in real life, when you find somebody with a gun within shootin' distance of the dear departed, you pinch him and he's properly hung, walkin' to the drop with a firm step an' hopin' everybody will take a warnin' from his drinkin' and other vicious habits.

It's because we're unscientific in London that out of fifty killings a year we catch twenty-eight an' the twenty-two others die by their own hands I'm old-fashioned. I don't believe in temp'ry insanity or brain storms or psycho—whatever the word is No doctor ever gets on the stand to swear that a burglar's not responsible for his actions, and you don't produce brain specialists to explain why the head cashier is ten thousand short at the call-over. It's only when somebody is killed, and somebody else stands up in the dock an' puts himself on God and his country—as they say at trials—that the nerve doctor pulls out his diagrams to prove that the cause of all the trouble is a shortage of gray matter in the anterior cavity of the epiginkium. In the Bible, which is a pretty useful tex'book, there's nothing about brain storms an' subconscious urges.

When Cain opened the register he did his shootin' because he wanted more than he was gettin', an' that's why most murders are committed. But in that Good Book there's quite a lot about wickedness. It's an old-fashioned word that never arises in court except in the indictment. Right down behind every bad crime you'll find that word if you look for it. But generally it is called something else. And science can get you all wrong. What respect can you have for the scientific mind when you see it heave a paving brick through the plate-glass window of a jeweler's store?

Prof. Charles Bigglewood was, in a manner of speaking, a friend of mine. He used to call me Sooper, for one thing; and I've dined at his house in Clarges Street, for another. He wrote books on chemistry an' the human mind. I don't know who read 'em. I suppose there are queer people who buy that sort of junk, but I never met 'em. He gave me a copy of one with his own name written on a blank page, and I tried to read it, but the book was kind of dry. There were no characters in it and no pictures, but the binding was grand. I had it on the shelf of my parlor for years.

I got to know him through savin' the life of his daughter. That sounds like a detective story, but all I did was to grab her by the hair just as she was steppin' in front of a motor car. She was about eight at the time—a nice girl, but romantical, even at that age. She said she was glad she wasn't killed, because it would have made the driver feel so bad Some people are like that. Personally, I'd rather a driver threw any kind of fit than the amb'lance bells should be ringin' for me. That's my nature—egotistical. I took her

(Continued on Page 54)

He'd Hardly Said the Words Before He Made His Real Discovery. Suddenly I Heard Him Say, "Look at This!"

A Flood Let Loose

For twenty-five years there was building up a vast human reservoir filled with the hope that some day Packard would build a car all could afford to own.

Then came January 1, 1925, when the gates were opened.

The result—a flood let loose, as yet unstemmed, that is in turn to bring an ever increasing flow of business.

The thousands who have taken delivery of Packard Six enclosed cars, at prices lowered by nearly a thousand dollars, know that their faith in Packard was well placed.

They are telling their friends that their new cars are true Packards, with improvements found in no other cars.

And quite naturally the friends are coming to Packard.

Packard Six and Packard Eight both are furnished in ten body types, four open and six enclosed. Packard distributers and dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.

The Packard Six four-passenger Runabout is illustrated—$2785 at Detroit.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 52)

home. I was a mere inspector in those days, an' wore uniform, havin' been fired out of the special branch for tellin' my superintendent he was playin' favorites. No, it wasn't a question of promotion, only I raided a night club and pinched a lady friend of his and he wanted the charge withdrawn.

Well, Professor Bigglewood took a view that I'd done something big in scalping his daughter—wanted to give me money and asked me to dinner and the Lord knows what. I liked him. He was a pretty nice old man—married his housekeeper late in life. She'd been dead six years when I met him. A clever old boy in spite of his learnin'. Ever noticed how easy these bright scholars fall for a con man? He was an inventor too—got a process for dealin' with spelter workin' in the Midlands and bringin' him in a whole lot of money every month. He liked good wine—talked about port as if it was human. In appearance, he was nearly the double of the late Gen'ral Booth—long white beard, fierce sort of nose and white hair. I've sat listenin' to him by the hour, wonderin' at his horse sense. He was the only man I ever met who didn't think police headquarters ought to be more scientific.

And he had one hobby—the collection of little idols: Buddha an' Shion an' quaint things like that. One night he opened a case and took out a little green dragon made of jade.

"There's a history to that, Sooper," he said. "I bought it from a Chinaman at Tower Hill. Gave him a pound for it. He was found in the river next day with his throat cut."

"How do you know it was the same chink?" I asked him, bein' suspicious about coincidences.

"My card was in his pocket. He had told me he had another like it, so I asked him to bring it to me."

I remembered the dead Chinaman. Up at the Yard we thought there had been a tong fight.

Croomb got to know him too. I can't remember for certain, but I've an idea I introduced him. Never mind about that; Croomb met him an' once or twice went to dinner with Miss Fenning. Naturally, idols thrilled Eleanor, who wanted to know whether any of 'em had been stolen from a temple when the priest was full of hooch. She got that out of a book. But I reckon that most of his idols came through the usual junk shops, and that the only body robbed was the professor, except in one case—the jade dragon. Croomb had his views about this.

"I've advised the professor to send it to a museum," he said. "In my considered opinion, that dragon is a dangerous thing to have around."

From what I heard later, it seems that Bigglewood hung onto the dragon. I hadn't a chance of seeing it, for I sort of lost sight of him for years. Every New Year's Day I got a wire or a card from him wishin' me luck in the comin' year, may it be bright an' prosperous an' the usual stuff. Once or twice he wired from Switzerland an' I guessed that Amelia—that was his daughter's name—was winter-sportin'. I saw her once or twice bein' driven in the professor's new sedan. The old man did things in style, had the smartest chauffeur, the fattest butler and the slickest footman in Clarges Street. I didn't know anything about her bein' married; but Sergeant Cross, who is in charge of Records, and reads Births, Deaths and Marriages for his own amusement, brought the cutting to me. She'd married Capt. Arthur Helby, D.S.O., M.C., in Derby somewhere. About three months after, Records brought me a cutting that made me feel mighty sorry for the girl and her father. It was of a death:

"Helby; Captain Arthur Helby, D.S.O., M.C., on October twenty-fourth. In Dublin, after a short illness."

That was all. I wrote to the professor, but got no answer, and when I rung up his house in Clarges Street the caretaker told me that the professor had gone abroad with his daughter. The caretaker said that the captain died a natural death, though there was a lot of shooting in Dublin round about that time.

The next I heard was that she'd married again—a middle-aged general—and had left for India on her honeymoon trip. This bit of news was in the early editions of the evening papers the very day I saw the professor. I sat down an' wrote a letter to the old man. As a matter of fact, after I posted it, I wished I had torn it up, because I didn't want him to feel that I was chasin' him. And that night I met him. I was up west lookin' for the taxi burglar, a man who used to drive a taxi up to the house he was going to bust. It was a good scheme, because there's nothing suspicious about a taxi loafin' round a residential square. This bird I was lookin' for had done three good jobs in a month and got away with 'em.

In the ordinary course of duty, I called in at Vine Street an' was talkin' to the inspector, when I heard somebody comin' into the charge room, an' lookin' up I nearly dropped—for the man in the patrol's hands was Professor Bigglewood!

He was in evenin' dress, his top hat was on his head and he was, to my eyes, dazed but sober. He saw me an' nodded very solemn. I didn't say a word, but just listened to the young officer who had brought him in.

"I was on duty in Regent Street at 1:05 this mornin'," he said—we teach young policemen to give evidence to the point—"an' I saw this man take a wooden pavin' block from a pile that was standin' by the roadside. Before I could reach him he had thrown the brick through the plate-glass window of the Ten Per Cent Jewelry Store."

I couldn't believe my ears.

"Are you sure it was this gentleman?" I asked, though it was no business of mine, and I apologized afterward to the inspector in charge for buttin' in.

"Certain, sir," says the officer. "He was the only man in sight."

The inspector started in to ask the professor his name and address, and Mr. Bigglewood answered without any hesitation. He said that he had been to his club, the Learned Societies, in St. James's Street. There had been a dinner given by some of his friends in honor of his daughter's wedding. According to the professor's story, all the men at the dinner were the kind who have to be in bed at ten by doctor's orders, and round about eleven he had a whisky an' soda in the readin' room and went to sleep. When he woke up the club was in darkness an' he had to unlock the front door and let himself out. He was kind of bothered, but he wasn't drunk. He was certain of this—half asleep was the way he put it. He was halfway down Regent Street when he heard somebody walkin' behind him an' had a horrible feelin' of fear. It was so bad that he grabbed the first thing he could lay hands on, which was a road block. He said he could no more help doin' it than he could help standin' on his feet. He just lammed out with the block and bing went the window!

The divisional surgeon came in at that minute, which was lucky, for the doctor knew Professor Bigglewood and naturally he wouldn't certify him as drunk—not that he would have done that in any case. As to the man who was following, the policeman swore there was nobody near.

"I think Mr. Bigglewood's theory that he was walking, to all intents and purposes, in his sleep is a sound one," said the doctor, and laughed. "You'll have to settle the cost of the store window with the jewelers, professor," he said.

I could see the old man was upset. Who wouldn't be? Suppose you were a high-class professor an' woke up an' found yourself in the pen on a charge of smashing a jeweler's window at one o'clock in the morning! The long and short of it was that he was released and the inspector said he'd send a man down to the store first thing in the morning and explain how the accident happened.

The professor asked me to walk back home with him. He wouldn't take a taxi; he thought the walk would kind of wake him up. Most of the conversation was on my side; he seemed too rattled to talk. From Vine Street to Clarges Street isn't far, but we walked pretty slowly, because he was an elderly gentleman. As we turned out of Piccadilly I saw a taxicab drawn up in front of Bigglewood's house, and there was an inspector and a policeman there, an' the inspector was Croomb; he was knocking at the door as we came up.

"Is that Professor Bigglewood?" he said. "Good evening, professor. Is this cab waiting for anybody in your house?"

Bigglewood shook his head; he was still a bit dull. He began feelin' in his pocket for the key, an' after a bit Croomb and I walked round and had a look at the taxicab. It was a new machine and the engine was stone cold. It had been standing there, according to the policeman, for the best part of two hours.

"Is it in the way?" asked Professor Bigglewood, who suddenly seemed to wake up from his trance.

"No, sir," said Croomb. "Will you open the door, professor? Maybe somebody is inside."

What Croomb thought, and what I thought, too, was that maybe the house was being burgled. And, of course, when we wanted to get into the house, the professor had lost his key.

"Is there anybody in the house?" I asked.

He shook his head and began to search his pockets.

Just at that minute I heard a church clock strike two. We were standing there, all of us looking, or feeling, pretty foolish. I didn't know what to do with the professor, though I had an idea that if I searched him thoroughly I'd have found the key; though naturally it was a delicate matter for a superintendent of police to suggest that he searches anybody.

I don't know why I particularly remember that moment—the dark street with the street lights and the late traffic passing along Piccadilly at the end; the clear sky overhead, with a few stars showing, and a faint scent of flowers coming from the Lord knows where. I remember Croomb saying, "You will remember, professor, that I told you the other day about the danger of taxicab burglaries."

And that's about all I remember. Suddenly me and the taxicab came into collision. My elbow went through the window and the next second I found myself lying across the steering wheel with all the breath knocked out of me. I didn't hear any explosion, didn't see any flash. When I tell you that the hood of the car was cut to ribbons by flying glass and that one of the railings in front of the house was flung fifty feet, you'll have an idea that it was some explosion.

I got to my feet, and the first thing I saw was the professor lying in a heap on the ground. The next thing was the policeman lifting Croomb from the gutter. I don't know how the policeman had escaped, because he stood in the path of the explosion; but except that he lost his helmet and had his chin cut by the glass, he was none the worse; and Croomb escaped altogether, except that he was knocked out.

I sent the policeman running for the fire alarm, and ordered him to send back the people who were turning into the street to see what it was all about. The front of the professor's house was blown out completely, and so was one of the walls, but fortunately there was a party wall of a house that was untenanted. There was no more fire than a smoldering carpet, and we had that out before the fire brigade came on the spot.

Police reserves were rushed to Clarges Street to keep off the crowd, but long before they had arrived Croomb and I discovered the taxi man. He had been flung against the wall and he was lying half on a settee and half on the floor, and he was dead. A tall, good-looking fellow he had been. Croomb and I pulled him out into the street, and before the doctor came it was pretty easy to see that nothing could be done for him.

Before we went into the house we had made the professor as comfortable as we could. He was quite unconscious; but as far as I could see, there was no bad injury. I thought he was knocked as Croomb had been, but when the doctor came he took a very serious view and they rushed him off to the hospital in the ambulance.

Before the police stretcher got to Clarges Street we made a search of the dead man's clothes, and the first thing I found was a small jimmy in his right-hand coat pocket. It was the newest jimmy I have ever found on a burglar.

"We've got the taxi thief," said Croomb. "I suspected this from the moment I saw the machine outside the door."

He'd hardly said the words before he made his real discovery. Suddenly I heard him say, "Look at this!"

In the light of the lantern I saw in his hand the little green dragon of jade!

"Where was it?" I asked.

"In his overcoat pocket," said Croomb, and when we had finished the search we went into the house, to the back room where the professor kept his collection. Only one case was opened, and that was the one, according to Croomb, where Bigglewood always kept the dragon. Nothing else was touched. There were two or three items of solid gold, and one or two things in the room that were worth real money, but the cases had not been so much as opened. Of course, the glasses were shattered by the explosion and some of them were on the floor.

"It's easy to see what he came for," said Croomb. "The dragon!" He was quivering with excitement. "I told the professor the last time I saw him to send that thing to a museum. The thing is as clear as daylight. He came here to pinch the dragon, and took some time in finding it. The door leading to the collection room has been wrecked, so we can't tell yet how it was opened, but I'll bet money that it was busted with a jimmy."

"How did the explosion happen, inspector?" I asked him.

I always believe in asking questions; you sometimes get an idea from the answer. Quite a lot of people get their education either that way or by contradicting what other people say.

"There was a gas stove in Mr. Bigglewood's study. It may have been leaking or it may have been left on by accident. The man must have come into the room and heard me and the constable talking on the street. We'd been here a quarter of an hour. Either he lit his match to light a cigarette or to find his way out—there's no sign of an electric torch here—and the room blew up."

I sort of scratched my head at that.

"Maybe he couldn't smell the gas?" I suggested.

"He might smell the gas and never dream there was any danger," said Croomb a bit sharply, and I didn't argue with him.

The professor died without regaining consciousness, about four o'clock in the morning; and as I was busy all the forenoon, I didn't get any chance of seeing Croomb. I don't think it would have been much use my talking, even if I had.

I have never been quite sure whether Croomb or Eleanor was the official press agent, and it was not my business to inquire; but certainly the late editions of the evening papers smelled like Eleanor.

Green Dragon Clew in Taxicab Mystery was one headline, and The Vengeance of the Chinese Dragon God was another. On the whole, I guess it was Eleanor the public had to thank, for she was strong for the mysterious East.

There was a double inquest—one on the taxi man, whose name was Rolls and who lived at Notting Hill; another on the professor. Rolls wasn't well known; he had been living in his present lodgings for only a month. There were no papers to identify him, and beyond a few things that I had

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DODGE BROTHERS
COMMERCIAL CAR

Dodge Brothers Commercial Car advertises the business it serves.

In fact, merchants value the appearance of the car only second to the low-cost, dependable mileage it delivers.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO ONTARIO

SIGNS IN ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 7)

with the other he is feeding the strikers. A strike and a striker are not the same thing.

All these signs are interesting. But they are British. You have to know your way, to begin with. Then you may understand the signs; but of course if you know your way you do not need them. All British signs are like that, even those that mark the streets.

So you come again to stare at the figure of the lion taking his pulse in public. The whole world is staring at it in wonder. Economic and social diagnosticians are sent there from other countries to observe, make notes and report. Wherever people talk international politics, however they begin they come presently to a heated clinic over England.

There are two conclusions, both emotional, both made up beforehand.

One is that the greatness of England has gone over the dam, unawares to her, of course, for that is perhaps the last thing a nation could be expected to know about itself.

Precisely the opposite opinion regards the same omens and interprets them differently. It is possible to argue that what the ideograph signifies is an act of rare intelligence. It shows a nation at a robust age taking the trouble to mind its own health. What if the lion does look a little ridiculous? That is only to an ignorant point of view. There is the danger, to be sure, that a people suddenly so conscious of their functions and state of being may afflict themselves with a case of hypochondria—that is to say, a fit of depression when there is no adequate physical cause.

Concern for the Poor

Certainly never before in England, if ever in any modern country, has public sentiment been so mindful of the weak and inefficient; of the dwellings of the poor, their parlors, kitchens, plumbing and air spaces; so concerned about the hygiene of poverty, the evils of malnutrition, the occupations of youth, crowding, and what the monotonous fatigue of machine tending does to the bodies and souls of people. These are social anxieties.

Economic anxieties are no less acute, only, as you would know, the language in which they are discussed is not so widely understood. What is clear, and all that seems clear, is that the economic future of England will not be a projection of her past. The conditions under which she achieved greatness have departed. They cannot be recalled. Natural and created advantages that were in effect monopolies have one after another failed.

There was coal. She rested on that advantage too long perhaps. It not only gave her cheap fuel and power for her own industry; by reason of its nearness to tidewater it made ideal outbound cargo for her ships. Now the profit in this great natural resource is tending toward zero. There are two reasons for that. One is that in consequence of the enormous development of hydroelectric power in Europe and the competition of fuel oil the demand for British coal is falling, not to mention the fact that other coal measures in Europe, notably in Belgium, are being exploited as never before. The second and more significant reason is that as the demand for it has been tending relatively to fall, the labor cost of mining British coal has been rising. Wages are higher. Hours are shorter. The output per man has fallen.

Beneath that economic phrase—rise in the labor cost of mining—lies a human drama. Why has this cost been rising? Because wages have gone up. But why have wages gone up? You may say it was because the miners organized themselves and demanded more pay, under threat of stopping work. That was not the deep reason. The miners could not stop work. They could go on strike for a few weeks at a time, at most for a few months; they could not abandon the mines. The owners could abandon the mines and still live. They were few, and had other means of livelihood. But the miners were a race with nothing else to do or live by. What made it possible for them to win higher wages was not their own power. It was the power of conscience in England. Public opinion decreed better living for the miners; and the owners, whether they liked it or not, were obliged to give way. And the reason why public opinion imposed that decree was that it had become sympathetically aware of the miner as a human being.

You cannot say precisely how or when this happened. It was nevertheless a definite event of great importance. It took place unawares in the minds of people who for many years had conducted industry under the amazing economic fallacy that the industrial wage fund was inexorably fixed, impossible to be increased by human effort; from this it followed that the condition of the wage earner also was fixed and no one could change it by any means whatever. That was economic dogma according to the great Mill.

No Englishman can tell you how this fallacy was got rid of; he is hardly aware that a fundamental change has occurred in his way of thinking. But he cannot imagine the coal miners returning to the long hours, the conditions of labor and the dreary living that are still remembered. Moreover, if he could imagine it, he would not consent to it, not as a mine owner even. The miner standing by lamplight in the middle of his house to be stripped and washed by his wife after a long shift at the coal face must pass into fiction, where he belongs. In place of him a man with a bathroom and a parlor to sit in. This transformation has not been accomplished. It is on its way.

Meanwhile it is the sense of the British public that if the coal-mining industry cannot pay out of its diminished profits a wage sufficient to keep the miner in decent living, then it is the business of society to provide it for him. Hence the national housing problem, news of which runs to many columns in the papers each day. Of this there is more to be said.

Coal was the greatest of England's natural advantages from the beginning of the industrial era. There were then created advantages that were in effect monopolies.

The Old Chain of Monopolies

Taking thought of what these were, you will think of engine power and its application to machine production, in which she was first and for a long time paramount.

You will think of Sheffield steel and Manchester fabrics, both of which for many years were above competition.

You will think of the pound sterling. It was the standard gold money unit of the earth and gave London a supremacy in international finance that was never challenged before the war—not until the American dollar took the field and became the standard money unit of the world because alone it represented gold.

And of course you will think of ships. For nearly three-quarters of a century England was so far first in ships that she controlled the ocean-carrying trade of the whole world, and from this it followed as a matter of course that she was first also in shipbuilding. She made ships both for herself and for all other people because she made them cheaper and better than anyone else.

Each one of these monopolies was a link in a closed chain—coal, steel, machine craft, a surplus of manufactured goods to exchange abroad for food and raw industrial materials such as American cotton, ships for this traffic, and the pound sterling to finance a universal trade. In such a chain all the links may seem of equal importance. No doubt they are. Yet if you had asked an Englishman he would have said, without thinking, that the shipping link was the vital one. He could not imagine Great Britain otherwise, or surviving, except as the ship mistress of the world. Before the war he watched the rise of a competitive navy and a rival merchant marine in Germany with extremely uneasy feelings. Still, he said, it couldn't really happen. And sure enough it didn't happen. The German menace was destroyed. So also at the same time was Great Britain's monopoly. She had invoked forces she could not control. All the great nations with doors on the tide perceived the importance of ships. Since the war other people's ships have been a common nuisance on the sea. The United States, that had no ocean-going ships before, turned up with a merchant fleet second only to Great Britain's. France increased her merchant marine, Italy increased hers, the Germans rebuilt theirs in an amazing manner and that menace therefore has reappeared. Most absurd of all, two members of the British Empire—Canada and Australia—went in for ships of their own. The English were disgusted, almost badtempered. Not that they feared anyone could pass them with ships, but that all this silly competition, much of it subsidized with public funds on the ground that a merchant marine of one's own was a necessary part of national defense, would for several years make shipping unprofitable.

Lost Contracts

What they never doubted was that they could make ships better and cheaper than anyone else; and this, they believed, insured their supremacy. Fancy therefore the consternation in England when on March fifth, last, it was announced that a big British shipping company had gone to Germany for ships. Germany! It was incredible. The conservative morning newspapers got out the headline type reserved almost exclusively for war news. This was one of the heads:

"BIG BRITISH ORDER FOR GERMAN SHIPYARD

"FIVE 10,000-TON MOTOR VESSELS

"OVER £300,000 DIFFERENCE IN THE TWO COUNTRIES' PRICES

"MENACE TO NATIONAL SAFETY

"What is described by British shipbuilding employers as a terrible blow to the industry has just been given by a firm of British shipowners. This firm has ordered from a Hamburg shipyard five 10,000-ton motor ships ——

"Because the cost will be between £6000 and £100,000 less per ship than the lowest British tender;

"And because the German firm has also outbid the British firms on the question of delivery.

"THE BRITISH HANDICAPS

"Our Labor Correspondent explains why the British firms were beaten by the German figures. Their labor costs them 33⅓ per cent more than that in the Hamburg yards, their workers put in fewer hours, and their material costs them more.

"This great order goes to Germany at a time when between 30 and 40 per cent of British shipyard workers are out of employment and when the unions are demanding an increase of ten shillings a week."

There was an impulse to criticize the shipping company. Its defense was, first, that its task was to uphold British shipping, wherefore it had to mind what it paid for ships; second, that it simply could not afford to buy ships from British builders; and, third, that after having got the German bids it offered British builders much more for the same ships, and still they could not touch them. The difference was too great.

At the same time came the news that German shipyards were taking from Scandinavian and other countries contracts such as formerly as a historic right came to Great Britain.

You may suppose that the interrogation, "What is wrong in England?" was terrifically stimulated. The following comment was typical:

"There is unfortunately much more at stake in this matter than the mere loss of the orders. In the first place, it enables the Germans to get experience in the building of modern ships, meaning the new motor ship, at the same time crippling our national shipbuilding industry. The experience the Germans will get in building these ships for us will also give them the training necessary to equip the German mercantile fleet they have in mind and enable them at the same time to construct ships for their own nationals cheaper than they would otherwise be able to do by reason of the fact that they are spreading the establishment costs over a greater volume of work.

"Then there is a much bigger question still, a question of national safety. If the shipbuilding industry is going to get no orders and cannot look to the big shipping lines of the country for work, where are we going to have the means to meet the demands of the nation in time of war stress? It was the British shipyards that saved Britain during the war by their tremendous output in meeting the submarine campaign."

And yet so great is the preoccupation of public opinion with social anxieties that in a few days the news of housing was uppermost again.

This is significant. The word "preoccupation" is hardly strong enough. It amounts to an obsession.

One would think the nation was about to be submerged in the miseries of poverty, that slums had been increasing, that the condition of the working classes at the low end of the scale had become desperately worse. None of this is the case. The converse of it is notably true. The facts are these:

The standard of living has risen in England. It is higher than before the war.

There are fewer slums in the cities than ever before. Enormous sums of public money have been spent to abolish them.

There is undoubtedly less abject poverty in England than was ever the case before. It is a country—the only country in the world—where everybody may have money. If one does not or cannot earn money one gets it in the form of unemployment doles.

There is less malnutrition. People demand better food and get it.

Fastidious Meat Eaters

A royal commission has been sitting on the subject of food prices, the complaint having become very general that they were too high. The retailers were alleged to have wickedly combined to keep them high. The most interesting part of the evidence, however, referred less to the sins of the shopkeepers than to the ways of their customers. The butchers testified that meat prices were high, for one reason, because there was so much waste in selling out the carcass. Everybody wanted only the choice cuts; the rest of it was scorned.

Mr. W. H. Walter, representing the National Federation of Meat Traders' Associations, said: "There are poor people who are very fastidious and they will buy steaks and chops. Half a pound of steak goes round the family, and that sort of thing. That is where a lot of the waste comes in, cutting quarters and half pounds when they will buy steak. If the mother were sensible and brought up the children properly, and probably copied the rich in this, she would

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No. 4
Cadillac
Chandler
Chrysler
Cleveland
Flint
Hupmobile
Jewett
Jordan
Lincoln
Maxwell
Moon
Oldsmobile
Overland 6
Packard
Paige
Peerless
Pierce-Arrow

Champions Help Establish New World Record

The following telegram received from Harry Hartz is another high tribute to Champion dependability and superiority.

Los Angeles, Calif. April 20, 1925.

Established World's Record for fifty miles at Culver City yesterday—average time one hundred thirty-five and two-tenths miles per hour. Champion Spark Plugs fired perfect in this tremendous speed contest. *(Signed) Harry Hartz.*

Champion
Double-Ribbed Core

The Champion double-ribbed core of sillimanite is the finest insulator science has developed. This core is practically unbreakable. It is extremely resistant to electric current, yet has high heat conductivity. This makes possible the semi-petticoat tip, which is so formed that carbon burns off readily, but which does not become hot enough to cause pre-ignition. Champion is the only spark plug with a sillimanite core because Champion controls the only commercial supply of this rare mineral.

Champion Is Outselling All Other Makes Combined

The story of Champion is the same all over the world—more Champion spark plugs are bought than all other makes combined.

Here in the United States and Canada—in every country where motor cars operate—Champion is outselling because it is the better spark plug.

Better by reason of its core of sillimanite, which only Champion can have. Better because of the special alloy in its electrodes. Better in its gas-tight, two-piece construction which allows thorough cleaning.

It is real economy to put in a full set of new Champions at least once a year. They will soon pay for themselves in oil and gas saved.

You will know genuine Champions by the double-ribbed sillimanite core. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents). More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

Champion X is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

(Continued from Page 56

buy three pennyworth of bones and vegetables and make a good thick soup. Our bones, which we throw away every day, would probably feed all the unemployed in England. I think myself they were spoilt during the war by virtue of having more money and getting what they liked."

Another said: "The weekly wage earner is rather more fastidious now than he used to be in the way of his butcher meat. But I have thought of one excuse that might be put forward for a man in that condition, inasmuch as on the Clyde, for instance, they used to start at six and come home for breakfast between nine and ten; now they start at eight and come to dinner at twelve, and the chances are that something in a hurry is more in demand than perhaps the soups of the old days, when they had time to make them."

Shorter hours, later to work, and less time to prepare food. A chop in a hurry.

Another butcher said: "In my own district—it is not a very high-class district there are a good many of the better-class working population, and they go in for the very best class of stuff, and the rougher cuts I have to sell at the dead-meat market for little or nothing. They will not look at it."

Butchers are butchers. But the old wives were called, and they said the royal commission ought to know that you couldn't set before men such stuff as they were content with before the war. That was the truth, as everybody knew.

And as for housing, the so-called crisis there is not altogether what it seems. In the large aspect it is a reform movement to which public opinion is actively inclined.

Housing conditions in the congested industrial areas were wretched before the war. They are still bad. But they are no worse. They are in fact much better. The difference is, first, that the public knows how bad they are, and, second, that during the war, when wages were high and rents restricted by law, it was possible for the working people to have better houses, or more rooms in the same houses, and they will not go back to what they had before. Public opinion is with them; in effect it has decreed that they shall not go back. So partly, very largely, the house shortage is owing to the fact that more housing is required for a given number of people than before the war.

Practical Housing Difficulties

Public opinion goes rather far in saying what the standard of housing hereafter shall be. No tenements. They are vertical slums. No more houses in dreary blocks, either; they are but shelters, not habitations. For decency, for public health, for spiritual comfort, the minimum is a detached or semi-detached house, with two bedrooms at least, a bath, a kitchen with good plumbing, and if possible a parlor, though that is not absolutely necessary. This for a family that very often lived in one room before the war.

Now the dilemma: An enormous number of such houses will be required to effect the reform upon which the nation has set its heart. Private enterprise cannot provide them. The reason why it cannot provide them is that the wage earner for whom they are intended cannot afford to buy or rent them. What then? The desire to possess a proper dwelling is a civilized instinct, and to satisfy that instinct is rightly the concern of a self-regarding society meaning to improve its citizenship.

The practical difficulty may be stated like this: Wages are so low that great numbers of working-class people cannot afford to hire or buy proper dwellings. Wages cannot be raised to meet this difficulty because industry cannot afford to pay more for labor. Yet the wage earner is entitled to a proper habitat. He is entitled to it by right of being a member of British society. Therefore, since he has not himself the means and since industry cannot increase his wage, it becomes the government's business to put him in possession of it.

And this the government is doing. Since the Armistice nearly 350,000 cheap dwellings have been built with government assistance—that is, by aid of subsidies paid out of the public treasury either to private builders who agree to let the houses at an uneconomic rent fixed by law, or to municipalities that either build the houses themselves to let or lend the money for that purpose. By uneconomic rent is meant a rental less than the minimum that private capital could afford to take. Under the housing act of 1923 the government granted an annual subsidy of thirty dollars per house for twenty years. It is proposed that this shall be increased to forty-five dollars per house for forty years. The municipalities may and often do increase that subsidy out of their local taxes. Since 1920 the London County Council alone has spent fifty millions of dollars to provide houses for seventy-one thousand people, and is on the way to provide good housing for one hundred and forty-five thousand more. The housing reform program as a whole contemplates two and a half million new houses in fifteen years, subsidized jointly by treasury funds and local taxes.

An Old Theory Exploded

Since the state of general living is rather better than worse, since the working classes of England altogether have never been better nourished, better clothed, better housed, never so well provided with unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, how shall one understand the symptoms of acute social anxiety at the apex of this singular human formation?

Partly it is explained by the fact that responsible English society feels itself bound to meet that expectation of better living which it fostered in the minds of the working classes during the war. Beyond that, and perhaps much more, it is a reaction from a way of regarding labor that had been fixed since feudal times. This reaction, when it came, was certain to be violent from having been so long postponed.

That amazing economic fallacy of a fixed wage fund, not increasable by human means, was nothing new in its time. It was merely the formula by which the feudal notion of wages was carried into an industrial age and there justified. The feudal notion was that wages were a dead burden upon wealth.

After the Black Death in the fourteenth century agricultural labor was very scarce. It might have been also very dear if wages had not been rigorously limited by law. For more than five hundred years it was the anxious business of both Crown and Parliament to keep them down. Legal wages were fixed by decree. A laborer who declined to work for the legal wage was punishable; so was any employer who paid more. As it was the employer interest that fixed the wage you may guess that the rate was always low—too low. For five hundred years at least the legal wage in England was an uneconomic wage—that is to say, less than enough to enable the laborer properly to take care of himself and his family. Hence the ancient English institution of poor rates, meaning local taxes in relief of the poor, which were, and are still, in lieu of economic wages. And after the pay for a day's work ceased to be fixed by law the prevailing wage in England continued to be, and still is, an uneconomic wage, because such is the custom of the country, and industry is founded upon cheap labor. Hence to the poor rates, which still exist, have been added unemployment doles, old-age pensions, and now subsidized dwellings to be let at an uneconomic rent, all in lieu of economic wages.

Merely as an arrangement, as a method of division, you could hardly imagine anything more awkward. As a source of moral and political confusion it is unique in the social history of the world.

There has come a fundamental change in the way labor is regarded. Modern thought has broken with the feudal tradition. The fixed-wage-fund theory that fastened that tradition upon the industrial age of England is no longer respectable. Everyone can see that an uneconomic wage, supplemented by poor rates, doles and public subsidies, creates habits of poverty, demoralizes the spirit and permits labor to be wickedly wasted by those who buy it for less than it is worth. And yet the idea of cheap labor continues in fact to rule the British mind. That the prevailing wage is still uneconomic is proved by the fact that labor is still wasted, as when you see an able-bodied man running foot errands or men on a house-wrecking job carrying the bricks and mortar up from the cellar in half-bushel baskets swung to their backs. It is proved again by the fact that to the wages paid aid must be added from the public funds in order to give the working classes the means of decent living.

Thus the riddle: The wages paid, plus the poor rates, plus the unemployment doles, plus the old-age pensions, plus the dwellings provided by government subsidy for less than they are worth, amount ultimately to an economic wage. Industry is heavily taxed by the government for all these forms of aid to labor. It comes to the same thing in the end. It comes out of industry roundabout. Then why not at first, in a simple, rational manner? Why doesn't industry pay an economic wage?

You may think of an answer, but if it is one that pretends to rationalize the facts it will be wrong. No true Englishman makes the mistake of behaving as if the world at bottom were a rational place. Until you sense this you will not be able to comprehend him at all. And he may be right. The feudal way of regarding labor was irrational. The theory of a fixed wage fund by which it was perpetuated—that was irrational. Yet you cannot be sure there had been any other way to the practical end, English nature being what it is—so averse to repetitious toil, so disputatious, indocile and fragile in the performance of it, yet with a pride of craftsmanship that never fails and is one of the precious national assets. This is a contradiction. The most consistent thing about the English is contradiction.

For many years England was first in the world with machine craft; yet no people ever were, no people to this day are, less reconciled to the meaning of machines. Instinctively they hate machines. No people in the world are more habit loving, no other people are personally so eccentric and unexpected. They are doggedly cohesive and passionately divergent. They made their money supreme in the world; it is of all money the most cumbersome. They were for long the richest people in the world with relatively the most poverty among them. It is hard for them to take a new way, yet their power of accommodation is a high characteristic.

The Historic Contradiction

An Englishman does what seems necessary with what is, as it is, because it is necessary, and grumbles incessantly about something that has nothing to do with either that necessity or the hardship of meeting it. The way he talks of a thing may not be at all the way he thinks of it, and the way he will act upon it may be neither as he talks nor as he thinks of it.

For the perfect illustration of this gift take now his approach to the political principle of protection. Mark first the historic contradiction here. For sixty-five years England has believed herself to be a free-trade nation. In fact she never was. It was not until she had gained those monopolistic advantages in trade, shipping and industry hitherto mentioned, that she embraced the doctrine of free trade and so far as possible inculcated it throughout the world. What she needed then was free markets everywhere for a surplus of manufactured goods. True, she opened her own doors to the goods of the world and was able to say to other nations, "British markets are free to your goods; therefore let your markets be free to British goods." But in 1870, or anywhere near that time, inviting other people to sell steel products and textiles in Great Britain was a good deal like offering the Eskimo a free market for coal at Newcastle. Nobody else could make these things so well or so cheaply as England made them; few other peoples were equipped to make them at all. Therefore it was that England had nothing to lose from competition. Her own markets, though free, were impervious. And that is what free trade meant in England when the doctrine was adopted. She could afford to make her own markets and ports free because nobody was able to exploit them; and she wanted other peoples' ports and markets to be free precisely because she wished to exploit them.

She was first among modern nations to have a great surplus of machine-made goods to exchange in other countries for food and raw materials, and for half a century she was the only one doing it on a large scale. Now there are six, all doing the same thing competitively, and two at least are more efficient than England. Her monopolistic supremacy is gone.

German Competition

As she ceased to be first in steel, first in textiles, first in machine craft generally, her own markets ceased to be impervious. Other people, notably the Germans, began to exploit Great Britain's home markets as she had been exploiting theirs. For this reason, even before the war, a demand for tariff protection began to be heard in Great Britain.

It was treated with extreme disrespect, not to say with ethical horror. For meanwhile the doctrine of free trade had become a political fetish, a way of thinking, an article of liberal truth, a reform, a morality, a religion, a proprietary British solution. An Englishman will do that. He makes practical premises sacred; and when they are no longer practical they are still sacred, and he almost cannot destroy them.

Forces beyond her control now move England toward protection. This cannot be admitted. The steps nevertheless are taken, with everybody saying earnestly that the act of taking steps is no sign of locomotion.

When the war came it was discovered that some of the great British industries had been so weakened by competition, especially German competition—which is to say, by free trade—that they were far behind the best technical practice of the world. Actually there were parts of ships that British founders had forgotten how to cast. The business had gone to Germany. War obliged these industries to be restored. The lesson was remembered. After the war it was declared that certain key industries essential to national safety should be protected from foreign competition as a matter of public policy. It was done. However, as you begin to think of industries that are essential in time of war you perceive that nearly every one is. So it happened that after tariffs had been set up as a measure of national preparedness to protect certain industries designated as key industries, the word "key" got lost. Nobody knows quite how. Then more tariffs were proposed to be set up under the idea of safeguarding British industries. Safeguarding them against what? Against unfair competition. And what is unfair competition? It is the competition of a foreign country that sells goods in your market below your own cost of production, thereby making it impossible for you to manufacture your own goods.

Well, there you have all the protection argument there is or ever was; and the English adopt it. It is very odd now to hear them discussing in the House of Commons what we should call a tariff bill. They call it an act to safeguard British industries, and so on. Nevertheless, it is tariff, it is protective tariff, it is protection actually. A member rises and calls it such. He is bleakly put down. Those who are moving the act swear it is not protection. They pause to make an ardent confession of their

(Continued on Page 60)

News of First National Pictures

"The Necessary Evil"

THERE'S an actor whom nobody can help liking—that's Ben Lyon. At the left you see him with Viola Dana and Thomas Holding in a scene of the unusual triangle which develops in this colorful photoplay, an adaptation from "Uriah's Son."

Here is romance and drama that surges with the hot blood of youth. Forbidden "off-campus" gayeties of college life and alluring scenes in the tropics give zest to the picturization of a strong story. George Archainbaud is the director.

Below, Ben Lyon with a charming senorita in one of the dramatic tropical scenes.

"The Heart of a Siren"

NEVER was the exotic beauty of Barbara La Marr so enhanced by resplendent gowns and by magnificent settings as in the gorgeous European scenes through which this drama moves. All the arts of beguilement—these the siren plies to break the hearts of men, especially of the diplomatic agent, played by Conway Tearle. One of the scenes appears at the left. It's a Sawyer-Lubin Production, directed by Philip Rosen.

"Chickie"

AT LAST Elenore Meherin's great serial story, "Chickie," which created such a sensation, has been picturized with Dorothy Mackaill in the title rôle, supported by Hobart Bosworth and Gladys Brockwell (the three are in the scene above)—and by John Bowers.

It's a drama that grows out of the romantic longings of a poor and pretty typist and her dreams of the kind of man to marry. Your heart will go out to Chickie in her clash with the realities of life, and in the tragedy she comes to face—you will thrill all the more to the happiness she finds after all.

Milton Sills in "The Making of O'Malley"

MILTON SILLS, famous for his great rôle in "The Sea Hawk," is to be starred. His first vehicle will be "The Making of O'Malley," from the story by Gerald Beaumont. Lambert Hilyer is directing the picture for First National, supervised by Earl Hudson. No wonder the school youngsters in New York's Bronx were tickled to find that the new cop on the beat was Milton Sills.

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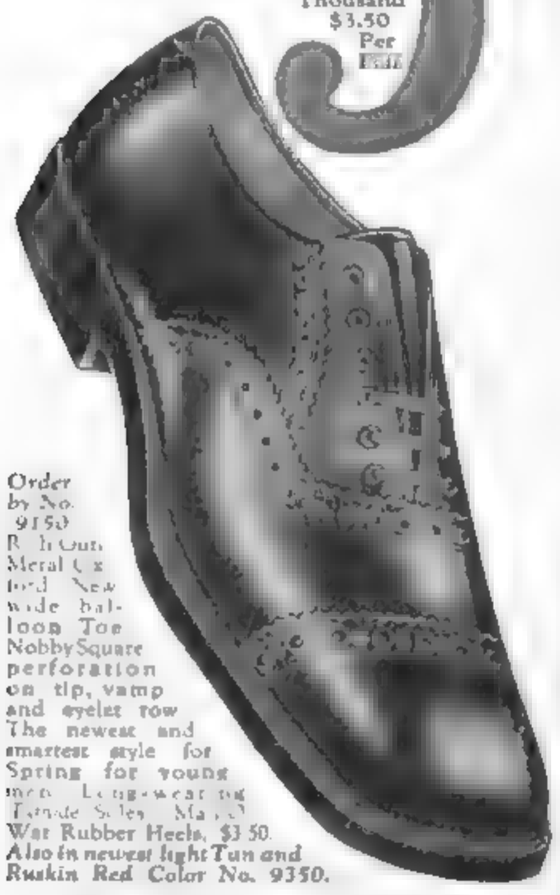

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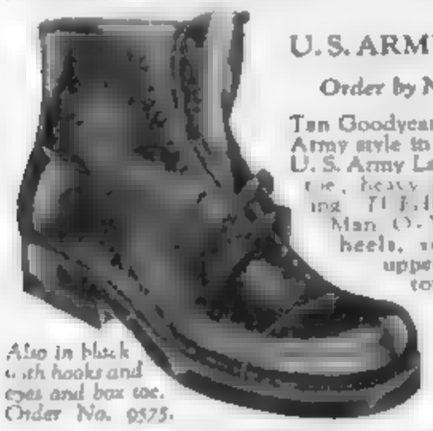

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(Continued from Page 58)

faith in free trade. England is a free-trade country. The principle is sacred and shall not be touched. Then they proceed to put on the tariff, because this industry or that one needs to be safeguarded. The word "protection" is taboo.

Labor is rounding its way to protection. So is the British manufacturer. Besides the acts to safeguard British industries by tariff there is the new principle of imperial preference, meaning a system of preferential duties on British goods exchanged within the British Empire. Besides the principle of imperial preference there is a powerful propaganda in England in behalf of British goods over foreign goods—goods of all British material fabricated with all British labor. It runs in the advertising copy of the manufacturers and retailers; appears on the signs in shop windows. All this is protection, and nobody will admit it. England is a free-trade country.

They have now a new monopoly unawares. The value of it is unknown; it has not been capitalized; they do not treat it as an asset, and yet it is very important. It rises from their character. They have a monopoly of solvency in Europe.

Heroic Taxation

When the temptation was to repudiate war debts by the easy fraud of inflation, to let the pound sterling go either all the way to nothing, as the Germans did with the mark, or part way, as the French have done with the franc, the English held doggedly for the integrity of debt. That meant they would have to tax themselves heroically. They did it. They are paying the highest taxes on earth. Alone among the great nations England was resolved to pay. Of the four principal debtors at the American treasury—the others being France, Italy and Belgium—she was the first to settle, and so far is the only one of them to do so.

Her way with war debts is to be remembered when you say England at the present time has no sense of direction. It is another contradiction. Solvency is a goal. The path that way is extremely hard. Only a people with a powerful instinctive sense of direction would attempt it. There is a sense of direction also in what she is doing to improve the state of living. Whatever happens, whatever it costs, by uneconomic means if necessary, a British citizen shall be properly nouriahed and decently housed.

Those are the definite impulsions—those two. The feeling as to everything else is in the bothered look of the lion.

Their basic economic problem is how to increase production. This they do not see clearly. They see it academically. As they approach it practically, they stop to think of what they should do with the increase. How should they be able to dispose of it profitably? They must count the profit first. Well, once it was the other way. Production was their first thought. To increase production was to increase wealth, and profit was what followed. Now, however, production is limited.

Labor limits it by reducing the output per man, fearful of unemployment or lower wages. A bricklayer does half as much as before the war, thereby exploiting the monopoly enjoyed by the building-trades unions. A coal miner's output is about one-third what it is in the United States.

Capital also limits production, by means of rings and federations, fearful of losing its profit if output is uncontrolled. Thus a vicious circle of limitations, with one disastrous effect, that since the power of production already existing is not utilized fully there is less incentive to improve the means and methods of production.

It is like a spell, everyone conscious of it, no one knowing how to break it. Their costs are very high. That is because they limit production. And because their costs are high they cannot compete as they would in the markets of the world—that is to say, they cannot increase their exports as they would like to do. Other people undersell them. A surplus of man power, a surplus of equipment, and because of this surplus a cost of production so high that they find it more and more difficult to meet the competition of other countries, even that of the Germans in shipbuilding.

It is an absurd dilemma. Suppose, for example, labor should say, "That 20 per cent of our power that we do not put forth shall be applied gratis to the production of goods for export, in behalf of England," and that capital should say, "That 20 per cent of our industrial equipment which is idle shall be turned to the production of exportable goods at cost, without profit, in behalf of England," and that this were done. What would result? British goods so produced for export, bearing neither wages nor profit, could be sold all over the world against anybody's competition, British exports would remarkably expand, and the wealth of Great Britain as a whole, in gold, in credit, in returning commodities, would be enormously increased. The ultimate division of that increase between capital and labor might give them much trouble. But at least there would be the increase to quarrel about.

There is no telling how it will happen. The aspects of international trade are changing. The number of nations with a surplus of industrial products to sell is increasing. Italy now is added to the list. The idea of industrial self-containment, moreover, has been deeply implanted. Canada and Australia are founding industries to that end. As the economic intelligence of the world rises, nations will be less willing to exchange raw materials for manufactured goods, with England or anyone else. They will fabricate their own materials. Even India, hitherto England's best market for textiles, is moving rapidly in that direction. So it may be that England's future advantage would lie not in the cheaper production of the staple articles of common commerce but in high craftsmanship. Quality rather than quantity. The most superior thing of its kind at the highest price. There will be always a demand for that. One cannot imagine a British manufacturer beating the American in the mass production of motor cars in which efficiency and cheapness are marvelously combined.

To every possibility there is the alternative that nothing singular will happen. England might go on for years like this, leaving economic direction to chance and circumstance, reacting thereto in the complex British manner. She is still very rich. She is still a creditor nation, with an invisible income from foreign investments of about three-quarters of a billion dollars a year. That is why she can import each year more goods than she exports. And notwithstanding her anxiety about the state of her trade, she has each year an immense sum to reinvest in foreign countries, after having paid for her excess of imports.

The British Board of Trade makes up an account to show what sum is "available for investment overseas" after the balance has been struck. In 1923 it was $686,000,000 and in 1922 it was $444,000,000, or $1,130,000,000 in two years. In the same two years, according to an account made up by the United States Department of Commerce, the corresponding sums available for investment overseas by the United States was only one-third as much, or $384,000,000.

A Romantic Picture

Wealth is subject to measure. Greatness is not. A rhythm runs there. Nor is power measurable until you specify the kind of power you mean. If you speak, for instance, of England's potential industrial power, that undoubtedly is greater than before the war; which is to say, greater than ever before. The fact that her actual production is not greater is easily explained. Economically she is perversely inefficient. This almost any thoughtful Englishman will admit, though not with the conviction that efficiency as Americans understand it is altogether desirable or even human. You will recall Mr. Baldwin's romantic picture of an industry in which many old men sat about on the wheelbarrow handles smoking and debating, where nobody was ever sacked for being inefficient, and where there was a natural sympathy for those not anxiously concerned about work as an end. That was a picture every Englishman deeply understood. God made the mind to be persuaded, and the hand hath then a certain cunning. Oddly enough, Mr. Baldwin said, that was not an inefficient community. Thus says an English heart. Efficiency may yet destroy the world—all of it save England.

Besides, England certainly is not less efficient than she was in the becoming of her greatness. It is only that other people are nowadays more efficient than they reasonably ought to be, notably the Americans, who know no better. If only the Americans had served a less dangerous god than success and the Germans had not been such gluttons for work, the British lion might have sustained forever his well-known pose of majestic boredom.

Bateman: "Now What Was That Lucy Told Me to Bring Home Tonight When I Came?"

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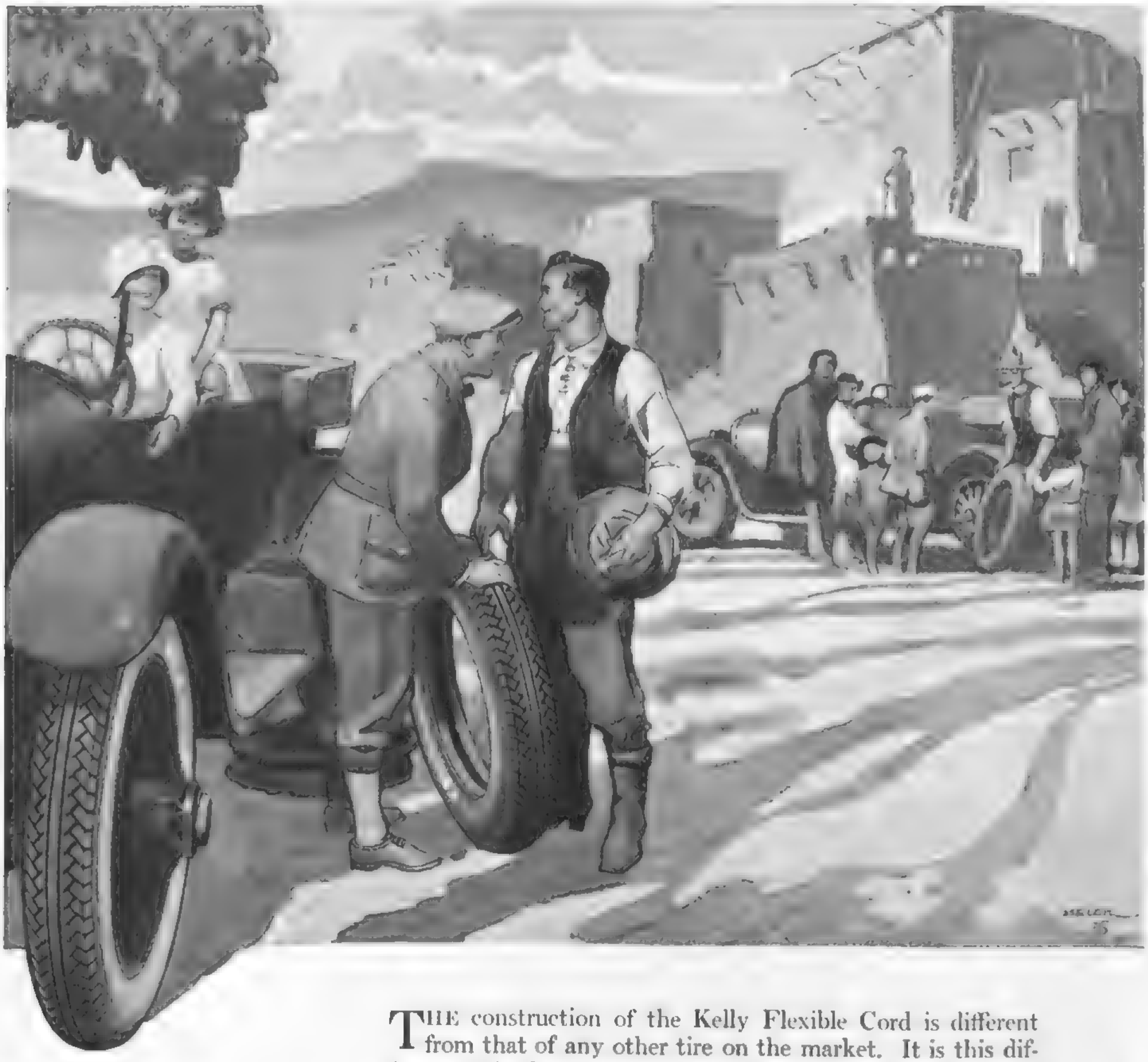

The Peregrinations of the Pecks

At one of the New Mexican pueblos Jim finds an opportunity to play good Samaritan. With the common sense characteristic of a man who carries fire, life and accident insurance, he started out on the trip with two spares. As there seems, however, to be small chance that he will need either, he gladly lends one to a fellow motorist who has spent an hour in the broiling Southwestern sun trying to repair a blown-out shoe, and who has just discovered that, fortunately, his rims are the same size as the Pecks'. It looks as though Jim were making another Kelly customer.

THE construction of the Kelly Flexible Cord is different from that of any other tire on the market. It is this difference—the building of the bead as an integral part of the tire instead of as a separate unit fastened in—that makes possible a tire that is *both* rugged *and* flexible. The ruggedness means mileage. The flexibility means easy riding. That is why the Flexible Cord is by far the best tire Kelly has ever built.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

Watch This Column

The tele-vision phone as used in an exciting scene in *"Up the Ladder,"* starring VIRGINIA VALLI.

You've heard of men, haven't you, who, after plugging along for years suddenly attain success, then discover that the wives who helped them over the rough spots are no longer good enough for them? Such a thought is responsible for *"Up the Ladder,"* a Universal Jewel which stars VIRGINIA VALLI, assisted by a distinguished cast consisting of FORREST STANLEY, HOLMES HERBERT, MARGARET LIVINGSTON, GEORGE FAWCETT, LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS, PRISCILLA MORAN and others.

In this play, written by Owen Davis, a young inventor has completed the tele-vision phone which transmits reflections of the talkers. Through it, the faithful wife sees her climbing-husband making love to a society butterfly, and from then on the action is rapid, intensely human and beautifully acted. Direction by Edward Sloman.

I want you to see HOUSE PETERS in *"Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman,"* the celebrated detective drama, taken from E. W. Hornung's famous "Amateur Cracksman" series. In all the realm of detective stories, there is no better-known name than "Raffles." You can easily vision the PICTURESQUE PETERS in the dual rôle of society man and burglar. Direction by King Baggot. In the cast are many favorites—Miss Du Pont, Walter Lang, Hedda Hopper and others.

"The Phantom of the Opera," which opened in a blaze of glory at the Curran Theatre, San Francisco, is amazing the lovers of picture-drama, and you must remember they have seen all the amazing pictures. Please write me your opinion of this magnificent spectacle as soon as you see it. I think it will sweep the country pleasurably.

COMING: REGINALD DENNY in *"Too Many Women"*; HERBERT RAWLINSON and MADGE BELLAMY in *"The Man in Blue"*; HOOT GIBSON in *"The Saddle Hawk."* What did you think of *"Smoldering Fires," "Oh, Doctor," "Fifth Avenue Models,"* and *"Dangerous Innocence?"*

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

(Continued from Page 5)

once he started to tell a really good story about a lion hunt in German East.

"Was that in Palestine?" said Olivia gravely.

"Yes," he admitted hurriedly, kicking himself.

"But are there any lions in Palestine?" queried a fair neighbor.

"Oh, hundreds! It's overrun with them!" he answered, and to himself he thought, "There's one thing I can promise you, Mr. Arthur Arthurton—you'll have a jolly fine reputation as a first-class liar if this goes on for long."

But with Olivia's help he came through with flying colors.

"I'm launched!" he thought as he was undressing in his flat in the early hours of the following morning. Olivia had been duly left at her hotel and had promised to call again later in the day. They would go to Hurlingham.

"I'm launched! I'm the Hon. Arthur Arthurton, for all the world to see!"

Just then the telephone bell rang violently.

"Hello! Yes, Arthur speaking. That you Olivia. What's the matter? What? No! You don't mean it!"

"I do," came the answer. "Father was found dead in his study at midnight. What are you going to do?"

III

JEREMY, his thoughts racing round in his head like Catherine wheels, began slowly to dress himself again. He looked at the inviting four-poster bed with its snowy pillows, the silk pajamas neatly laid out, the book ready to hand on the bed table with its silk-shaded light. He was tired; he had been looking forward to a long, luxurious sleep—and then came this call from Olivia!

So Lord Amlett was dead!

"What am I to Amlett or Amlett to me?" he thought, stifling a desperate yawn. "When I consented to take on the Hon. Arthur's troubles I didn't anticipate this. Funny, losing a father. What does one do I wonder? I might ask Willett, of course. But he'd think it queer. Jolly inconvenient of the old boy to die just now; thoughtless sort of thing to do."

He stopped himself just in time from putting on a blue tie and a blue lounge suit.

"Mourning's the only wear, I suppose. I must pull myself together. After all, he's Olivia's father and she's bound to be cut up about it. Pity I'm not the lugubrious sort. It's so long since I had a father anyway. Dash it, I'd better chuck the whole business! I can't do it."

He looked at himself in the Queen Anne cheval glass. The black clothes and topper certainly looked rather well. There was Olivia to consider. She had insisted on their catching the 4:20 train in order to reach the castle at the earliest possible moment. He couldn't disappoint her. Besides, as he thought of her frank open sincerity and charm he didn't want to disappoint her. The real Arthurton would read of the affair in the papers—probably be up at the castle soon after they were. It was all quite simple. He began to whistle It Ain't Gonna Rain No More, when he was interrupted by Willett.

"Did you ring, sir?"

Jeremy broke off his whistling.

"Yes—er—put some duds in a bag, will you? I'm going up to Pulidan."

"Nothing wrong, I hope, sir?"

"No, nothing wrong. At least—that is—yes, there is something wrong; very wrong, Willett. It's very serious"—"he'll think I'm dippy, going on like this" - "I mean—I've just heard from—er—my sister that Lord Amlett passed away in the night. It's a serious business, I can tell you."

The shocked expression on Willett's face warned Jeremy of the serious nature of his imposture. It was one thing to pretend to be the Hon. Arthur when everything was all serene. But in a moment of emotional crisis it was another matter. These people would feel deeply grieved and hurt if they found him out. He was on the point of confessing the whole affair to Willett, when a bell was heard to ring. Willett excused himself, and shortly afterwards Jeremy joined Olivia, who was all ready for the journey.

"Look here," he said when they found themselves seated in a first-class carriage alone, "I'm not at all sure about all this. Hadn't we better wait until we see whether your brother turns up? I'm beginning to feel a bit like a defaulting solicitor. I mean—dash it all, it's serious, you know!"

"You can't back out now," said Olivia. "It's your own fault anyway. If Arthur turns up we can explain. If he doesn't—well, you've got to go on being Arthur, that's all."

Jeremy did not want to bother her. She was sufficiently distressed about the sudden news of her father's death without having his difficulties thrust upon her.

"I know Arthur," she went on quietly. "He's been wild from his childhood. I don't know what harum-scarum ideas he's got in his head now; but if he said three months, you can be sure it won't be less. What did he say he was going to do?"

"I've rather a suspicion he wanted to keep that dark," said Jeremy. "That's what I'm for. Sorry."

"Some wild business, I suppose. I'm glad you're loyal to him. He'll need it before this is finished."

"So shall I," thought Jeremy wistfully.

He glanced at her profile, clean-cut against the rose-pearl light of the early morning. She was beautiful. There was a hint of pathos in her beauty now, enhanced by the slight pallor of fatigue, which made her seem fragile, delicate, almost unearthly. Her eyes were fixed on the slowly moving distances, their expression impenetrable, wistful. He wanted to take her in his arms and tell her not to worry, not to think about the future. He pulled himself up sharply.

"Break step, you lunatic," he said to himself. "You've got one large consignment of trouble with your name on it already. Don't be a thundering lunatic and upset the only help you've got.

"I suppose they'll all be there?" he said at length.

"Philip will be there. There will be no one else until old Jenkins comes. He's the solicitor, you know."

"And Philip's my brother. Shall I like Philip?"

"No; he and Arthur used to quarrel violently every time they met. In fact, Philip persuaded my father to forbid Arthur the house. That's why he lived in London. They hated each other like poison."

"Splendid!" said Jeremy. "I can see I'm going to have a happy time. There's Lady Dorothy whom I haven't met, but whom I'm going to marry, and my elder brother, who hates me like poison—and all the time I'm somebody else! You have no more good news for me, I suppose?"

His expression was so whimsically hopeless that she laughed in spite of herself.

"Don't you worry," she said. "I'll see you through. Philip is rather shortsighted anyway, and he will accept you if he's seen that I do. It will never enter his head."

"By the way," said Jeremy, "would you mind telling me how you knew that I wasn't your brother?"

There was silence for some time. Her eyes were fixed away ahead and the ghost of a smile played round her lips.

"You were very quick," urged Jeremy.

"Yes," she answered simply. And then, as though with difficulty, she added, "You see, you are—different."

"Um!" said Jeremy. "That explains it."

"Well, I can't explain it," she confessed. "You see, Arthur is Arthur."

"Yes, I see that," he said gravely.

"And you are—well, just you. You couldn't be anybody else. Look here, stop making me talk or I shall say something I've no intention of saying, and something I don't mean."

Jeremy pondered this mystery for some time, adding to it the further puzzle of the sudden flush of faint color that touched her cheeks. His first conclusions were so complimentary that he had to pull himself together and start again. "You are—well, just you!" Very nice to hear that! But how much did it mean? "Something I don't mean." Suppose she were forced to mean something she didn't mean?

"I'm going mad, that's what it is," he thought. "I knew there was a simple explanation somewhere."

He got no more clews to the mystery that morning. They had a simple breakfast of rolls and coffee on the train, and feeling a little rested, set off for the castle.

The station master gave Jeremy a shock. He was just leaving the station for the waiting car when he felt a hand upon his arm.

"This is what it feels like!" he thought instantly. "Shall I say that I'll go quietly?"

Fortunately, he said nothing.

The old station master simply said, "I'm sorry to hear the bad news, sir. I've known his lordship all my life pretty well. But I'm glad you've come. It's a pity he couldn't have seen you before he died."

"So that's that," reflected Jeremy as he got into the car. "The old johnny seems to be a friend of the family, and he didn't spot me."

But as the car gathered speed Jeremy looked back and saw the station master gazing up the road after them. Now was there a bee in his bonnet or was he just upset? Again he was reminded of the almost incredible difficulties of his position; but again he looked at Olivia, to whose cheeks the fresh summer morning air had brought a fine vigorous beauty. He was going through with it.

"They can only hang me," he thought cheerfully, "and I have no other engagements."

Pulidan Castle gave him another shock. In fact, until he saw the massive serenity of that ancient Tudor pile, with its curiously twisted chimneys and high gables; its ancient park, with lawns of flawless beauty; its woods and spinneys, its stream, its modern boathouse; its old Tudor lodges and high wrought-iron gates; its century-old cedars and oaks; its air of being just right, serenely impeccable in its knowledge of its own perfection; its evidences of hordes of servants and its traditional poise -he had not had a clear idea of just what he was doing. Here, in the drive, rapidly approaching the castle, face to face with its concrete personality, he felt his courage ebb from him. Everything around him was real, was old and tried in use, had existed in its place in the order of things from time immemorial.

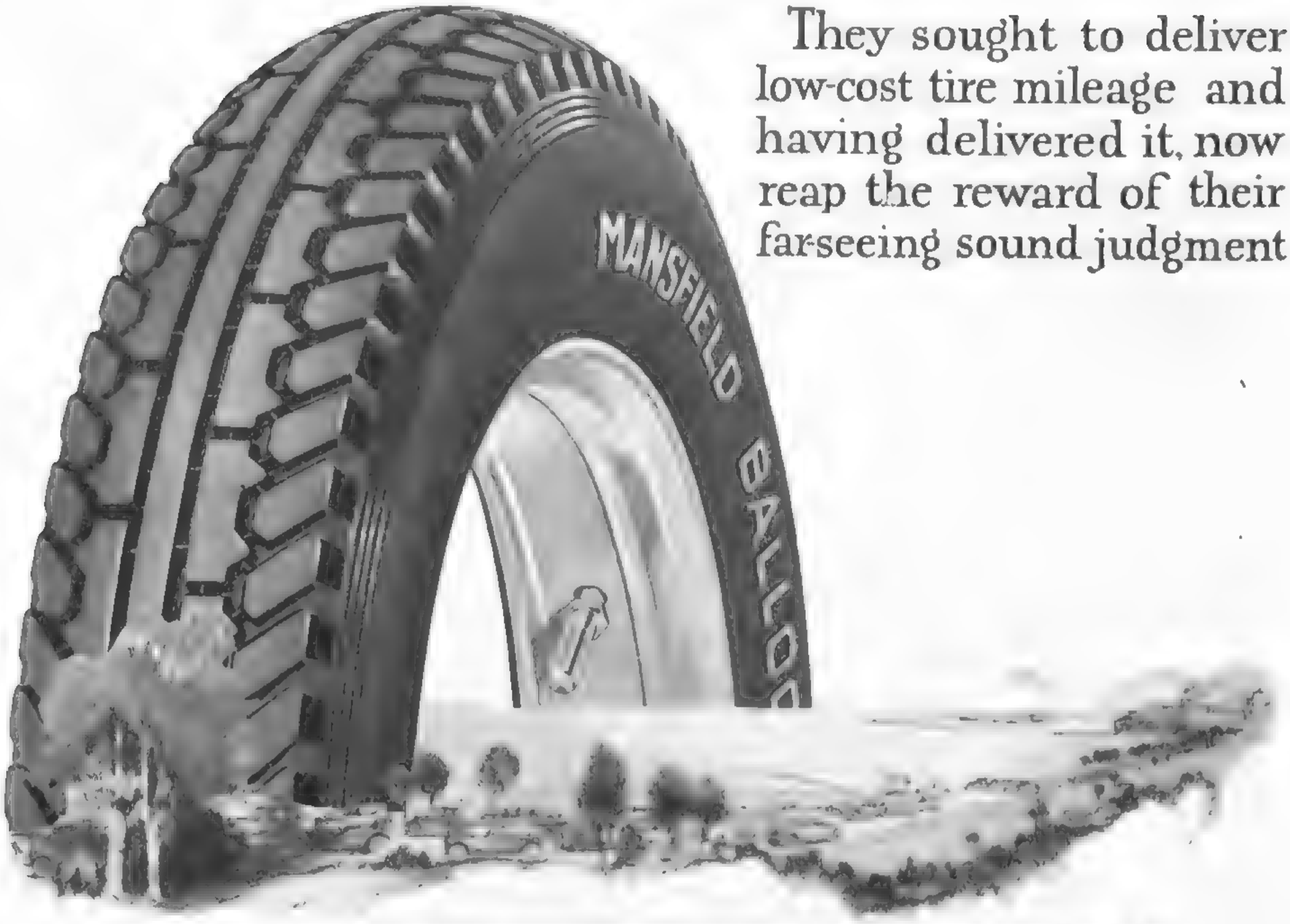
"Even the swans probably have a pedigree," he thought, "and the doormat must be hall-marked. And I I am the rift within the lute. I am the one fake in a gallery of genuine antiques, surrounded by a company of experts. I am the sheep in wolf's clothing. I expect they nail dud half crowns to the counters of the shops round here. I wonder what they'll do with me. I'm nothing but a cuckoo!"

Olivia must have fathomed his distress. She laid her gloved hand upon his arm for a moment.

"Cheer up," she said with a smile. "It may not be so bad. I'll see you through. I'm very fond of Arthur."

Now what did that mean? She was very fond of Arthur; but he, Jeremy, "was different." Did it mean anything? Before he could puzzle it out they were at the door, the heavily studded wheels scrunched at the gravel, the door swung open, and a moment later he was standing in the ancestral hall which was supposed to be his.

(Continued on Page 64)



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(Continued from Page 62)

"Come on," said Olivia. "Philip will be in the gun room. He uses it as a study because it's sunny. Come on."

Unwillingly Jeremy followed her. What was he to say to this supposed brother of his? They hated each other like poison. Jeremy had never hated anyone like that. He would leave it to the other fellow. Hang it, here he was at the door of the gun room! A tall, thin, supercilious-looking blighter, dried and withered, with a semibald head, pince-nez and—what Jeremy most detested—side whiskers! Yes, perhaps he could hate this brother of his quite easily. Already he felt equal to a sample quarrel.

"Hullo, Olivia!" said Philip stiffly, holding out his cheek to be pecked at. Then he looked at Jeremy. "So you've come!" he added. "Had any breakfast?"

"Yes, thanks; had some coffee on the train."

"Well, there's a lot to do. I want to talk to you. I shan't want you, Olivia."

"All right," said Olivia. "I'll go and wash my face. I feel like nothing on earth. Your things will be in the Blue Room, Arthur."

The door had closed behind her before Jeremy realized she was speaking to him. He was Arthur. It was important to remember that. But where was the Blue Room?

"Righto!" he said to the closed door, and then turned to meet Philip in the full light of the room.

This was the crucial test. This was his brother. How in the name of all that was genial Philip managed to be Arthur's brother, Jeremy couldn't make out. They were as unlike as possible. But there was no time for reflection. Somehow he had to put it across with this dried-up human being, had to persuade him that he, Jeremy, was the brother with whom Philip had bathed, played cricket, robbed orchards and fought as a child. Alone in the quiet room with its racks of guns and its great writing desk in the southeast window, he felt very helpless, very ignorant, and possessed of a mad desire to laugh.

"You ought to have been here sooner," said Philip. "He asked for you."

"I knew nothing about it," said Jeremy. "How could I? Why didn't you wire?" This was a bold stroke.

"If you had behaved yourself, you need never have gone away," said Philip. "It worried the old man."

"A nice brotherly suggestion that," said Jeremy, defending the absent Arthur.

"Anyway I came as quickly as I could. I don't see what I can do, now I'm here. I think that when it's all over I'll go back to London. You'll be better off without me."

"That may be true. But someone has to look after the castle. I shall be in London for some time. I've got to take my place in the Lords in the autumn."

"My hat!" exclaimed Jeremy. "I never thought of that!"

"Of what?" said Philip coldly, tapping his desk with a bone paper knife.

"Why, you're Lord Amlett! My gracious aunt! Lord Amlett!"

"Have you gone mad?" said the new Lord Amlett.

"No, not yet," answered Jeremy weakly; "but there's plenty of time."

Then he noticed to his horror that the man was looking at him fixedly. Perhaps it was a habit of his to stare like that when he was thinking, for example. Yes; but what was he thinking about? Jeremy felt uncomfortably hot and then uncomfortably cold. Why the dickens had he been such an idiot as to take this impossible job on? Where was Olivia and why had she left him like this? Still Philip, Lord Amlett, stared; he removed his pince-nez and rubbed them with a silk handkerchief, replaced them and stared again, his expression changing from its average of stony indifference to one of incredulous hostility and anger.

Jeremy, divided between nervous apprehension and suppressed hysterics, moved across the room toward the great open fireplace to get a little farther out of range of those hostile shortsighted eyes. He drew a cigarette case from his pocket, tapped a cigarette on the case, lit it and blew clouds of smoke.

"Stop!" said Lord Amlett suddenly.

"Hello!" answered Jeremy. "You gone mad now?"

Amlett did not answer. Instead he stood up, precise and prim, moved slowly across the room, and before Jeremy could guess at his purpose, he had taken the cigarette case from Jeremy's unresisting fingers.

"Yes, do have a cigarette!" said Jeremy lightly.

"You ought to have known," answered Lord Amlett, pausing deliberately on each word as though he were passing sentence, "that I do not smoke."

"That," said Jeremy to himself, "has torn it!"

"J. L.," said Lord Amlett, peering at the initials on the cigarette case. He dropped it with a clatter on the table. It flew open and the cigarettes rolled out onto the carpet.

"What do you mean—I ought to have known?" said Jeremy. "Of course I knew. I was just pulling your leg. You're so beastly touchy."

"You would be well advised to drop the whole game," said Lord Amlett severely. He touched a bell as he spoke. "I do not know what your game is. You seem to have imposed yourself upon my sister—because she's a woman, I suppose. They're all alike. Can't see farther than the end of their noses. Taken in by any trickster that comes along. No, don't move. I warn you. This means jail. Impersonation is a pretty serious business, I can tell you. It's just like Olivia. Trust a woman to make a fool of herself."

"Well, you're wrong there," said Jeremy. "She spotted that I was a fraud in less than twenty seconds. You've taken twenty minutes. So she's one up on you."

For a moment Jeremy thought Lord Amlett was going to forget himself and punch his nose. But he controlled himself and said incredulously:

"She spotted you were a fraud in twenty seconds! But I heard her call you Arthur only half an hour ago!"

"Yes, you did," said Jeremy. "And I'll bet you half a crown you'll be calling me Arthur yourself before the day's out."

"I don't bet," said Lord Amlett frigidly. "But I'll pay fifty pounds to any charity you like to name if I do."

"Right," said Jeremy. "Ah, here she is. I say, Olivia, he's found me out!"

"What, already?"

"It took him more than twenty minutes. It takes a woman to see through a fraud, you know."

"Olivia!" said Lord Amlett angrily. "What does this farce mean? Who is this man and why do you call him Arthur?"

"Now, my dear Philip, do keep your temper, and don't be superior. There is nothing to be superior about. Just listen! This is Mr. Jeremy Laytree. He has very kindly consented to take Arthur's place. As you have noticed, he is so like Arthur that no one, save perhaps you and I, could suspect that he isn't Arthur. Where Arthur is, nobody knows, not even Mr. Laytree. When they changed places nobody suspected that father was so ill. It was to be for several weeks and Mr. Laytree was to remain in London. It's unfortunate; but in view of what has happened, he'll just have to carry on."

Lord Amlett looked bewildered and unhappy.

"All the servants have seen him arrive. If he goes away now there'll be a scandal. They'll say you've driven him away from his father's funeral. It won't look decent. Besides, who knows what Arthur may be up to? He knows best how much secrecy is essential. You know what he is at times. You'll have to lump it."

The fear that he should get the reputation of having driven his own brother away from his father's funeral appalled the new Lord Amlett. He could see there was no hope for it. This man would have to stay.

"May I butt in for a moment?" said Laytree; and as he spoke Lord Amlett marveled yet again at the extraordinary likeness between this man and his brother. Only a very near relation would suspect the truth. Perhaps it might be pulled off. If the trick was not discovered no one need suffer. He did not mind so long as he was not found out.

"Well?"

"It's just this," said Jeremy: "I fell in with your brother's suggestion because he was a sportsman. I didn't realize then that my presence here would be likely to cause trouble. I hoped it would all be plain sailing. Now I'm here, I know different. I'm not wanted. I happen to be rather a sensitive plant. I curl up at the edges in the east wind, so to speak. You've shown me pretty clearly that you loathe the sight of me. I'm sorry and all that; but I can't stand it. I'm off—back where I came from. The bargain's off. I'm sorry for your sake, Olivia. Thought we might have been good pals. But —— Good-by."

"Stop!" said Lord Amlett, seriously alarmed now. "You can't go. The servants have all seen you; the station master's seen you; the chauffeur's seen you."

"Well, what does that matter?" said Jeremy. "After all, what am I supposed to be? Merely the younger son. I don't matter so much as all that."

"You silly ass!" said Lord Amlett, unbending in the rush of his anxiety. "Don't you realize the position? You're the heir to the title now!"

As the realization of this burst upon him for the first time, Jeremy turned cold all over. He stood silent for a while, and then turned away.

"Ah, well," he said hopelessly, "I'll stay."

He turned to go. The butler entered with a telegram for his lordship.

Lord Amlett wanted a further word with Jeremy. The butler being there was a nuisance, rather. He'd have to stop Jeremy.

"I say," he called.

Jeremy took no notice. After all, he had a name, even if it was not his own.

"Just a minute!" said Lord Amlett again.

Jeremy was at the door.

"I say, Arthur!" called Lord Amlett.

Jeremy turned. When the butler had gone he looked at Lord Amlett and murmured softly. "You can pay that fifty pounds to one of the ex-service men's funds. You said it very nicely!"

"Confound you!" said Lord Amlett.

IV

THE funeral was over, the innumerable hordes of near and distant relations of the great family of the Arthurtons had come and gone, the new Lord Amlett had gone up to London to look after affairs, and Jeremy, the cuckoo in the nest, the supposed heir, was carrying on. He was beginning to grow used to the rôle by now and able to avoid the more obvious mistakes. Olivia had helped him to avoid quarreling with his supposed brother, and if only they could have reckoned on the real Arthur turning up they would have had nothing to worry about.

Olivia was puzzling things out that fine early autumn morning as she rode round the corner of the stables. She nearly always rode before breakfast. The swift vigorous exercise put her in a good temper with the world, made life feel worth living. She glanced up at the windows of the Blue Room. That was still Jeremy's room. He was fast asleep probably. She would rather have liked —— She tightened her rein, pulled her horse's head gently round and cantered off. What she would rather have liked she did not admit even to herself, a form of mental evasion which had happened more than once lately. The more she saw of Jeremy the better she liked him. She liked his cheerful courage, his frankness, his kindly irony and wit; she liked his self-control, she liked his capable-looking

(Continued on Page 66)

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(Continued from Page 64)

hands and the way his hair rumpled in the wind; she liked the quaint air of wistfulness which came over him when he was in a tight corner, and she liked his swift matter-of-fact actions when there was any danger. They had been exploring a distant part of the park together one day, where the remains of an early Saxon church were rapidly disappearing beneath the ivy. They had climbed up to the top; she had slipped, fallen, and then felt herself supported as by a miracle. He had not said anything until she was safe beside him on the tower again.

"Just like the ivy," he said with a grin.

"What?"

"I cling to you. That's how it goes on, isn't it?"

"You saved my life," she said with a little shiver. She didn't like to think of herself all broken up at the bottom of the scarp.

"Nonsense!" said Jeremy. "Saved you a bad bump. Let's buzz on. This is not our lucky spot."

That was more or less the way he treated everything. She pondered the events of the past few weeks as she rode down the clearing. The misty sunshine clung round her like a veil as she sat straight-backed, beautiful, her bobbed chestnut curls tossing slightly as she moved to her horse's movement.

She wondered whether Jeremy could ever take anything seriously—even himself, or what was more important, herself. She had tried to make him talk about his future, but he dodged that every time. All he would say was that he had no future, and that when the real Arthur Arthurton returned, he, Jeremy, would probably go back to Africa to work out his own salvation.

"You know I can't help feeling," he said with mock gravity, "that prospective heir to Pulldan Castle is—in my case anyway—a blind-alley occupation. It's not going to lead anywhere much, I mean."

She only wished that she had that cheerful spirit here beside her now. Before Jeremy had arrived she had never been lonely. She had been accustomed to being alone for days at the castle, busy with her gardens, her horses, her books, and so on. Now all that had changed. She wanted Jeremy to be with her, to share any interest, to take part in any fun there might be.

Poor old Jeremy! She would have liked him to be with her, but perhaps he was better off where he was. After all, only in the privacy of his bedroom could he be frankly careless and feel safe from possible discovery. She put her horse to a gallop, and then in the distance caught the sound of following hoof beats. Who could be out at that time? She shot ahead, swerved into a clearing and waited.

Down the long ride thundered Jeremy, riding his hardest. He had caught a glimpse of her from his window, had seen her glance toward him, pause and then ride off. That was enough. He dressed like a cyclone, dashed down to the stables and was off after her in no time. He glimpsed her far off through the trees in the thin sunlight, saw her put her horse to the gallop and raced after her. Then she disappeared.

He thundered on, only to overshoot her hiding place. He heard her laugh; he reined in, bore round upon her.

"Good morning, sir," she laughed.

"Good morning, madam."

"You lie abed late, sir."

"Madam, I was up at the first glance of the sun upon my window," he bowed.

"You do it very well. You might almost be eighteenth century."

"I don't feel it. I'll race you to the lodge."

"No, I'd rather talk. You know Philip is coming back at the week-end?"

"Yes."

"Well? Don't you think you ought to go?"

"Yes, I do. I can't see this place gives a hoot whether I'm here or not. It won't do Arthur any good or any harm whether I go or stay. The spoof is less likely to be found out in London than here. I won't have to guard every moment against letting something slip. It will be better all round."

"Yes, I suppose it will," she said absently. They rode a while in silence. "You put up a perfect case for going away," she said. "There seems no answer to it. I suppose you really want to go. That's why your reasons are so excellent."

"No, it's the other way about. I don't want to go. I'm fond of Pulldan. I'm growing used to the life. I'm able to see the funny side of it—all!"

"Is that all?" she asked simply.

"Well, as a matter of fact, it isn't. I don't think I need tell you the rest. But I may as well. We're not eighteenth century. And if we come up against the immovable post—well, perhaps we've got the courage to admit it, and the self-control to be able to talk about it. Well, in plain twentieth-century style, you're the rest, Olivia. Sorry for my beastly cheek and all that, but I can't help it."

Steady hand on rein, steady eyes fixed upon the distance, a profile set and composed, steady, steady—and 'ware wire!

There was no answer for so long that he went on:

"I know the idea has its funny side too. I can see that. But I can't appreciate it somehow. You see, I—liked you when I first saw you. That was why I wanted to give the whole business up -and that was why I wanted to go on. Anyway, now you know, Olivia." He caught at her rein and brought the two horses to a standstill in the wood. "Now you know," he urged. "What about it? If it's the bird, say so quickly and I'll beat it for the long grass. Well?"

"It's not the bird," she answered softly; and then, fearful lest things should rip out of control, held up her hand. "Wait, Jeremy! It's all so very wonderful that I want to be very careful about it all. I wanted you to say something—oh, so badly—but remember, it's all got to be kept very secret. Watch your eyes, Jeremy, they'll give you away first every time—and don't watch mine. . . . Oh—well, you may, just one—if there is no one looking. . . . Oh, Jeremy!"

They rode on together in the busy silence of the wood, not speaking, each thinking hard of that kiss, so swift in its coming, so full of possibilities, and yet—and yet—and yet —— There were doubts in both their minds. Jeremy was keeping a tight hold over himself. He hadn't said very much. He couldn't, in the nature of the case.

"My path is not exactly a primrose one as it is," he was thinking. "If I've got to watch my eyes as well as my step, my goose is cooked from now on, and there'll be ructions. Besides, it's not exactly fair to the Hon. Arthur. He wanted me as a temporary cuckoo, not as a permanent brother-in-law. Washout!"

Olivia's thoughts were even less pleasant, less certain. She had sensed at once his hesitation. She was disappointed. To her mind love came first; and then, sharp on the heels of that thought, came the swift reminder, "Not before loyalty." Could she be sure that it was loyalty that was holding him back? Wouldn't it be better if the incident in the sunlit glade had never happened?

They came to their conclusions together.

"Olivia," said Jeremy, reining in.

"Jeremy," said Olivia at the same moment.

"Go on," said Jeremy.

"No, you," said Olivia.

"Ladies first."

"Not over fences!"

"All right then. My last thought was washout!"

"Delightfully vague. I suppose you mean we've been and gone and done it."

"Yes. Take back the heart that thou gavest, and all that sort of bilge. What's your jolly old motto? Soyez Sage, isn't it?—which means mind your step."

"Roughly, I suppose it does—very roughly."

"Catch my drift? You see, Olivia, it's pretty rough going already. I'm snooped from behind every corner as it is. I think that we'd better regard that little idyl down the lane as nonexistent. We'll pretend we were still eighteenth century, and that now we're grown up in the full flower of the twentieth, and I'm nothing but a cuckoo—for three months. I won't give the blighter longer than three months. If he doesn't come back and own up I'll ——"

"You'll what?"

"Dashed if I know," said Jeremy.

"You are a dear," she said for no apparent reason. "But I agree."

They rode on again in silence. Then—"I say, Jeremy!"

"Yes, sister dear."

"You needn't rub it in. Tell me, when Arthur comes back we start level, eh?"

"Oh, yes, rather. More than that—even. Oh, yes!"

They shook hands on it, rode on out of the park and across a grassy road.

"We won't go back for breakfast. Let's go on to Mrs. Mellidew's farm. She'll give us some new milk and some scones. We can go back by the circular road, round the hill."

"Righto! Anything you like. I'm not anxious to get back, I can assure you."

Mrs. Mellidew was very glad to see them. They ate their scones and drank their new milk sitting on the bench in her garden.

"Eh, and how times change," said the old woman. "I was only saying to Mellidew last night when he came in from the milking, to think that we should see Master Philip grown up and taking the title. He ought to marry, that he did, and there's many a one would have him."

"Hardly a marrying man, you know, Mrs. Mellidew," said Jeremy. "My brother never was one for the ladies."

"He left that to you, sir, I'll be bound," said the old woman. "You'll be married before him, that you will. I heard from Hopkins, who's groom at the Hall now, that Lady Dorothy came back last night. Eh, now you needn't look surprised! I warrant you knew all about it long since, sir. And perhaps you'll find her in if you go a little farther. No use telling you the road, eh, sir?" The old woman chuckled richly over her joke, over what she believed was a pretended expression of surprise.

"Dash it all!" thought Jeremy. "It is funny, if only I could see it. She gave me the shock of my brief career. And she thinks I am putting it on! My aunt! Putting it on! Phew!

"Er—they're not all so intimate as Mrs. Mellidew by any chance?" he asked. "My sense of humor won't stand much more of that."

"Oh, Mrs. Mellidew's all right," said Olivia. "You see, she nursed both you and Philip."

"She did, did she? That was very charming of her. You see, my memories of my youth are rather dim. They'll put me in the cart one of these fine days. I do hope there's no nonsense about strawberry marks or kissing spots."

"There may be," said Olivia cheerfully, "but you won't be asked to show them."

"N. B. Don't go bathing if Mrs. Mellidew is about," said Jeremy. "I'd better go back to London quick, and —— I say, about Lady Dorothy, are we really anywhere near her place? I'd really rather not. I mean, I'll be delighted for her to marry Arthur and all that; but if she's as near as all that, don't you think we'd better go home and look up the trains?"

"Don't get panicky," said Olivia. "She's quite charming, really. Do you see those chimneys just peeping over the top of the trees in the hollow? That's the Hall. She lives there. She is very restless. We may even meet her on the road. You've got to do it some time."

"Yes; but some other time; not this time. I should hate to spoil a charming morning."

The sudden threat of Lady Dorothy's nearness completed his discomfiture. He felt that at any cost he must avoid a meeting. He was a rotten conspirator, anyway,

(Continued on Page 68)

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MONROE
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(Continued from Page 66)

and this was something for which Arthur Arthurton had not prepared him. In the hustle and hurry of their departure from London he had forgotten all about Olivia's mention of the lady. Now she suddenly loomed large, blotting out the sunshine.

"The bare thought of it makes me feel creepy all over," he muttered.

"We'll go back then," said Olivia; "but it will have to come. . . . Oh, look! What's that?"

She pointed up the hill. About a mile away they could see a trap drawn by a powerful white horse. It seemed to be proceeding at a fantastic speed down the hill, describing parabolas with alternate wheels. They could not see who was in the trap. It was too far away for that. But just beyond where they had stopped the road turned back on itself in a hairpin bend, with a dead stone wall blocking the straight run.

"Runaway," said Jeremy. "Nasty mess up. I hate a mess." He jumped from his horse and handed the reins to Olivia. "Put the horses in that field, out of harm's way. We don't want a circus."

"And you?"

"I'm going to stop it "

"Jeremy, you can't!"

"I'm going to try. It's worth it."

There was no time for more. He ran up the hill to meet the frantic horse. As he turned to run beside it he caught a glimpse of a slender figure of a woman with big eyes in which there was no fear. She was bearing with all her strength and weight upon the reins, but the horse was her master. Jeremy caught the flying strap, felt himself jerked off his feet, banged, bumped and whirled through the air. He had just missed the shaft, and had a good grip which he could hold. The wall was a hundred yards away. The pace of the horse slackened; it jibbed, swerved, dropped a wheel of the trap along the ditch side, recovered, but plunged again. This time the wheel went in, the trap described one last perfect curve and overturned, twisting the animal with it. There was a loud crash of splintering wood and then silence. Jeremy crawled out of the ditch, felt himself all over.

"Yes, I'm still here," he said, "but only just. Now where's the lady, if any?"

He found her lying still and white in the dry ditch a little distance away. She had been thrown out a second or two before the trap went over, which accident had undoubtedly saved her. She was quite unconscious.

"Get a doctor or something!" shouted Jeremy to Olivia. "Quick as you can!"

"Is she dead?" called Olivia as she started off.

"Not on your life! But buck up, there's a dear. I've crocked my leg or I'd go. No, it's nothing much. But do buck up!"

Left alone with the unknown lady, he looked about for some water. He bathed her forehead and her cheeks, careful not to make a mess of her more than he could help. He slapped her hands and did several other obvious and futile things.

"I've wasted my youth," he murmured. "I ought to have been a Boy Scout. Here's my daily good turn arrived and I don't know what to do with it! Wait a minute though. I believe she's coming round. That's the style! Every day in every way you're getting better and better. Keep on saying it over and over again. It's the daily dose. . . . Ah, there you are then! That's better."

The unknown opened her eyes, let them rest upon him for a moment, and then breathed one word:

"Arthur!"

She closed her eyes again.

"That, Mr. Arthur Jeremy Arthurton Laytree, has put the lid on it. When she opens her eyes again, you've got to say 'Dorothy!' There's no doubt about it. It's happened. I knew it would. This is what comes of philandering on a sunshiny morning when the world is full of man traps. This is about the worst snag I've struck yet. The trenches were nothing to it!"

The lady opened her eyes once again.

"Arthur!" she whispered.

"Dorothy!" said Jeremy in a choked voice. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, quite all right now. You've saved my life. Funny, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is; jolly funny. Ha-ha! But don't you worry about that. Here, let me make you more comfortable." He took off his coat, rolled it up and put it beneath her head.

"I'm all right," she said softly. "Really I am "

"Jolly good," said Jeremy, avoiding her smile. "Jolly good."

"Arthur," she whispered, "aren't you going to kiss me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DULCARNON

(Continued from Page 48)

"What happened there in the dark, he and his high priest of Egypt only know; but he came out a horned god, the Son of Amon. Look in your book. What is our Ulcarn, there, but Alexander the Two-Horned, Zulkarnein? I tell you he is the everlasting eel in our pie, and will not down, but sticks his ram's head through the crust!"

Dan rose, lounged into his bedroom and presently returned with another book

"Sorry to contradict you," said he "but here's the Chaucer I was reading last night. And here's the word given in full."

He opened the volume under the lamp, and as he read moved his finger along the penciled writing:

"Dulcarnon: See Cambridge ed. of E., pages 349 ff. On line F. C. take 12' 8". Rev. let. R. and L."

Runa's dark eyes glittered. He seemed ready to break out once more, furiously. Instead, after waiting, he gave a mild shrug.

"Bah, quite right!" He sipped his liqueur. "My old trick of jumping too fast. You are a good herb, Daniel, a sedative. Lend me your book, please."

With his cropped head and brown face near the lamp, he hung forward scowling, restless but intent, like a boy reading stolen magic.

"If it had a glossary," he muttered. "Ah, oh, it has!" He rustled through pages at the back of the volume. "No. H'm! *Quoi?* Can do, here we go! The glossary hath it: 'Dulcarnon, see Troilus and Criseyde, III, 930.' No definition. Nonsense. Nothing to do with you or me."

He slammed the book to and pushed it away.

"Hold on there!" Dan, busy with the other copy, was more stubborn. "I have the passage, Troilus and Criseyde, the lady speaking." And he read aloud:

"'I am, till god me bettre minde sende,
At dulcarnon, right at my wittes ende.'

"Quod Pandarus, 'ye, nece, wol ye here?
Dulcarnon called is "flemingo of
wreeches."'"

Runa turned up his nose.

"What's all that gibberish trying to say?" he cried. "How do you fleme wretches?"

"I don't know," Dan confessed. "And what's more, the editor can't say."

"*Bon soir!* I make the editor my compliment. He is an ass. We are asses, if we do more work tonight. Let us go to bed "

Towers, yawning, closed his book. Idly, as an afterthought, he picked up his friend's and opened it.

"Troilus and Cressida. A great poem anyhow, son. Caltrop scribbled in yours too. Hallo! Should say he did! Look!"

Dan leaned across the table, his thumbnail on the margin of a page

"Look! Your two horns!"

They read what a wanton of Troy had spoken, what a dead man's pencil had marked:

"Dulcarnon = Zulkarnein."

A whim of the night air made their lamp waver and smoke; a lizard in the garden trees hiccuped loud, with drunken gravity; and long after the hot stillness had come redoubled they sat wondering.

"My flesh does not often creep," said Runa. "But here is the ghost again, tonight, Alexander the Ram-God in this room. Diablerie? Pooh!" He knocked the book end over end, along with cheroots that rolled scattering to the floor. "What a misfortune! We are on the path and cannot see. What a misfortune it is to be ignorant! Oh, for one learned man or a good dictionary, a word, a note, a chit, a card! On the track, and so near!"

Dan raised his head and whistled.

"You remind me. I clean forgot the thing—a playing card." He drew out his wallet. "The day I tried to see your family at Les Saintes Maries, a fellow handed me this for you, in the dark, on the shore."

So saying, he laid between them a dirty old five of diamonds, with rough-worn corners and a scrawl among its red pips:

"Runa my lad it is I.47, and I wish you joy of that proposition.
"Yr. old enemy, Birdekin."

Without taking his eyes from the card, La Flèche rose like one in a dream.

"Alive?" said he. "That's the man! Alive! That's the man who ought to be buried in the Desert of Libya."

VIII

LIKE a gambler who had met some wretched little unforeseen trump and been driven from the table, Runa stood looking down at the five of diamonds; yet he no longer saw it, for his eyes dreamed of something far away.

"The man," he repeated in soliloquy, "ought to be dead and buried."

"As bad as all that, was he?"

La Flèche nodded, without leaving his privacy of thought.

"I never knew if he was bad or good. Certainly not indifferent. One or other, or both very much mixed. A rough character, Birdekin, wild, a rolling stone; but what's not usual among them, a rolling stone with brains for center of gravity."

Runa bent the card back and forth, flipped it aside and woke.

"I only meant," said he, "that it was Birdekin who strolled off into the Libyan Desert, where someone thought he died. A rumor came back so; a rumor hardly worth doubting, for it was the most likely end. He'd gone chasing King Cambyses, or the hidden city Arabs yarn about, or any mirage you please—afoot, I dare say, with a pick and spade on one shoulder and a bag of dates on the other. Quite probable. Amazing creature. His notion of sport, fun."

"What," said Dan, "was he trying to convey on your pasteboard there?"

"He and heaven may know," replied Runa, frowning. "Impulse; all the man clear through—impulse. Kindly, perhaps, for the moment. But as one of my thief brethren used to remark, we do not look for flesh in a vulture's nest; and this big chap is nothing if not predatory, a Birdekin of prey. They tell hard things about him. We met once years ago, he and I, for a few minutes. I got him out of trouble and lent him fifteen rupees to go on. He seemed grateful, the Cambyses hunter; was overcome, had a sudden thought to swear eternal friendship, tears on his red face, in

(Continued on Page 70)

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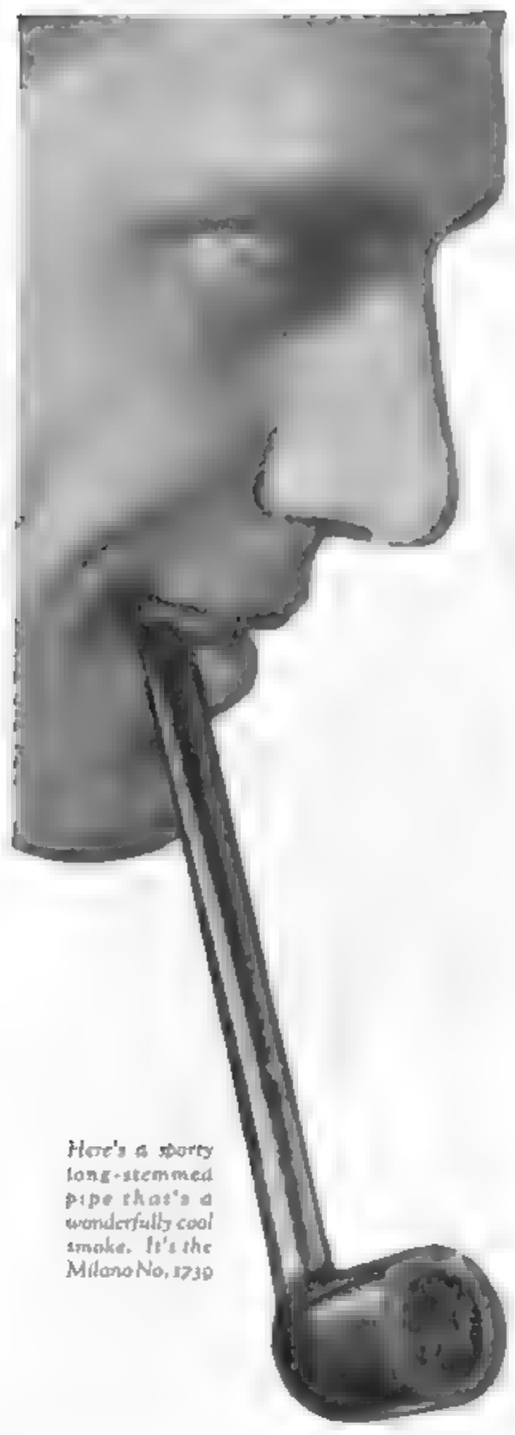

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MILANO
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(Continued from Page 68)

his loud voice; would repay me next week, and so disappeared, bouncing down the stairs like a great football. Adieu, the fifteen rupees! I heard of him afterward as a tumbler."

"A what?"

"A tumbler, an acrobat in a circus. Poor fellow!"

Dan gave a start.

"Hold on there! He's active, light on his feet?"

"Very, wonderfully."

"He's in our neighborhood then," declared Towers. "The night I landed here, a large man climbed out of a jute dinghy and aboard the steamer like a tin monkey up a string. He'd been asking for us. Your baboo at the hulk told me so, and called him the King of Handcuffs, doing pranks of brute force in a menagerie. Birdekin was here five or six days ago."

"Excellent! We have our wish. We know who is the chief directing operations against us." From the pile on the table he chose another book. "There is time, before bed, to look through the rest. See, *mon grand*, if we can hit upon more of Caltrop's marginalia."

He skimmed the pages at first, devoured them top to bottom with a running glance, then paused, turned back, growled and began to read like a bookworm. Dan meanwhile finished what was left, without finding a written word to break their monotonous print. Runa, elbow on table, cheek in palm, sat reading harder than ever.

"It grows warm!"

He flung himself back in his chair suddenly and rested.

"Give me another smoke, will you? Then see here. Cast an eye on this hodgepodge of mine."

They leaned over the fat volume, of which Runa, keeping the place with his thumb, shuffled a few leaves here and there. It was a bound miscellany; pamphlets, reports of government, essays from old quarterly and monthly journals.

"I got to reading this."

La Flèche opened it flat. "A curio."

What Dan saw might have been the dead vast and middle of its dreariness, a monograph on Indian geometry. This came—he could make out so much—from the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, XLIV, 1875, Part I, and was written by G. Thibaut. The rest remained worse than Greek or Urdu.

"If I had me flute," said he, "I could play it."

Runa laughed.

"My Uncle Merey the scholar," he explained, "knew Thibaut. That's how I got to reading. And Monsieur Thibaut knew all the three Sulva-sutras."

"I don't doubt your word."

"And here this trifler, Thibaut, writes on the Sulva-sutra of Apastamba."

"Can't anything," said Towers, "be done to stop him?"

"Wait! Be serious!" cried Runa. "Hark now! What does the Sulva-sutra of Apastamba drive at, if anything? Why, it is a treatise, four or five hundred years before Christ, how to build altars—peculiar forms of altars."

"Very well."

"Very well? I believe you! Hark! What were the last words our maharaja from nowhere spoke, his highness of the bats' roost, our lord of the treasure, before he disappeared? He said, 'There's a book about building altars.' And you poke fun?"

"I don't poke any more," Dan agreed. "You're right, boy. But this is too deep for me. I'm stuck, mired."

Runa gave a groan.

"So am I." He tossed over a leaf, smoothed it and drew his finger up the page. "What's deeper. A note—just one in the whole book."

Caltrop's pencil had again scribbled here:

"Dulcarnon, the theorem of Pythagoras, obviously known earlier."

As if the sight of it drove him into a rage, La Flèche overturned the book, jumped up and walked the floor, waving his hand, throwing sparks and ashes.

"Malvolio!" he stormed. "What opinion did Pythagoras hold concerning wild fowl—that my grandmama was a duck, I suppose? And he calls it obvious! We are too ignorant. A paper chase. All these fragments belong together somehow, lead somewhere. The scent grows warm, we follow, and—up to our neck, mired in poets and Pythagorases. Oh, Dan, if we knew something! Mired, when it is obvious, these dead men laughing at us tonight, Alexander Bicorne, Caltrop the man of figures. I am like your young lady; I am at Dulcarnon, right at my wit's end."

Disgust gradually made him calmer, for he broke off his pacing back and forth.

"Bedtime," said Dan. "Sleep on it."

"Good counsel." Runa let fly the cheroot like a javelin, its coal tracing a fiery curve into the garden. "To bed, so that we do our thinking fresh and early."

Five minutes later the house was dark. Restless, Dan lay and heard, not without envy, the sound of his youngster's breathing from the next room. Dropped off like a child. Always his way."

It was not so easy to follow. Dozing, tossing, falling into catnaps which if prolonged became nightmare, waking stifled in sweat, Dan counted, or thought he counted, every hour of the darkness. Yet he must have slept, for all at once the room was filled with blue dawn. A phantom, another nightmare, sat on his legs and grinned through the gauze of the mosquito net, which its weight pulled bellying inward. It had the form, the lean brown face, the ragged clothes and headdress of a coolie. Dan jerked his legs free and sat up on the pillow, indignant.

"Here's a nerve! What next?"

The stranger's eyes, dull and crafty, gave back stare for stare. Then they changed, began to twinkle, and were the eyes of Runa.

"Good morning, *ap ma-bap*. I'm off," said he. "Can you stand four days here alone, while I go scouting for information? If you don't mind, I can catch the boat down river this morning, see Crowninshield tomorrow, consult a library, and be with you again by Wednesday night. Agreed?"

"Why the war paint, son?"

"Oh, these?" Runa tweaked the scanty rags of his garment. "Being low and humble, *hazur*, I keep my ear to the ground and perhaps gather gossip. Moreover, nobody can tell if I'm here or gone."

"All right." Dan rubbed his eyes. "Trot along. Skip."

"It's rather mean, leaving you to hold the fort alone. Promise me to carry this."

On the bedsheet Runa laid a small automatic pistol, a dark murderous toy, flat, angular, with a brown wooden butt.

"No, sir, I won't; nor touch it with a ten-foot pole."

"Oh, come! You're a dead shot, for I've seen you."

"That may be, but I hate 'em like a snake or a liar."

"Then I won't go," declared Runa. "Not a budge. And we'll stew in our own ignorance. Promise me, like a good chap. Keep it in your pocket."

"Oh, well," Dan growled, "to please the child. Don't miss your boat arguing."

Runa shook him by the hand and was gone like a thief, a shadow crossing the blue light of the windows.

Rain fell soon afterward—rain that burst with the noise of a torrent and shone beyond the veranda, thick, vertical, its downpour as of glass rods breaking into smoke along the path. Noah's flood began so, thought Towers, when he came to breakfast alone. All that morning the deluge beat down; and though toward noon it slackened, all day the trampling and the darkness of rain kept the world gloomy. At first there was work enough to kill time, indoors; but after he had gone, careful as a proofreader, through every book of Caltrop's and found nothing for his trouble, Dan settled to the irksome job, once more, of waiting.

"Little cuss, he took the sun away in his jacket."

On the next day it rained, and on the next, a weary drizzle. Runa's going left the house more than lonesome, haunted by an illusion that he had never been there; as if he, his talk, the interval of bright weather were only snatches from a dream. He became hard to believe in, like his Pythagoras and horned Alexander, wild fancies. Everything had fallen humdrum; the old manservant with his boy pattered through the rooms and vanished regularly; the garden, as before, lay sopping.

In the afternoon of the third day, while stripped to cinglet and trousers, boxing with his shadow for exercise, Dan trod upon a thing that snapped. It was his only pipe, fallen to the floor, its bitt now broken off, past repair. Later, as he came from his bath, he recalled that when cleaning the house a week ago he had seen half a dozen clay pipes, good London straws, fresh and neatly packed in sawdust.

"Where did we put them?"

He had not long to search. Empty cigar boxes filled a lower compartment of the sideboard. In darkness behind them lay a narrow carton which held the pipes, and which Dan fumbled to pry loose. A weightier object of some kind blocked the way, slid and came toppling forward. It was a book, rather portly, once blue or black, now furred with gray-green mildew.

He opened this, read the title page, and for a while remained so, kneeling on one knee. When he rose he had forgotten the London straws and his need for tobacco.

"It looks—— Aha! If so, Master Runa will go straight up in the air. He might as well have stayed at home."

Towers placed the book on the table.

"The Thirteen Books of Euclid's Elements," he murmured. "Volume I. Geometry again. And what did friend Birdekin say on his playing card? Proposition. 'Joy of that proposition.' And it's printed at Cambridge, the University Press!"

Dan fell to work, elated.

"Warm? We're hot! Runa will tear his hair for envy and make the welkin ring." Turning leaves, the reader hummed. "What does little Birdekin say, in his nest at peep of day? One forty-seven. Joy of that proposition. And this is Caltrop's 'Cambridge ed. of E.' Joy is right. Euclid, Book I, Proposition Forty-five. Forty-six. There she blows! Forty-seven. Have got!"

Something of his elation departed, for what met the eye here, above a figure of three squares joined corner to corner, was nothing but the plain statement:

"In right-angled triangles the square on the side subtending the right angle is equal to the squares on the sides containing the right angle."

He waded through the demonstration, shook his head in despair, but kept on to plow the footnotes.

"'If we listen,' says Proclus, 'to those who wish to recount ancient history, we may find some of them referring this theorem to Pythagoras and saying that he sacrificed an ox in honor of his discovery.'"

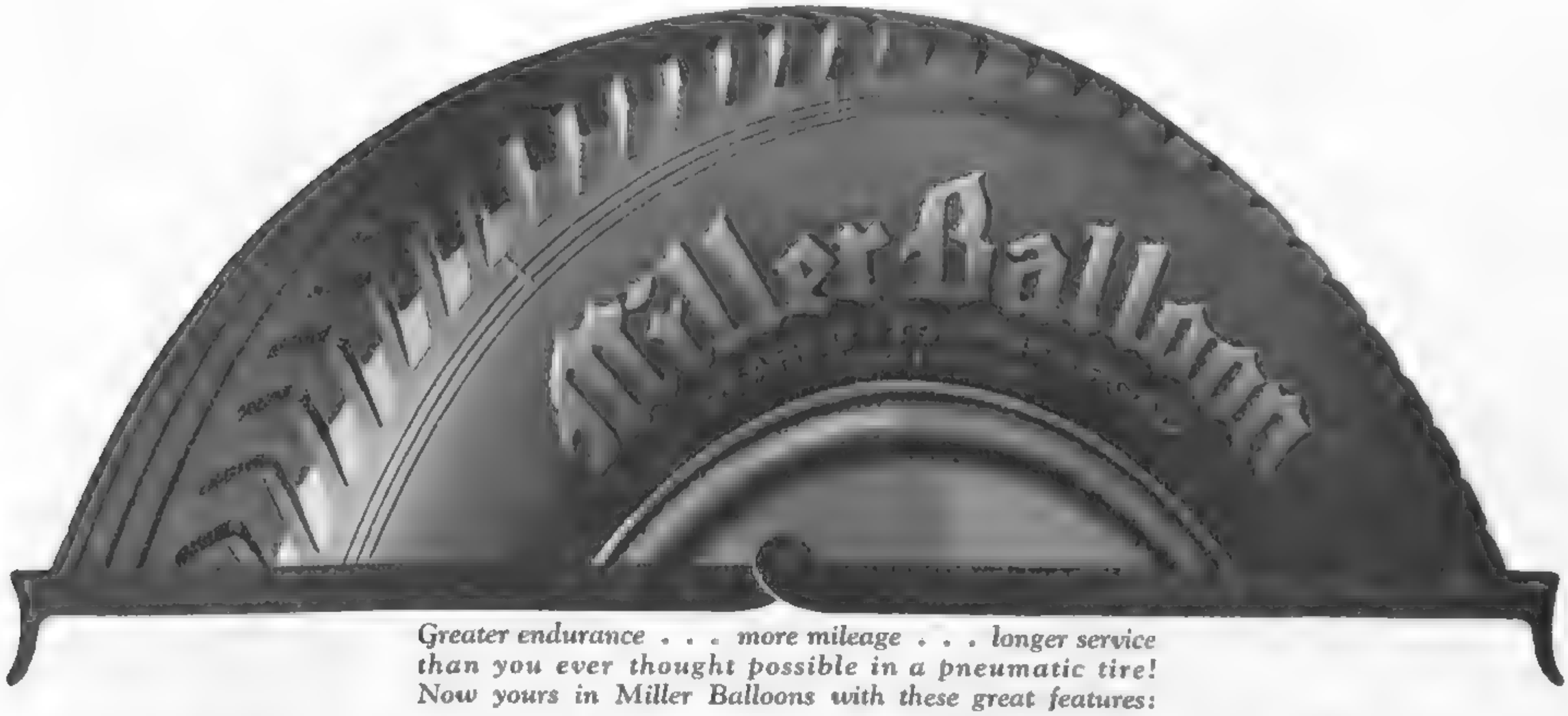
There was nothing in all this or in what followed. A moment afterward, however, Dan struck the page with his fist and laughed aloud. "We have it!"

IX

IN THE tedium of dark rain, any pastime, a new game at solitaire, an invalid's picture puzzle, would have been welcome enough; these wet days holding him prisoner in a house, alone, had sunk Dan fairly near the bottom of low spirits; and now Fortune, by a turn of her hand, shied him to the top with a prize. He had guessed right; on the table before him lay proof of it, so far; and though not a man to triumph over his friend, Towers chuckled. What would the jealous young demon of a Runa say?

"This bungalow basket will hold some words tomorrow night!"

(Continued on Page 72)



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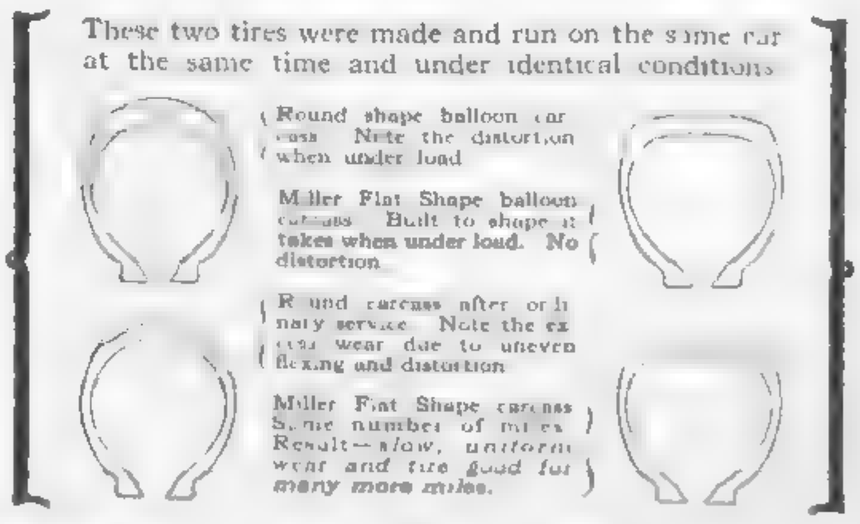
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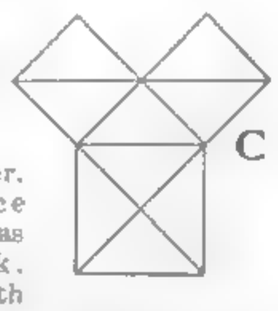
(Continued from Page 70)

The thing discovered was not in itself remarkable. Tucked among fine print, where the editor of Euclid's Thirteen Elements enjoyed a holiday and went wandering down some forest path of legend, appeared a small geometrical figure.



The letters were in pencil, jotted by a reader.

"Caltrop once more," thought Dan as he bent to work. "Here's our ghost with horns on its head, our Dulcarnon, the theorem of Pythagoras. Here's our line *F C*, on which we have to take twelve feet eight inches. Plain going."

What he had stumbled on, he felt no doubt, must be the root of the matter. Unless Runa's yarn was but moonshine, if the old lordling of Mayaganj had ever owned any hoard and lost the way to it, if a word leaking out, a tradition half remembered, had made from this two-pronged figure a myth of Alexander the Great, Sikander Zulkarnein, then here glimmered a light of reason upon all. The dead man, Caltrop, faithful steward, had kept the secret in his head, but while age came on him had intrusted to a few books, his only companions, a word or two of reminder.

"Clear as a pikestaff. It was Caltrop's *memoria technica*. One word became the peg, this 'Dulcarnon'; the peg it hung on, the pin to measure from."

Another burst of rain swashed in the garden, fringing the veranda thatch with sheets, blurred panes, aprons of water. Dan found it no longer dismal, but a good noise, gay music and a pleasure to the eye. Having admired it, he plunged into the drier Elements.

"Yes; but to measure what?"

Until he or La Flèche could answer the question, they were hardly wiser than before. The bat-eared piece of geometry had borne a resemblance—how striking, or how faint, no man alive could guess—to something which Caltrop had known by heart, probably, which he had not so much forgotten as been afraid he might forget. What and where was the something?

"May be a thousand miles away," Dan considered. "No, I don't believe so. What does it look like? What did it put the old chap in mind of?"

As an aid to speculation, he got up, revisited the black hole under the sideboard, and fingering sawdust, pulled out a London straw, through the bowl and stem of which he poured a little soda water. When he sat down again, the graceful white clay drew sweetly and wreaths of good tobacco mounted like a burnt offering to Euclid and Pythagoras. Yet neither of those great shades rewarded him. The minutes drew by. Dan smoked, reflected, stared at the page and learned exactly naught.

"What does it put you in mind of?"

The figure mocked him with hints, idle, whimsical and irritating. It was like some toy for a child to snip out of paper, a boat or a cocked hat; it was the loves of the triangles; a cluster of beaded soap bubbles; a design for a window casement or linoleum; the marble floor of the skating-rink pavilion, up there among weeds in the palace compound.

"Wait now! I wonder."

Dan laid his pipe aside, beat a tattoo on the armchair, then snatched a leaf of paper and began drawing. With pencil, and for his ruler the blade of a table knife, he copied the triangles from the book.

"Worth having a go at. We'll run take a dekho, a squint round the palace."

As though to favor him, the rain had stopped and the air grown brighter. He wrapped his copy round a box of matches, crammed it into the waterproof pouch that held Runa's master keys, pocketed all; and without delaying for helmet or coat, hurried from the back veranda, outdoors. Vapor stole thickening everywhere, trees dripped, the sky like a paste of dough and cinders, a pudding bag, hung ready to disgorge; and the path in the grove came trickling toward him, a small brook red as cocoa. Before Dan arrived at the gate in the wall he was drenched; by the time he had shoved through more wet bushes and labored up the terrace mud his garments cleaved to him like a broken blister.

Having unlocked the door in the archway, he entered quietly, fastened it behind him, rubbed the water from his hair and eyes, then stood to hearken. After all the dripping of the garden jungle without, the stillness here had unnatural power. It was not a lack, but a pressure in the darkness, and filled the ear.

"Odd," thought Dan. "You feel stone deaf and afraid you're missing ——"

The quality of the silence he could not put into words, and no longer tried to do so, but went forward. Three or four steps only; he halted with a jump. Who, in this tomb of old furniture, was clacking his tongue scornfully?

"No one."

He laughed, for his own wet canvas boots had played him the trick as they sopped and sucked on the floor. Obscurity flavored with mold, with rotten leather and with something like rancid ghee or curry powder gone bad, shadowy heap tumbled on heap of what Runa had called perishable goods, were all that the long vestibule contained anywhere. Dan moved ahead, slip-slop at every footfall. A bleared cheval glass, lying on one side, mirrored his legs as a pair of spectral white shanks that walked to meet him, without a body, and vanished. In a corridor he passed from gloom to thick night; from this again to the wide billiard cavern with its cluttered greens; and when at last, reaching the mouth of the cellar stairway, he took Runa's candle end from a cranny, it was with relief that he struck a match and bore the small flame down for living company.

"Now to the place. We'll very soon know."

Down the stairs and toward the right along the bottom of the cellar he tramped, the pulpy squashing of his footgear louder and wetter than before. He held the candle overhead like a miner's lamp. Its redness played on carven sandstone, dumpy columns, brick patchwork, low squat groining, walls rude as the sides of a tunnel, rough-hewn doors closed and locked, holes that yawned empty or bristled with rubbish. Dan went on, passing all these, to the end.

"And now compare."

It was that end where the corridor stopped in an angle, a V, and where the last two doors faced him obliquely, squinting. Dan set his candle on the floor between them. Next, after trying nearly all the keys on his ring, he unlocked the right-hand door, swung it open and looked into the bare stone room. Nothing had changed there; brown damp mottled the whitewash with fantastic patterns.

"One will do. The other won't open. They must be alike, both rooms, in ground plan."

So thinking, Dan glanced at the left-hand door, carelessly. Next moment he crossed over and bent down to examine the latch. Runa had sealed this door with a film of brown cobweb, but now only a shred hung from the splinter in the casing, while the iron thumb piece was clear and clean.

"Someone has gone in or out of our Bluebeard room?"

Mr. Daniel Towers, though in his own way a cautious man, was not one whom you would call timid. He had taken his fair share of life on the rough side and been well hardened. Yet this trivial surprise gave him a little knock, a dent in the composure. It vexed him to learn that he had whipped about and stared at the blackness over his candle, waiting to see or hear a movement. Wet, clammy, his hair plastered to the scalp, his clothing to the skin, he did not enjoy the dead stale breath of these catacombs.

"Well?" He drove the mood away. "No worse than you might expect."

Lifting the latch, he gave the door a bump, then a great shove with all his might. It held as firm as the wall.

"Barred or nailed again. Doesn't matter for the time being."

Dan took up the candle, retreated a few paces, again stuck it in a drop of hot grease on the floor, sat down cross-legged by it, and there unfolding the paper on which he had drawn the Pythagorean mess of triangles, turned this round like a map till oriented. Now came the test of his conjecture. If the drawing bore any likeness to the end of the passage, to the rooms and doors cater-cornered before him, then he had gathered sense from nonsense, read Caltrop's riddle.

"By gorry, it does!" he thought, exulting. "Runa, old boy, I wish you were here!"

The drawing did bear a likeness. Taken as three squares forming a Y, it might indeed be fitted—crudely, without scale, but near enough—to what he saw by candlelight or guessed at behind shadow. The part of the floor where he crouched being stem to the Y, that open room ahead was its right arm, the closed room its left. Dan studied his fragment of geometry hard, like a skeptic. The longer he dwelt on it, the more certain he became. Surely this answer was right. With his pencil he added a line to the drawing; a line from the letter *F* to the letter *C*. It would run, he considered, through the closed door into the left-hand room, their Bluebeard chamber. Inside, twelve feet and eight inches distant from a corner, there ought to be—what? Something buried, the root of all evil under this melancholy dungeon, glittering dross, a myth, a power of darkness coiled and waiting to strike, sharp as death in the Pardoner's allegory; treasure. Dan felt it near, cold, aged, sinister. He remained brooding, the interpreter of a dream.

All at once the stillness round him in this crypt exploded like a barrel of gunpowder. The shock blew through him, rushing hot and cold to the roots of his hair.

"Just what are you? The plumber?"

A loud voice had spoken, without warning, right over his head. That was all. Taken aback, shamed and angered by the recoil, Dan looked up swiftly, fiercely.

"Or the janitor, eh? Or a drowned rat?"

Beyond the candle, as though risen out of the earth, a broad man in white stood glaring. He held a wooden bucket under one arm. Barefoot, loosely clad in shirt and trousers, he had a round, brick-red face, a blunt, masterful nose, and cropped hair that gleamed as fiery as new copper. He must have been here all day, indoors, for his clothing was dry.

"Lost your tongue?" He spoke in the same loud voice, rough and peremptory. "You're not deaf? I asked you a question. What are you?"

Dan, gathering his wits, was chiefly struck by the immense breadth of this apparition, the heavy shoulders and the cask-like body. Then a far more singular detail made him wonder. The man's eyes, bright china blue and wide open, danced with provocation, irascibly, and—what seemed stranger than all—held him, Towers, in righteous contempt.

"Out with it, mate! What brings you on the prowl here?"

It was too absurd. Crossing his legs more comfortably, Dan smiled. This fat blusterer was, beyond a doubt, the same who had bawled at Madame Chassefière in the crowded lane at Les Saintes Maries.

"I'm here on a lawful errand," he replied. "Can you say as much? Are you the owner of this building?"

The broad man gave a snort.

"Never you mind," he cried, "who I am!"

"I know already," said Towers. "Aren't you sometimes called *le Petit Oiseau?*"

The bright irascible eyes changed their meaning, grew doubtful, then betrayed a spark of recognition.

"Huh!" With a sound between grunt and laugh, the intruder stepped back, placed his bucket upside down on the floor and sat upon it. "Huh! Yes, my name's Birdekin."

Where his loose white shirt gaped open, a fell of coppery blond hair shone matted on his breast. The man's face, though scornful and flaming with dangerous temper, was neither brutal nor dull. His hands and his bare feet looked remarkably trim, well shaped.

"So you are that johnny? Thought so," he drawled. "I see your little map. Clever, deuced clever, aren't you?"

There could be no mistaking his tone. It was of thorough, bitter, endless derision.

"Quite the draftsman, you are. Now see here, what have you done with young La Flèche?"

Dan held himself ready for trouble, without appearing to move.

"When we last met, my dear sir," he answered, "you wore fishhooks round your hat. Now you seem to be wearing straws in your hair. You're not the landlord, nor did I come down here to answer questions. The boot's on the other foot, maybe. Even so, I'm not going to ask you any. What I am going to do, in about the shake of a lamb's tail, is chuck you out on your ear."

"Poor me!" said Mr. Birdekin.

He did not budge, but remained staring, mock-mournful. Then suddenly he cracked his hands together with a report like a pistol shot echoing down the vaults.

"Where's young La Flèche?" he demanded. "What's happened, you cellar rat? What have you done with him?"

"How did you leave King Cambyses?" Dan retorted. "Pretty well, thank you? And Mrs. Cambyses and the children? . . . Come! Get out!"

Birdekin's big florid face became set, a mask of glowering disgust.

"Not a word to say for yourself?" he jeered. "I don't wonder. By Gog's Blakey, I'm proud you're no friend of mine!" He turned his head and spat for emphasis. "We can't stay here all day like a pair of tomcats. But you come back tomorrow night, ten o'clock, and come prepared with a civil tongue in your head, or damme you'll wish you never were born. Remember that, young fellow me lad. Tomorrow evening, ten o'clock, this house."

Dan stood up.

"If I find you here then, or ever, out you go on your neck. Now start!"

The great white bulk of a man drooped as though despondent.

"Be gentle with me," he sighed. "You might strain yourself. Be very gentle with me."

The words were still on his tongue when, quicker than juggling, he whipped the bucket forward between his legs and dashed it down on the candle. Blue eyes, a red face grinning like a wildcat, were the last things Dan saw, in a flash, as all went dark.

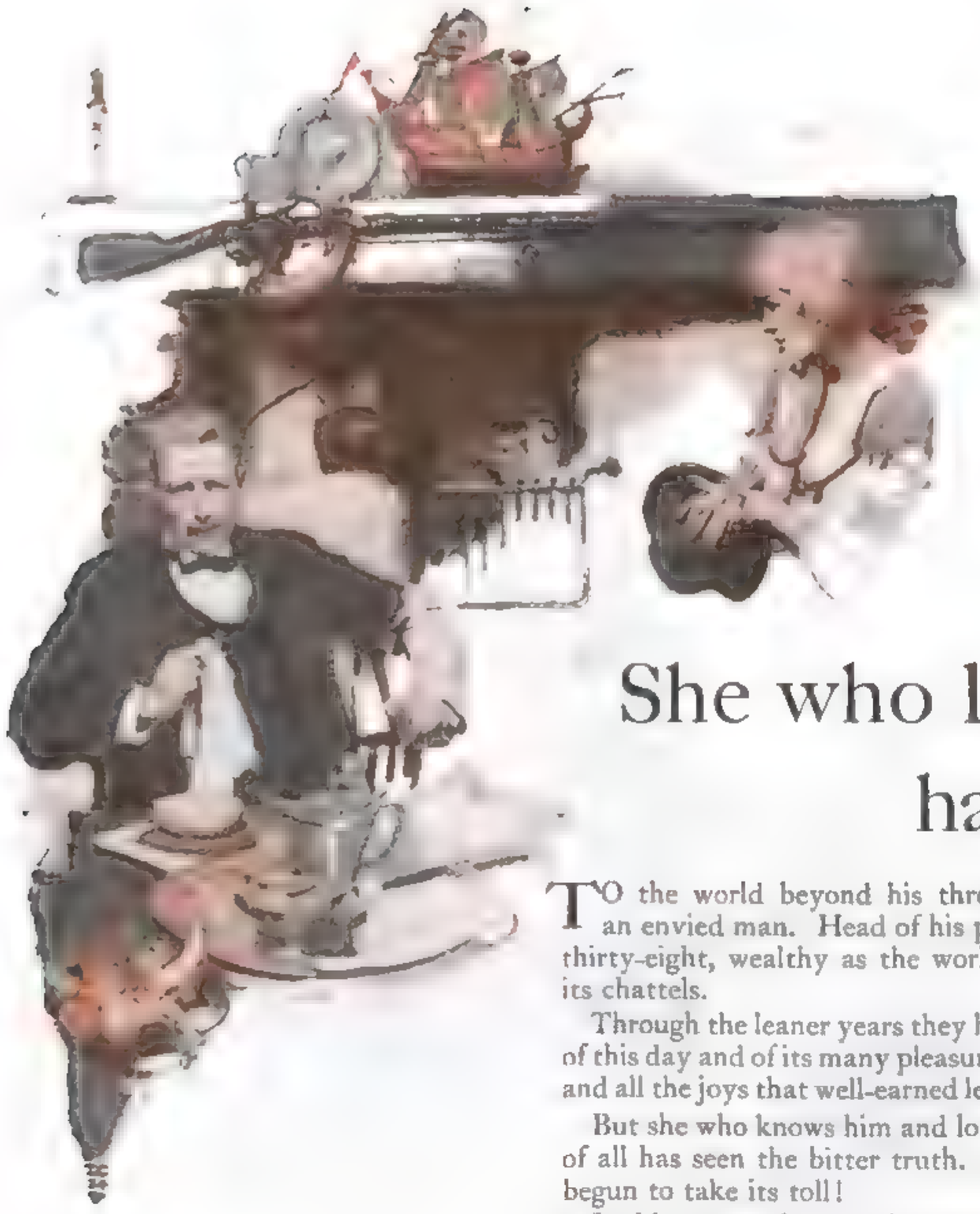
"Ho-ho-ho!"

A jovial horselaugh rang in the cellar. Dan grappled nothing but air. When at last he got out his match box and struck light, he found himself alone with a wooden bucket, the scorched odor of candle snuff and the triangles on his paper, crumpled underfoot.

x

ASTONISHED though he was, Dan did not then feel the strangeness of their encounter. He had been tricked, laughed at, evaded. Anger and chagrin drove him hunting through the cellar, tramping upstairs with his candle and stubbornly ransacking the old house from room to room. He found no one. Mr. Birdekin was either sunk into the earth or gone by way of some hiding hole. When at last down a narrow passage came a cloud of bats which fanned the light out, squeaked, poured against Dan's face, beat him with their vellum wings and choked him in musty saltpeter, he not only gave up but used hot language. Home to Caltrop's bungalow through nightfall and rain went a very disgruntled young man, a sop of slimy white cotton, his feet weighted by squelching mud.

(Continued on Page 77)



She who loves him best of all has seen the bitter truth

TO the world beyond his threshold he is an envied man. Head of his profession at thirty-eight, wealthy as the world computes its chattels.

Through the leaner years they had dreamed of this day and of its many pleasures; of travel and all the joys that well-earned leisure brings.

But she who knows him and loves him best of all has seen the bitter truth. Success has begun to take its toll!

In his consuming passion to forge ahead he has ignored the simplest law of health.

The time has come when he must pay.

Men and women who neglect their bodies must sooner or later face the day of reckoning.

Eating the wrong kind of food and taking too little exercise cause faulty elimination.

Unless the intestines regularly cast off their accumulations of waste, poisons generate in the human body which destroy health and pave the way for sickness. The intestines need bulk to function properly.

Now you'll like bran. For years the medical profession has counseled you to eat more bran to *prevent* intestinal sluggishness.

If you have tried and found ordinary bran unpalatable, know, then, there is a bran that's good to eat.

Post's Bran Flakes is the most delicious cereal you ever tasted. More of it is sold than any other kind.

In millions of homes it comes to the table every morning. Everybody eats it as an "Ounce of Prevention."

Serve it at your house as a cereal, with milk or cream. You'll like it with any kind of fruit in season.

Mix it with the children's hot cereals. Bake it into bread or muffins.

You'll find Post's Bran Flakes wonderfully effective. It supplies the intestines with needed bulk and serves as an "Ounce of Prevention" against faulty elimination.

SEND FOR AN "OUNCE OF PREVENTION"—

—A free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving Bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 5-16, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post's Bran Flakes, Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes), Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Grape-Nuts. If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, Ont.

everybody every day

eat

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

© P. C. Co. 1925

"It's so pretty and convenient that I'm going to have Belflor Inlaid in the entrance hall."

A Quality Product since 1888

The name Nairn has always been a guarantee of highest quality in linoleum

During the past year the Nairn Linoleum Co. have devoted much time and expense to research work in the hope of finding a better and cheaper method of making linoleum. As a result of this work, involving many thousands of pounds, they have succeeded in making a new and improved linoleum at a lower price

Congoleum Nairn Inc. are the largest manufacturers of Inlaid Linoleum in the world

In addition to this new and exclusive Nairn Inlaid the company makes Nairnlith and Moulded Inlaids, Battleship and Plain Linoleums, Cork Carpets, Printed Linoleums, etc

Whatever your floor problem Nairn Linoleum will solve it

NAIRN

Clear blue tiles alternating with mottled gray, set off from each other by clean-cut ivory bands, make this attractive Belflor Pattern No. 2105-1.

A floor that combines high quality with low price – NAIRN INLAID

YES, it *is* possible to combine high quality with extremely low price! Nairn's *Belflor* Inlaid proves it.

This modern type of flooring is made of the same materials as the finest Nairn Inlaid Linoleum, by a patented process that enables us to offer it to you at rare economy.

In beauty of pattern *Belflor* satisfies the most exacting artistic standards. Tile effects in soft clouded tones that make a characterful background for rugs and furniture, yet blend harmoniously with any color scheme.

And here's the distinction of *Belflor:* each tile is slightly different in its rich mottling of shades. Your floor has conventional uniformity of line but infinite variety of coloring.

Whether you want rich, deep-hued effects for dining-room or library, patterns in sunny pastel colors for the sun porch—delicate tints for nurseries and bedrooms, you'll find them all in *Belflor*. Also cheerful designs for kitchen, pantry and bathroom

Quality, beauty, economy characterize all Nairn Inlaids, not *Belflor* alone. Clean-cut or variegated, prismatic designs, granite or moiré effects—there's a Nairn Linoleum pattern that will economically solve every flooring problem. And give you a floor of tasteful charm for any room.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

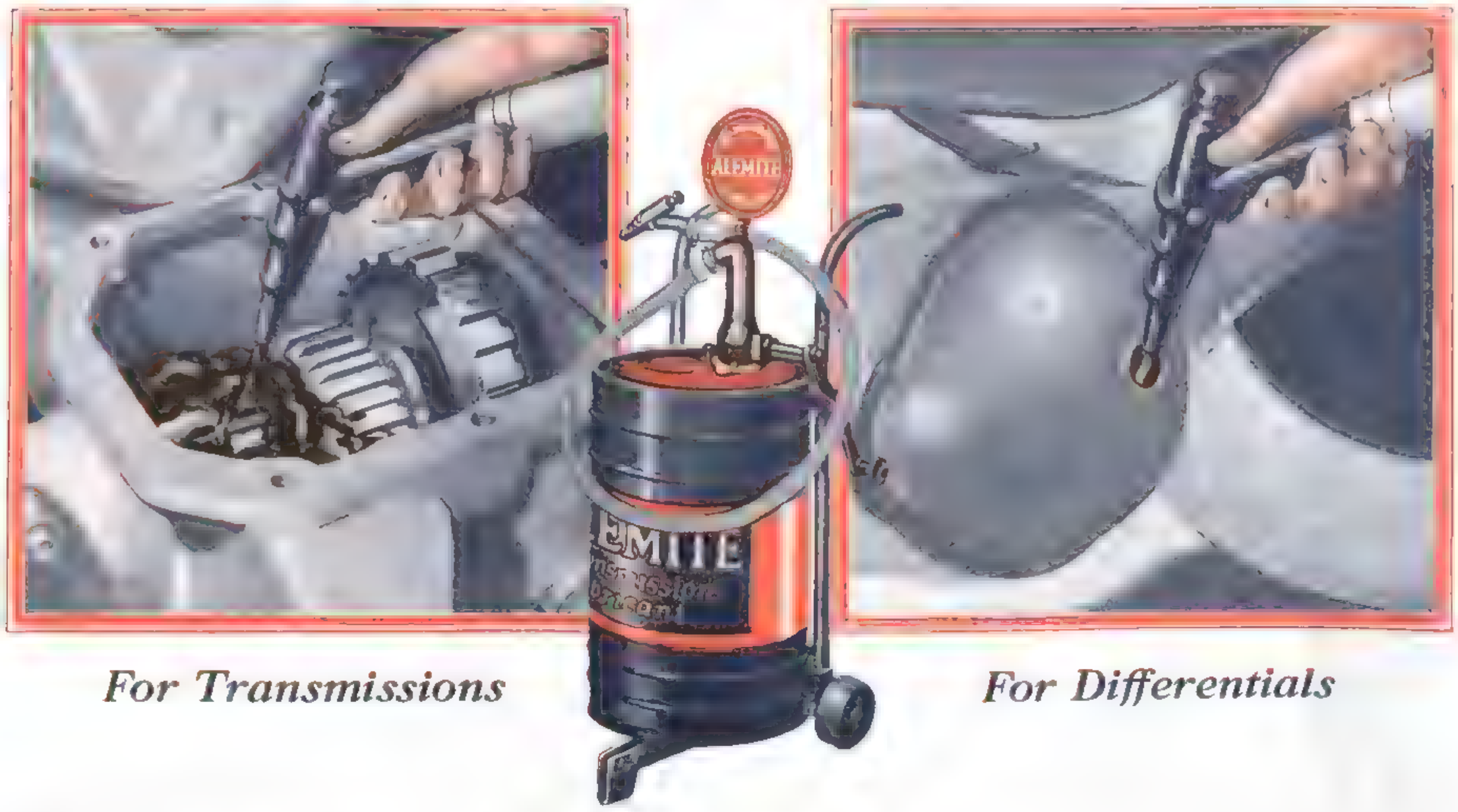
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Atlanta Minneapolis Cleveland Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No.

A Wide Variety of Colorful Patterns

The two-color printing used in this advertisement confines us to only a few patterns and prevents showing them in all their colorful charm. Widest variety in color selection and combination—patterns that will harmonize with any color scheme—are included in the *Belflor* and other Nairn Inlaids. Write for the *Belflor* Folder showing 31 popular patterns, in their rich natural colors. Also booklet describing the other types of Nairn Linoleum.

INLAID LINOLEUM



For Transmissions *For Differentials*

The new ALEMITE protection

for two more vital parts of your car

—removes the chief cause of gear troubles and increases gasoline mileage

THERE'S a new Alemite Product that saves repairs and keeps down the cost of running your car. The new Alemite Transmission Lubricant. Have you tried it?

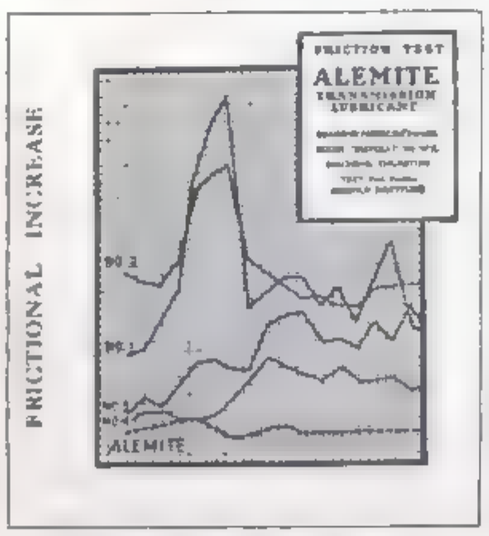
What It Does

You'll find this new Alemite Transmission lubricant as different from ordinary gear compounds as the famous Alemite High Pressure Lubrication is different from the old-fashioned grease cup. It's a new principle.

Scientific friction tests (see chart at right) show that this new type lubricant reduces gear friction and wear to a new low point. A truly remarkable difference. One so marked that you will even notice it in the every-day running of your car.

Your car *will actually coast farther on account of this friction reduction.* What it means to your power and gasoline mileage you can easily understand.

Alemite Transmission Lubricant has been perfected by the same men who produce Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System for bearings. (Now in use on nearly 7,000,000 cars.) So you know it is backed by authorities whose experience in automobile lubrication you can trust.



This chart shows the results of a friction test of Alemite Transmission lubricant made in the laboratories of the Armour Institute of Technology. Note how, compared with ordinary gear greases, Alemite kept by far the lowest friction throughout.

Coasting tests, too, show that a car will actually coast 15% to 20% farther on account of this reduced gear friction

Eliminate the Cause of 75% of Gear Troubles

We recommend draining and refilling gear housings with Alemite Transmission Lubricant every 2500 miles. Check level of lubricant every 1000 miles in between.

Do this, and, barring defective gears, you'll never have costly transmission or "rear end" repairs. 75% of *all gear* troubles are caused solely by faulty lubrication.

Drive in where you see the Alemite sign. Ask for the new Alemite Transmission lubricant. The service man puts it into your car while you watch—from drums plainly marked "Alemite." As convenient as crank case or Alemite chassis lubricating service. See for yourself the noticeable difference in the running of your car—and forget transmission and "rear end" troubles.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
3660 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont

A Bassick-Alemite Product

ALEMITE

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

Transmission Lubricant

(Continued from Page 72)

"And that rascal," he fumed, "that beach comber, took the high horse right along! Caught on the premises, and bold as brass, talking holier than thou!"

The humor of it struck him afterward. Clean, dry, restored by dinner and a glass of Runa's good cordial, he lay at ease in a long wicker chair, waiting to grow sleepy, and thinking. He grinned. The afternoon's performance had been funny.

"Shouldn't have lost your temper though," Dan rebuked himself. "A mistake. If you'd kept cool and held him in play, the fat rogue, perhaps he'd have let something valuable ooze out. Was that his game, to make me hot in the collar? Sly enough, he might be."

Yet in the review of memory, Birdekin appeared neither a sly figure nor a cold-blooded; the man had used no more calculation than a bulldog; and his red face his wrathful blue-eyed stare, like all his behavior, meant nothing but a single plain emotion—contempt. In that emotion lay the oddity. Cornered, or at least found where he could have no right to be, Runa's adversary, their lurker, had flared up with a scorn too real for any feigning of policy or impudence.

"He took the upper hand," thought Towers, "and kept it. He jumped on you from the start. What's more, another odd thing, you can't somehow dislike him. No: our little Birdekin may be one grand nuisance of a trouble maker, but he's a live man."

In bed, later, Dan fell asleep with drowsy content.

"Whatever happens tomorrow evening, it won't be dull. We meet again, my enemy. A pleasure to look forward to."

He heard of that enemy before the time appointed. Sunshine woke him to a cloudless morning, a brilliant heaven and a green earth made new by that early freshness, no sooner cheating the air than failing, which breathes only in the first hours of a hot day between rains.

He had not done with tea and toast when the garden lay steaming, the plantains hung like torn flags burning in white fire, and colorless above distant banyan or gold mohur tops wavered a motion of heat from the unseen plain and river.

Suddenly, in all this light, a shadow fell across the doorway. Dan looked up. Instead of their aged servant or his boy, a newcomer louted low to him and waited beyond the threshold.

"Salaam, sahib."

It was a burly man, wearing a long white gown and black skullcap, who had mounted the veranda steps without a sound. He cringed like one who had a favor to beg and spoke so humbly that Dan could not catch his words.

"Come in."

The caller obeyed, politely dropping the sandals off his feet and edging into the room as if his courage needed a wall to back it up.

"Yes. What do you want?"

With deprecation, the big man coughed behind his hand.

"Gulam Muhammad is my name, your honor. By your honor's permission, I have kept a shop in Lal Bazaar, and of late——"

Shyness overcame him. Now that he no longer stood against the glare, his face became visible; a dark face, bold yet crafty, with lips pouting scarlet in a beard blacker than his cap. Deep-chested, virile, he had the frame of warrior, a prophet. It was therefore wrong that a timid little voice, too silken, came from his hairy throat. In look and gesture, he fawned.

"I have seen you before," said Dan.

"God knows. It may be, sahib."

"In the train."

"That is so, your honor."

A smile rendered Gulam Muhammad, his features and bearing, even less trustworthy. He smiled as to flatter a judge and bared wolfish teeth dark red with betel.

"Saw you much later too," was Dan's private thought. "You and the *gungwa* staring in through glass the other day. Wonder why you came here?" Aloud, after waiting, he said, "Well, what do you want?"

The stalwart Mussulman wriggled under his white gown like a bashful girl.

"I came to tell your honor—to tell your honor what should be told. There is a man called Pir Khan Sahib."

"Who?"

Gulam Muhammad tried again, screwing the words out.

"Bitti Khan Sahib."

"Oh, Birdekin Sahib?"

"That is the name, your honor."

"What of him then? Did he send you?"

The visitor put on the look of a good man, shocked.

"No, *hazur*, by no means. I would not go for his sending. God forbid! He is a contriver of evil. He does wrong."

Dan stared gloomily at this hypocrite, whom he found tiresome. The subdued voice, too little for so great a presence, and the false gleam of those eyes offended him like something unclean here at his breakfast table.

"Very virtuous, the Bearded Lady."

For a time, neither man spoke. Both waited like chess players before a move.

"If Birdekin Sahib does you wrong," began Towers, "why complain to me? I am not a magistrate. Fifteen miles down the river, or twenty, there is a police officer. Go tell him. Justice is open to all."

As he expected, he saw his hearer wince.

"It cannot be done by me, sahib." Wagging his beard sorrowfully, Gulam Muhammad spread both hands palm outward, then folded them upon his garment of spotless innocence. "I have enemies in that town. God knows why, your honor. I am a poor man. My shop was only of tobacco, *pan*, *shrab*, *cigaral* and trifles. I lent money, here a little, there a little, to neighbors in distress."

He babbled on, recounting a mournful history without end. Like the flowers that bloom in the spring, thought Dan, it had nothing to do with the case. It neither melted the heart nor betrayed any facts worth mention. The fellow's eyes, refusing to be met, shifted up and down and sidelong, always with that gleam of false witness in one corner.

"So you're afraid to go before a magistrate." Towers brutally cut him short. "You'd like me to go complain for you."

The Bearded Lady bowed and gave an assenting laugh, a hiss of air drawn in between red teeth.

"Yes, sahib. The man is planning a dacoity, to rob and—who knows?—to kill. He is doing great wrong."

Dan drank the rest of his tea and filled his long clay pipe.

"I have nothing to say to that," he declared. "The deeds of Birdekin Sahib are not mine. There is only your word so far. Go take it before the proper authority."

He leaned back, smoking, and brought the audience to an end. Gulam Muhammad writhed for a moment; then, dropping all airs of submission, came forward boldly and took the floor.

"Sahib!" He crouched low to whisper, his thick scarlet lips moving eagerly, bright as though painted in the coal-black mass of beard. "Listen, then! Hear me! I know what the man knows."

"Do you?" rejoined the smoker. "Do you, indeed?"

"It has cost me much money to know."

Dan raised his pipe and with the stem pointed to the door.

"I am busy now," said he. "Go!"

"But, your honor, it is a great secret. You will——"

"I don't hire spies or pay informers. Go!"

A scowl of wonder crossed the dark face. Then, simpering like a blameless man who had been rebuffed, but who knew his own superior value, Gulam Muhammad withdrew, stepped into his waiting sandals and went down the stairs. Dan watched his massive white back retreating through the glare. Not without grandeur, the back of a prophet dismissed but carrying his dignity elsewhere, it swayed into the gap of the garden hedge and was lost.

"Gulam Seth Pecksniff Muhammad, now what did you really want?"

On the surface, his wants appeared plain to half an eye. Suppose the man had come here with a double-barreled purpose, two strings to his bow; he would get Birdekin removed from the scene, Birdekin's activity stopped; or failing in this, he would sell a bit of knowledge at a price. If thieves had fallen out, if Runa's Cambyses hunter had a quarrel, a mutiny in his ranks—why, the interpretation held good. If not, if there had never been a quarrel, or if Gulam Pecksniff was no follower of Birdekin's at all, but a rogue foot-loose with his own crew, then nobody could guess. Below the surface might be anything, lie within lie, trick within trick. The waters were muddy. Dan smoked his pipe to that conclusion.

"But, my silver-tongued betel chewer," he thought, "*maskee* what you came after, you didn't get it."

He rose from table and clapped on his helmet, having work to do before the day should grow hotter. In some cupboard of the bungalow, he remembered, lay a few rusty tools which no one had handled since Caltrop was alive. Dan took the pick of them, a chisel, a saw, a hammer and a small iron bar. With these and a good candle lantern, he went outdoors by the back way, into a morning sunlight already fierce.

Ten minutes later he was down in the maharaja's catacombs, working hard, stripped to the waist, his lantern burning on their enemy's upturned pail.

"We'll have our Bluebeard room open for the little chief to see when he gets home."

The left-hand door at the end of the cellar was not so heavy or stubborn as it felt. Dan chiseled a long strip off one edge, from the top down past the latch to the bottom. No one came to interrupt, though the clinking of iron upon iron woke every echo in the vault. With his crow, Dan pried the strip away. Across the crack, inside, ran two broad bars of hardwood. The saw, more rust than tooth, made a bitter slow journey through these, balking, squealing. But at last Dan, with a bump, then a violent shake back and forth, had the joy to hear both bars clatter on the floor.

"There!" He turned and got his lantern. "We should have done this at the beginning."

It was good theory to be a stoic, to push the door open like any other door and to walk with no great expectation, cool as a cucumber. Dan found his own behavior different in practice. He entered with every sense alert, curiosity pitched high, and a heartbeat quickened by something else than carpenter's work.

Once inside, he felt an equally unreasonable disappointment. Their forbidden chamber was a blank hole, after all, an empty storeroom. The swaying yellow light showed him a brick floor, coated long ago with *chunam*, which now lay broken into patches, plates and rubble of cracked mortar; a ceiling tented with spider web; and dead-brown walls, part stone, part brick, mottled by glossy white streaks of free lime that had run down like flat stalactites.

In one corner leaned a worn bamboo bed, a charpoy tilted on edge with feet asprawl and a dirty canvas thrown over its rawhide net. There was not another object anywhere to be seen.

"Nothing doing." Dan stared at the floor and shook his head. "Right under these ten toes ought to be the unholy spot, the sepulcher of old King Mammon. Can't believe it. Not one subterranean thrill, nary a shiver; if the feelings are half as good as a witch-hazel rod, there ain't a sou marquee's worth of divination down below. No, sir, my Great Manitou tells me, not so much as a V nickel without the word 'cents.' Dead and doleful ground."

He swung his lantern carefully about.

"That's all. The air smells fresher in here. May be a vent hole behind the cobwebs."

The door, as he came out and closed it, left him wondering. How did anyone bar a door from the inside and not remain shut up? The question proved so vexing that he turned back for another look; but only to see what he knew by heart—a bare cell tight as a drum, where no creature alive could stay hid, unless a rat behind the crazy bed which leaned against the wall.

"Ask me something easier."

Blinded in sunlight again, all the way home to the bungalow, Dan took his riddle home with him.

"Labor in vain."

The heat meanwhile had passed endurance, and yet grew. From noon till after sunset there was nothing humanly possible to be done but lie flat, breathe what took the place of air, doze, avoid thought, and defy the torment of a brain-fever bird iterating in the garden.

"One comfort, Runa will be here by and by."

At last the blessed evening came; a man could lounge in the veranda; with time and patience dinner got itself eaten; and afterward the night was clear and full of stars, the world quiet as if weary, though troubled now and then by vague restlessness. A murmur of voices floated aboard some jute dinghy far away in the *kul*, behind trees, with a drowsy lamp or two winking and drifting like fireflies, but more slowly. Runa might appear, a shadow in the garden; yet none moved, not even a tip, as pointed as a swallow's wing, of rattan leaves black on the starlight. An hour lagged by without change. Ten o'clock was drawing near.

"He may come late, perhaps not before morning. Sorry to have him lose all the fun of the fair."

Indoors, beside his lamp, Dan wrote a message:

"Gone to see Birdekin up at H. H.'s by appointment. All well. 9:45 P.M. D."

On the envelope he drew a very ornate *R* with a feathered arrow for "La Flèche," then made it more conspicuous by an oblong border of cheroots laid end to end on the table. Moving toward the back door, he paused, gave a growl and returned. All the while, during Runa's absence, he had forgotten to keep his word, and never once thought of carrying that wretched pistol. As one who had grown up with a long six-shooter, a thirty-eight on a forty-four frame, Dan loathed all such three-cornered, slab-sided little pocket murdering pieces. He got the thing, however, and slipped it down by his right hand, unwillingly. After all, he had promised. It was rather novel and pleasant to think that Runa the carefree had worried about him, mothered him as a boy who must not wet his feet on the way to school. Thinking so, he went out cheerfully behind the bungalow and up the dark path.

Although smothering in a heat as of wet wool, the night, by comparison with the day, was mild. Stars, their multitude and softness like golden vapor, enlarged all the depth of sky from close beyond the tree tops. Dan came to the door in the wall, passed through and locked it.

Among the leaves in the compound his own quiet advance made the only whisper. A shoal of stars gleamed on the water of the tank.

Now if the fellow really were so brazen as to be waiting in the house, they would have a night's entertainment. It was only a question of keeping the temper, hearing what he had to propose and laying a few traps along the way of reply.

Here Dan, as he climbed the terrace, looked up and was given a start. In the black jumble of masonry above, an open window streamed with light.

"How now? Somebody at home? Runa or the Old Man come back from the dead?"

A faint shadow, regular as breathing, swayed back and forth across the orange beam. There was movement within, of some slow kind.

"What's going on?"

The window yawned too high overhead for any view. Towers went up the steps,

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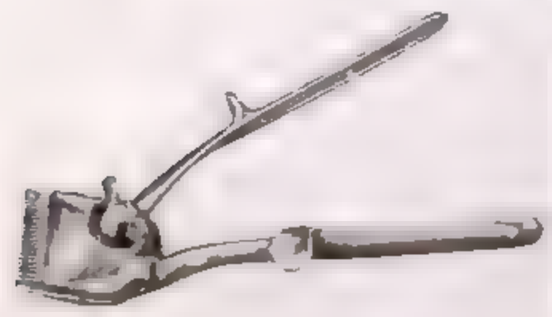

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under the archway and let himself very modestly into the house. Darkness engulfed all. A whiff of rank ammonia took him by the throat, smarted in the eyes. He crossed the room, the godown of superfluous goods, without falling over them, reached a corridor, and by its rough stone walls groped along toward a dimness which at every turn brightened. At last the door of the billiard vault shone ahead.

"Good evening."

He walked into the lighted room. On its farthest green table near the window, candles enough for a wake stood burning. A large man, who wore a white jacket unbuttoned, with a skirt, a Malay sarong of motley red-brown and indigo, lolled in a chair, his naked legs wide apart for coolness. Upright beside him a native plied back and forth a tall hand punkah, eight feet high, shaped like a half note in music—the leaf and stalk of a palm, gaudily colored. This Queen-of-Sheba fan made the candles waver and threw its magnified shadow, beating time like the rod of a metronome, in long sweeps.

"Who's here?" cried the man asprawl.

He drank from a tumbler, in which, as he set it down, a cube of ice fell to bottom with a clack. His round florid countenance and shining coppery head were those of Birdekin.

"Well, well, Odds Niggins, is that you?" he called. "Good evening! So clean and polished I never should have known you again! Have a drink."

He swung his fist round hospitably toward a regiment of bottles on the green cloth—numberless tenpins of soda water, and whisky by the dozen. The bottle at his elbow was half empty.

"It's cold for you," said he. "I tinkered his lordship's old ice machine. Ammonia? Phew! Did you nose it in the lobby? But she works. Have a drink. Sit down. Libertine Hall, make yourself at home."

Dan smiled, but let the invitation pass. Mr. Birdekin was mellow tonight; so much the better when they came to talk. The punkahwallah, swaying his gaudy fan, eyed them both cornerwise. He, like his master, had looted the palace, for besides a dirty breech clout, he wore a glistering cap all embroidered with the French gold which does not tarnish, and scarfed over one shoulder a length of rich dark-blue silk. By the fellow's piercing eyes, Dan knew him for the gunguna, the false blind beggar.

"Well, what's wrong?" demanded Birdekin testily. "Help yourself. My company not good enough for you? I've been broaching cargo, true, right-o, but that will all come out of T. A. and expenses. Oh"—he laughed scornfully—"I forgot. You were going to throw me out, weren't you?"

Perhaps the hot night after a hot day, perhaps the spectacle of these rogues making so free, drove from Dan's mind all his good resolution. The challenge made him angry.

"Now you speak of it," he answered, "I am. Get up! Out you go!"

The fan stopped waving. Its holder gave a laugh, or screech, full of malice.

"The strange mare," he cried with a hideous nasal whine, "wants to foal in our house!"

"You shut up!" said Birdekin promptly, and rose heaving from his chair. "As for you, Master Sneak-in-the-Cellar, come on, try your luck! Put me through that window for choice. Han isomely now!"

Dan did not wait for a second asking. Though lanky and spare, he was about as hard as young men are made nowadays, quick on foot and clean-hitting with his hands. Not one doubt occurred to him as he stepped in, for he had tackled many worse and broader of beam than this fat roisterer.

He ran upon the great surprise of his life.

"To ruffle me," sighed Mr. Birdekin, "just when I felt cozy!"

At the words, with a motion too swift for warding off, yet so easy as to be indolent, he wrenched away Dan's grip and held him prisoner, laughing in his face. The man was not drunk, but cold sober; not fat, but solid as iron. Dan had never before known the meaning of the word "strength." Caught by the wrists, he hung there bound, as if he had plunged both arms into dough which became rock, incasing them.

"So cozy. Tactless of you, my boy. Inconsiderate."

The blue eyes twinkled with a good humor that was mocking, scathing.

"Half a jiffy."

With the same indolent power, swinging Dan about, pinioning his arms and crushing him in a hug from behind that made bones ache, Birdekin quietly slipped a hand into pocket after pocket.

"Ah! Why didn't you use this?" He jerked out Runa's flat pistol and dropped it among the bottles on the green cloth. "You the kind who wear concealed weapons but are afraid of 'em?"

With that, lifting Towers bodily, he carried him to a chair and placed him in it like a sick man.

"Let's put away childish things now and talk sense."

At the billiard table he chose another glass, poured a huge peg of whisky, dumped in a cube of ice from a brass bowl and set the liquor frothing with soda.

"Try that." Mr. Birdekin poked the tumbler down a socket in the arm of the rattan chair. "Cool off."

Dan hung his head and saw nothing but the floor.

"Come, come, why sulk, my lad?" His conqueror's voice grew friendly. "Nothing to be ashamed of. So far in this world, I've never met the chap who could handle me. That's not a boast—for the Lord knows it has fetched me nothing and nowhere—but a plain dull fact, and it ought to cheer you up."

The speaker moved away, refilled his own glass abundantly and made a ceremonial flourish before drinking.

"My respects to you," said he. "I mean them. You walked in here tonight like a fighting-cock and tried your best."

Dan sat watching from a daze of humiliation. Why had he been a conceited fool? He had thought this man soft, this great creature whose torso under its fell of shaggy blond hair was plated with muscle, the trunk of a Chinese wrestler. His bones ached still, but not so cruelly as his broken pride.

"After all, we're both white men." Birdekin rolled into his chair once more and, hauling the slack of his party-colored skirt, enjoyed a monumental ease, with legs wide apart. "Both white men, so don't let this damned sweeper of mine think anything happened but all in fun. Come, play up, cheer-oh!"

The wretch with the painted fan was leaning on its butt, grinning, indeed, like an ape. His round stub nose—round as a chestnut, Runa had called it—the furrows in his brown mask, the little keen eyes, all heightened this resemblance; and the stolen finery, his gold cap and blue scarf, pranked him out as though he were trying to appear human.

"Awake, there!" Birdekin growled at him. "Punkah!"

The palm leaf resumed its wagging to and fro, its roiling of the heat. Dan pulled himself together. Though hard to follow, his enemy's advice was capital. He would not sulk before a grinning baboon and so make matters worse.

"Very well," said he, "call it in fun then."

"Better, much better. It relieves embarrassment."

The red-faced champion drained his tumbler, balancing ice upon the end of his nose, then sighed with gusto.

"Now here, my boy"—he smiled—"you and me, instead of jumping down each other's throat, ought to parley. Don't you agree?"

The smile, frank and engaging, transformed him to quite another person. Against the grain, secretly, Towers acknowledged a charm in it, a whimsical good nature.

"Cutting the cackle now, in a word, I've only one question to put. So tell me, how do you stand toward young La Flèche?"

Dan withheld his reply and grew cautious. The smart of defeat was wearing off, but by no means gone. He could not dislike a man who, though strong, had so little vanity of strength, and who in a rough way showed magnanimous. That smile drew his regard, being no facial quirk, but a play of waggery, a light half hid in the big blue eyes. Nevertheless, Dan waited. Once bitten, having undervalued the fellow's body, he would remain twice shy and not prejudge the mind. Be careful, he thought, of smoothness after blustering. There was a fable of the Wind, the Sun and the Traveler's Cloak.

"Young La Flèche—how do you stand toward him? Pro or con?"

"That," said Dan—"that, at present, is for me to know and you to find out."

"There, there, why be rude?" The other laughed. "You're making a mistake not to tell me."

For a while neither man spoke. They leaned back, outwardly peaceful, but watching.

"If you won't, you won't." Birdekin reached one hand lazily over the billiard cushion. Among bottles, glasses and the many streaming candles which gave his red face an illumination as from a birthday cake, he pawed after the weapon lying where he had thrown it—Runa's crooked pistol. "But, however, I know more than you give me credit for."

He rose, beckoned the slave of the fan and walked to the door.

"*Hitherao.*"

Leaning his gaudy eight-foot palm leaf against a pillar, the native obeyed. Across the room Dan saw master and man put their heads close, whisper, nod and part. Between them something given and taken passed from hand to hand. The *gunguna* slipped out, his bright French gold cap flashing into the darkness of the corridor.

"I know more," said Birdekin, returning with a rustle of painted skirt, "than you think I do. Now he's gone, talk freely. I know what you were after, below stairs with your little map. Why pretend? I do, don't I? And La Flèche comes home tonight. Your baboo down at the hulk is a good old fruit, as they go, but a chatterbox, leaky. So I know La Flèche is coming."

He paused. The breadth of the man loomed upon shadow. His face Dan could not read. A sense of disaster hung with him in the air.

"Well then, I gave your pistol to my jungliwallah friend, who's gone and taken station by the door. In front, by the arch. Now's your time to speak up. What are you, pro or con? Shall we let him fire or not? It only needs a pull of the trigger. You and I can divide what's down underneath"—he pointed at the floor—"where we met. You know my meaning. How about it, Bezonian, yes or no? Shall he fire?"

Dan bounced from his chair.

"No, you fool! Of course not! Call your man back!"

As he spoke, through the open window drifted a sound, flutelike, of music, of whistling in the garden. With horror, he knew the words to it:

"Tirli sautant, sautant la vieille,
Tirli sautant, sautant ——"

It broke off.

"Runa!" Dan leaped to the window and shouted. "Runa, stay there, stop, keep out!"

A door clashed to for answer. He had not been quick enough.

"Stop him, you!"

The crack of a pistol ripped through the building. Dan heard his companion give a strange cry. They ran together; but from the mouth of the corridor burst the gold headdress and fluttering blue scarf on a shape that met them and halted.

"*Maral*" whined the nasal voice. "Dead!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

I bought the Sunbeam to have an extra iron, but now the Sunbeam is really in use more than the other one. I find the Sunbeam holds the heat particularly well, and I have been using electric irons for fifteen years. We have large ironings but we always get them done not later than 3 o'clock now because the Sunbeam lets us work so quickly. The longer I use it the better it seems.

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I have used a number of electric irons. Some scorched the clothes. My Sunbeam never does that. And I like the way it stays hot. One iron I had never got hot enough to iron nicely. So I got the Sunbeam and now my ironing doesn't take so much time. When I've finished I don't have to let the hot iron stand around while it cools. I just put it away still hot in the Art-Steel Sunbeam Case and it looks nice anywhere.

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The bottom stays smooth. Starch never seems to stick to it. And although I have let my Sunbeam get too hot to touch even the handle, overheating never seems to have hurt the heating element. It heats as well as ever.

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She Interviewed 100 Women Who Own this Guaranteed Iron

Though a Number Had Let the Sunbeam Over-heat, 92 Never Had to Have the Iron Repaired

The Even-Heat Iron with Tapered Nose for Gathers—in the Art-Steel Fire-Safe Case Approved by the Fire Underwriters' Laboratories

A YOUNG woman reporter was sent out to interview women who own the Sunbeam Iron. She talked with 100 in different cities. And their enthusiasm surprised even us, although we already knew that hours of over-heating would not diminish Sunbeam's heating capacity.

Ninety-two women stated they had never had to have this iron repaired, although a number of these had let the Sunbeam over-heat by forgetting to turn off the current. A few, who had bought the iron without the Art-Steel Case, found the cord wore out in time from knocking about. Those having the case declared it protected the cord when put away with the iron and stand.

Nearly all declared this super-iron still heats as well as the day they bought it.

That it heats up quickly to ironing temperature and holds its heat—even when ironing their large damp linens and starched pieces. Thus it saves their arms from fatiguing pressure.

That its tapered nose and square-pointed heels glide deftly into cuffs and gathers as they iron forward and backward and from side to side.

Heats the Whole Sole-Plate

The statements of three of these women are printed on this page—see what they say; but first read how our electrical engineers abolished the faults that irons have had since the first.

They took different irons apart and found no heating unit covered the whole ironing surface.

To build one meant hand-construction, at double cost. But we knew this had to be to produce an iron that would heat quickly all over—not in certain spots, but everywhere.

Prevents Scorching Clothes

Our engineers finally perfected this hand-wound unit. And regulated its heating capacity to prevent a rush of scorching heat that women complain of in ordinary irons. We build this All-Over unit into every Sunbeam Iron. It includes a method of insulation that prevents the Sunbeam not only from burning out, but from losing its heating efficiency through over-heating or otherwise.

This is the iron with the Art-Steel Fire-Safe Case that enables a woman to put away her iron HOT—without danger of fire or dirt or breakage. No other iron has it.

Sold On Approval

Sunbeam is always sold on these open terms—money back in 30 days if you're willing to part with this iron. Any dealer in electrical appliances can supply you. If he has old-time electric irons on hand in its place, leave your order for a Sunbeam and he'll deliver it in a day or two. But don't accept other irons now and expect Sunbeam results.

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All-Over heating unit expanded to show you how it extends over practically the whole sole-plate and provides more heating area hence quick and even heat.

Case Approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories of the Nat'l Board of Fire Underwriters

Delft-Blue Art-Steel Fire-Safe Case, $1

To help introduce the Sunbeam Iron, this beautiful practical case at less than cost. A $2.50 value for $1 [illegible] Sunbeam Iron while it cools. Keeps it [illegible] Iron and safe. And always ready, always together wher[illegible]

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NOTICE: If you also want the All-Steel Fireproof Case in Delft-Blue Enamel at $1 extra make a cross (x) in the square ☐

TECHNIC

(Continued from Page 15)

She felt sure of herself then, and proceeded for the pleasure of torturing him:

"I know John realizes what you've done for her. He told me the other day you'd absolutely made her. He's very fond of you both, isn't he? But I wonder whether she appreciates it?"

"Nonsense!" said Barry, suddenly resentful. "I haven't sacrificed myself. I've only done my job. I ——"

He looked up and saw Sylvia standing by the buffet in the dining room, surrounded by a crowd of people, laughing and drinking. Ravenal was beside her. His black beard made a dagger-pointed blot against her bright hair as he stooped to speak to her. She laughed and held up her glass to touch his.

The LeBlanc woman was saying, "Of course I can understand your devotion. She is wonderfully attractive. I met her here the other afternoon, and I ——"

Barry turned with a start.

"You met Sylvia—here?"

"Yes. Why not?"

Her tone was innocent, but her eyes searched his. She had amber eyes, like a cat's.

He said immediately, "Oh, yes, I know. Sylvia came here to talk business with Ravenal."

"So I understood."

Barry went on, rather thickly, "The new play, you know—The Lady in Silver. We're starting rehearsals next week—lot of things to talk over."

"Naturally," said Miss LeBlanc, with her sweetest smile.

He rose abruptly.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'm drunk. Got to get some black coffee."

He walked away, hid himself in the crowd and for the rest of the night carefully avoided Miss LeBlanc. He also avoided Sylvia, who was having a gorgeous time.

The party broke up at dawn. Driving home in the cab, Sylvia said, "The LeBlanc woman thinks you're a genius, Barry. She told me so. Had you been making love to her?" He was too hurt and too tired to answer her. She sighed and sank back against his shoulder. "It doesn't matter. Nothing matters at this hour in the morning. What a frightful hour! So gray and cold—like death."

"Yes."

She sighed and went to sleep on his shoulder. He had to wake her when they reached their house in Charlton Street.

Sylvia spent most of the next day in bed. Then, late in the afternoon, she got up, put on a peacock-blue tea gown and came downstairs, to find Barry sitting by the coal-grate fire in the living room. The house was an old brownstone front that they had bought—or rather, that Sylvia had bought—and renovated. The rooms were spacious, high-posted, vague with irradicable shadows. The living room, when she entered it, was unlighted; but the fire glow struck incidental gleams from the furniture, made a Venetian vase burn red and reflected itself beautifully in the long mirror between the two front windows.

"It's a lovely old house," said Sylvia, sitting down in an armchair by the fire.

"Yours," observed Barry.

"Mine?"

"Yes; your money paid for it. Your money keeps it going."

"Have you been brooding over that again?"

"No," he answered; "I've been sitting here by your fire warming myself and thinking ——"

"About what?" she demanded restlessly.

"Oh, a lot of things. Would you mind if I asked you a question?"

"Of course not."

He leaned forward, fumbling with a silver cigarette case that was gold in the firelight.

"Last night," he said, "when I was talking to the LeBlanc woman, she told me she'd met you one day at Ravenal's apartment."

"I thought so!"

"You're not in the habit of going there alone?"

"No."

"Then would you mind telling me ——"

"Why I went this time?" she cut in, with characteristic impatience.

"No, that's hardly the point. What interests me is your reason for not mentioning it to me."

Sylvia said, after a pause, "I had a very good reason for not mentioning it to you."

"That makes a mystery," he pointed out. "Don't you think it would be better to tell me?"

"I'd rather not."

"Very well," he said quietly; then "Of course you know that Ravenal's in love with you."

"Yes, I do know it—now."

"You didn't know it before you went to his apartment?"

"Perhaps I did. Yes, of course. One always knows."

"Still, you went there ——"

She interrupted him with a quick movement, a gesture of her whole body, thrusting herself into the light that glowed between them. Her blue gown was stained with this light, and her hair was burnished with it.

"I'll tell you why I went to Ravenal's apartment. I went to ask a favor. I knew he cared for me, and I thought if I could talk to him alone ——"

"A favor?" repeated Barry.

"I asked him," said Sylvia, "to take you into partnership with him, to let you buy a half interest in the firm."

For a moment curiosity got the better of Townsend's amazement.

"Well, what did Ravenal say?"

"He refused. He said he preferred to produce alone. And—he said he thought you were quite happy as a director."

"Happy!" exclaimed Barry. Then the humiliation of it struck him, and turning to his wife, he cried out, "You couldn't have done such a thing!"

"I did."

"You went to Ravenal, knowing that he loved you, to beg favors for me? You asked him as a matter of charity to let me climb up to his level—to buy my way into his office with money that he knows is yours?"

"Why do you put it like that? I knew you wanted to become a producer, and I thought ——"

"You thought my importance as a producer would be worth the sacrifice of my pride?"

"No, I didn't think that," she answered coldly. "I thought only of you."

"Yes," he said, turning in his hands the bright cigarette case, turning and turning it. "Yes, I know; I understand. You thought of me, but at the bottom of it all was your sense of shame."

"Shame?"

"Yes; you were ashamed of me, Sylvia. You've been ashamed for a long time. . . . No, let me talk. We've got to have it out. There's no pretending any longer." He stopped briefly; then went on: "When you married me you looked up to me, I had an importance that you accepted as the basis of your life. Now that importance has gone. I don't know why it should make such a difference, but it has. There's been a queer psychological reversal in our relationship. Everything in life is relative, and you and I unfortunately revolve about the same sun, which happens to be a theatrical spotlight. There's an inevitable comparison going on between us all the time, and the fact is that you dominate. You feel this domination, and because you're my wife—possibly just because you're a woman—you find it humiliating. Your instinct is to try to restore me to a position of importance at least equal to your own. As a fellow luminary, you could respect me; but as a mere satellite ——"

She broke in impulsively:

"We've been over this before. Just because I make more money than you do ——"

"It isn't money. It isn't even reputation or success. Perhaps it's sex. Or perhaps it's the strong light of your spirit outshining mine."

"And how could my spirit ever have shone but for your lifting it up so high?"

He shook his head and a smile came to his lips. She saw him smile.

"Gratitude," he said. "I don't want gratitude. No man wants it."

"Well?" she asked, with a kind of desperation, for this struggle between them had been going on silently for a long time, and she was worn with it—"well, what do you want?"

"My freedom."

In the deep silence that followed, the fire hummed querulously. There were bright spots on the wall from the turning of the cigarette case in his hands.

Sylvia said, "All right, Barry," and sank back exhausted in her chair.

"You don't need me any more," he went on quietly. "I made sure of that last night when I watched your performance. You're a great actress. You can go on, practically alone. Of course you'll need direction; but not mine. Anyone will do for you now—and Ravenal loves you."

He got up and moved away from the fire.

"I'm glad it's over. So must you be glad. I'll call Ravenal in the morning and tell him I'm through. There won't be any difficulty about that." He paused, and then said, "I'll be going in the morning. Thanks for being so decent about everything."

Sylvia didn't answer.

II

SIX weeks later, in the back room of a nondescript Vine Street café, in the city of Cincinnati, a shabby, unshaven man sat drinking whisky and water with a woman whose blond prettiness might be put down as indestructible. She had a curious hardness, not unattractive; the sort of hardness that survives erosion and degenerative circumstance. Whatever her environment, she would live in it, and to a certain extent triumph over it. She had amber eyes, like a cat's.

The man was of another type. There was a fatality about him. The eagerness with which he lifted his glass to his lips was tragic. It was indicative, not of sensual weakness, but of a definite search for oblivion.

The man was Barry Townsend; the woman Mildred LeBlanc. They had been having dinner together; it was now a quarter to eight and she was ready to go to the theater.

"Are you going to walk over with me, Barry?"

He started to rise; then sank back again into his chair.

"If you don't mind, I think I'll stay here a while longer. I'm feeling unusually comfortable tonight—don't want to break the spell."

He smiled happily; he was affable and charming.

In spite of his appearance, he had an inherent masculine attractiveness, a superiority, a charm.

She stood helplessly looking down at him. Her understanding of the human soul did not go much beyond the obvious; and this man obviously was a bum, or very nearly a bum. Yet he could still put on the manner of a gentleman and smile like a child.

"All right, Barry. If you'd rather stay here and drink than see me do Lady Windemere ——"

"I've seen you do Lady Windemere. You do it very well indeed. I have a tremen—h'm!—a tremendous respect for your art."

"My art," said Miss LeBlanc, with unusual humility, "consists of doing just what you've told me to do."

Townsend continued to smile up at her.

"Don't say that, my dear. It's bad for your ego, and if your ego's affected you'll give a bad performance. Experience won't save you. Technic won't save you. Now go along and be Lady Windemere. Rise and shine. I'll meet you here afterward."

"Don't drink too much, Barry."

"No, no; I'll drink just enough. You'll see."

She said, "I wish you'd go and get shaved."

Then she put her hand on his shoulder, gave it a quick, strong pressure and walked out of the café.

He ordered another glass of whisky and drank it slowly, relaxing and letting the liquor warm his body by calculated degrees. A boy came into the place selling newspapers. Barry bought one. He sat drinking and reading the newspaper, page by page, item by item, lulling his mind with a rhythm of words that meant nothing. Till suddenly, in a column headed News of New York Theaters, he came upon a single line set in agate type: "Sylvia Jordan opens tomorrow night in a new comedy, The Lady in Silver, presented by John Ravenal, Inc."

When he had read this sentence through twice, Barry mechanically began to tear the paper to pieces.

A curious waiter edged toward him. Barry beckoned to the man.

"Can you get me an envelope and a sheet of paper? I want to write a note."

The waiter brought him envelope and paper. Barry took a pencil from his pocket and wrote:

"*Dear Mildred:* Sylvia's new play opens tomorrow night. I'm going back to New York to see her performance. My reason is no more than a morbid curiosity to witness my complete elimination from her life. You will understand, I hope, my desire to attend my own funeral. It will be final, at least, and there is peace in finality.

"I'm taking the night train. Forgive me for running away like this. I decided only five minutes ago. "BARRY."

He sealed this note and handed it to the waiter with a dollar bill.

"Give this to the lady I had dinner with. She'll be in sometime after eleven."

"Yes, sir."

He got up, put on his hat and overcoat and left the café. As he went out he looked at the clock over the cashier's cage. It was just 8:30. An hour later he was on the train bound for New York. He arrived the following afternoon. The first thing he did was to buy a ticket for The Lady in Silver from a speculator.

"I want a seat in the last row in the balcony."

The speculator noted his uncouth appearance, his bloodshot eyes, his stubble of beard, and put him down as a hick on a spree.

"Nothin' doin'. I ain't got no seats in the last row balcony."

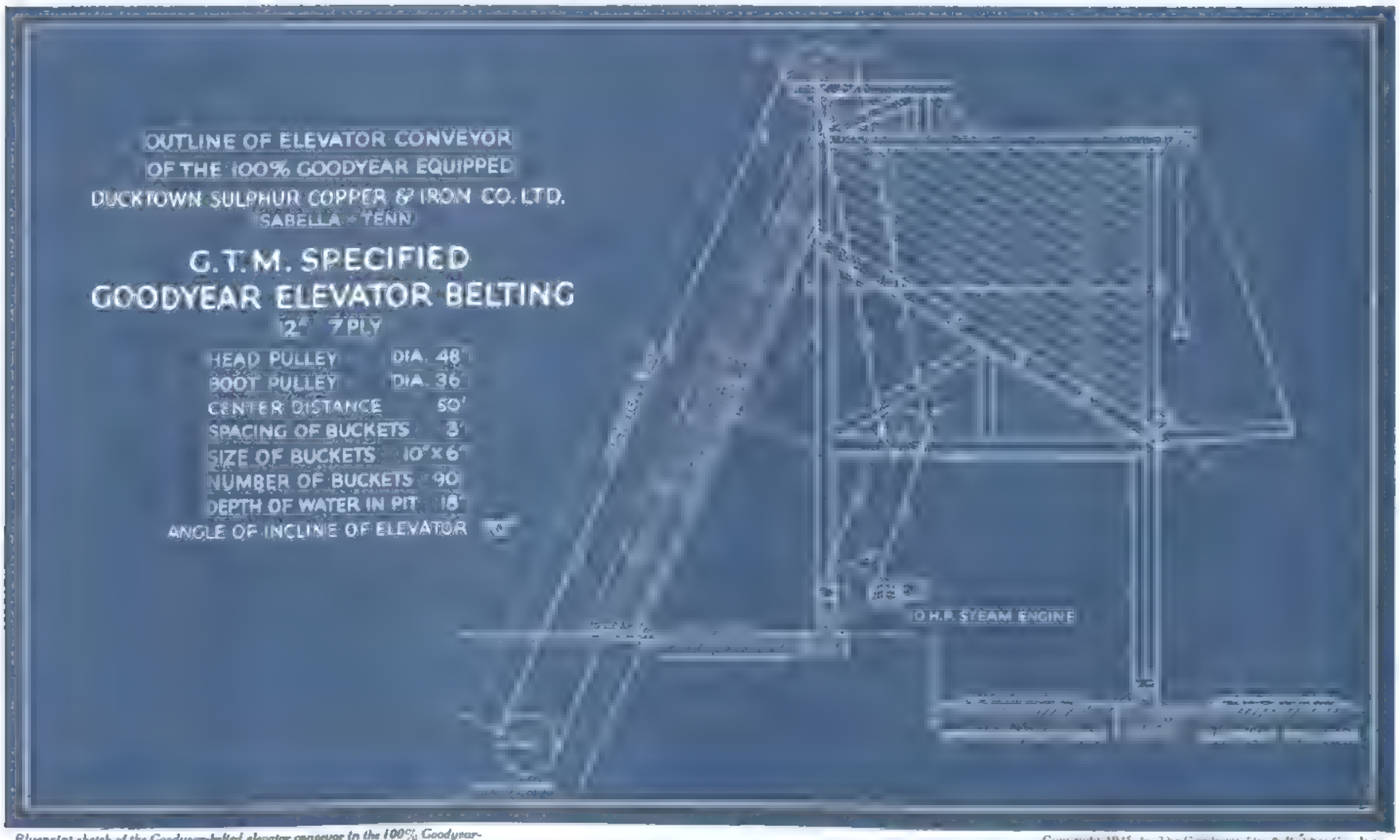
"Then get one. I'll pay you the orchestra price."

The speculator said, "Yes, sir," and got him the seat. He had decided that his purchaser was mad.

The rest of the afternoon Barry spent walking aimlessly about town. His nerves were on edge. He was tortured by a nagging desire for booze, but he refused himself, with a savage contempt for his own craving, the solace of alcohol. He wanted his mind to be clear at any cost.

At 8:30 he was standing in a doorway opposite the theater. He kept away from the entrance till he was sure the audience was seated and the curtain up. Then he crossed the street and went in quickly, pulling his hat over his eyes to avoid recognition by the doorkeeper.

(Continued on Page 85)


OUTLINE OF ELEVATOR CONVEYOR
OF THE 100% GOODYEAR EQUIPPED
DUCKTOWN SULPHUR COPPER & IRON CO. LTD.
ISABELLA - TENN
G.T.M. SPECIFIED
GOODYEAR ELEVATOR BELTING
12" 7 PLY
HEAD PULLEY DIA. 48"
BOOT PULLEY DIA. 36"
CENTER DISTANCE 50'
SPACING OF BUCKETS 3'
SIZE OF BUCKETS 10"x6"
NUMBER OF BUCKETS 90
DEPTH OF WATER IN PIT 18"
ANGLE OF INCLINE OF ELEVATOR
10 H.P. STEAM ENGINE

Blueprint sketch of the Goodyear-belted elevator conveyor in the 100% Goodyear-equipped plant of the Ducktown Sulphur, Copper & Iron Co., Ltd., Isabella, Tenn.

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

100% Goodyear-equipped—and the G.T.M.

For fourteen years the record of belting life on the bucket elevators of the Ducktown Sulphur, Copper & Iron Company at Isabella, Tennessee, stood around 240 days. Now it reaches as high as 361 days—515 days—677 days—749 days! Every new peak of belt life means a new record of lower tonnage cost for the Company, and another endorsement for the work of the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

The story written in those figures reveals why Goodyear products are used on every mechanical rubber goods job in that Company's mines and mills today. Goodyear Belts are on the transmission drives, the conveyors and the elevators in the plants; Goodyear Air Drill Hose and Water Hose in the mines.

Better belts were needed for the bucket elevators. Belting on those elevators has the toughest, hardest job in the whole plant. It works 24 hours a day, week in, week out, under a temperature ranging from 150 to 200 degrees, raising 25 tons an hour of extremely abrasive slag that cuts like "iron glass." From the day the Company began operations, in March of 1906, down to April, 1920, the belting of these elevators was a subject of real concern to the operating officials.

They put it up to the G. T. M. because their experience fitted in with the logic of the Goodyear Analysis Plan—that the *best* belt for any duty *must be* the belt that is *built* for that particular job. The G. T. M. responded with a careful, expert study of every requirement and condition of that elevator service. He computed the loads and speeds, pulley dimensions, center-to-center distances; figured in every factor such as temperature, angle of incline, spacing of the buckets.

The very first belt he specified—115 feet of 12-inch, 7-ply Goodyear Elevator Belt with 1-16th inch rubber cover on both sides—stood up to that grinding job for *515 24-hour days!* The next Goodyear Belt brought in lasted *749 days!* A third one, on a similar elevator, 361 days, and those on both the East and West elevators at the end of January this year had gone 379 days and 677 days, respectively, and were still in active service

"The above records," writes Mr. W. F. Lamoreaux, General Manager of the Company, "are fully explanatory, and indicate clearly the reduction in Belt costs that we have effected through the use of Goodyear Belting. The results that we have obtained from both Goodyear Elevator and Goodyear Conveyor Belting have been uniformly satisfactory." The Purchasing Agent, Mr. J. L. Sappington, adds: "We have been and are receiving better service with a less tonnage cost from these belts than from any we have ever used."

That kind of performance is the final proof of Goodyear Plant Analysis. It is the kind of performance you may confidently expect from any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods—Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—specified by the G. T. M. For records in your particular industry, or for other information about the Goodyear Analysis Plan, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

CHAMPIONS

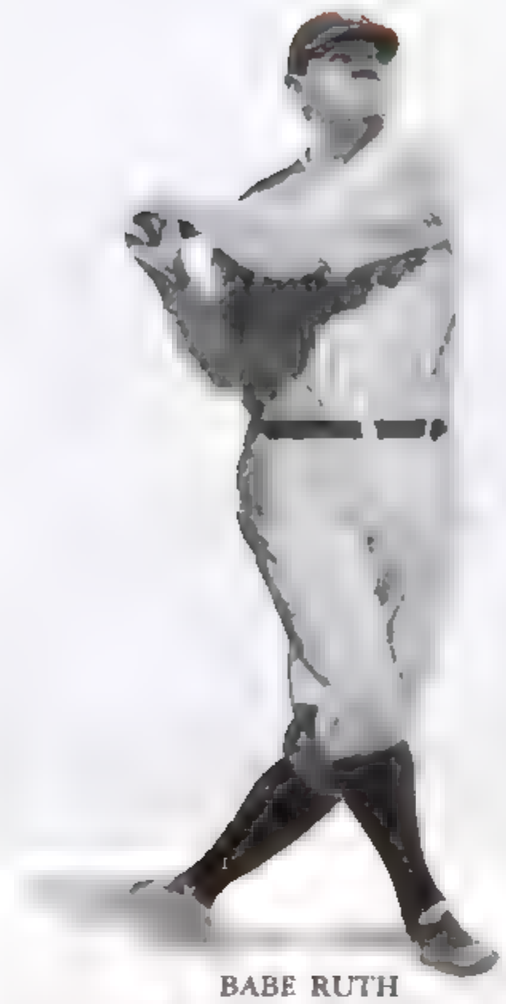
By GRANTLAND RICE

Health for sport and sport for health

Damon and Pythias or David and Jonathan are supposed to have been on fairly close terms. But they were as far apart as the outposts of a Siberian frontier compared to the intimate relationship that exists between Health and Sport. They are the twin travelers, arm and arm, out the highway of happiness. They are brothers in battle where each in turn works for the good and the glory of the other.

Without Health there can be neither fun nor fame in Sport. And without Sport of some sort, Health would be harder to find and to hold. They go in for team play to the final turn.

What is Health? In a negative way it is the absence of sickness. On the positive side it is the soundness of the living organism, the glow of life. It is being in condition. In the main it is the result of right living, proper diet, enough sleep, sufficient exercise and cleanliness. It is the greatest of all gifts this side of heaven, and yet one that is only too often thrown away as one might chuck an old, ragged collar into the ash can. Health doesn't seem to be important until it is lost, and then it becomes the most important thing in all life, beyond wealth, fame and eminence.



BABE RUTH

The secret of Babe Ruth's terrific hitting power is mass and momentum working together in the swing. He is the only ball player able to snap a 52 ounce bat at terrific speed against the ball. His great bulk is lithe and sinewy, due largely to healthy nerves in a healthy body. Ruth weighs 220 pounds but he is extremely active and keeps in condition through exercise and an outdoor life. Good health gives him a clear eye and perfect co-ordination where mind and muscle work together.

WALTER JOHNSON

No pitcher could ride speed through 18 seasons of stardom unless he made physical condition a big factor in his life. Walter Johnson of the world-champion Washington team has more strike outs and more shut outs than any ball player in the game. He has the most perfect rhythm of all pitching motions. Resilient muscles can only work in a healthy body.

The golden age of sport

This is the golden age of competition and recreation. Sport no longer belongs to the few, but to the millions—old and young, rich and poor, male and female. Records are falling with a series of crashes on land and water, some of them broken by young girls, others by men beyond forty. There was a day and time when men at thirty-five were middle aged. Now at forty they are marathon winners. After the wreckage of the war the world has gone out to rebuild its human system and the vital spark has been extended. The swiftness of the present age, the keenness of the competition at both work and play and the heavier pressure upon the nervous system have combined to put a higher premium upon good health than it ever held before.

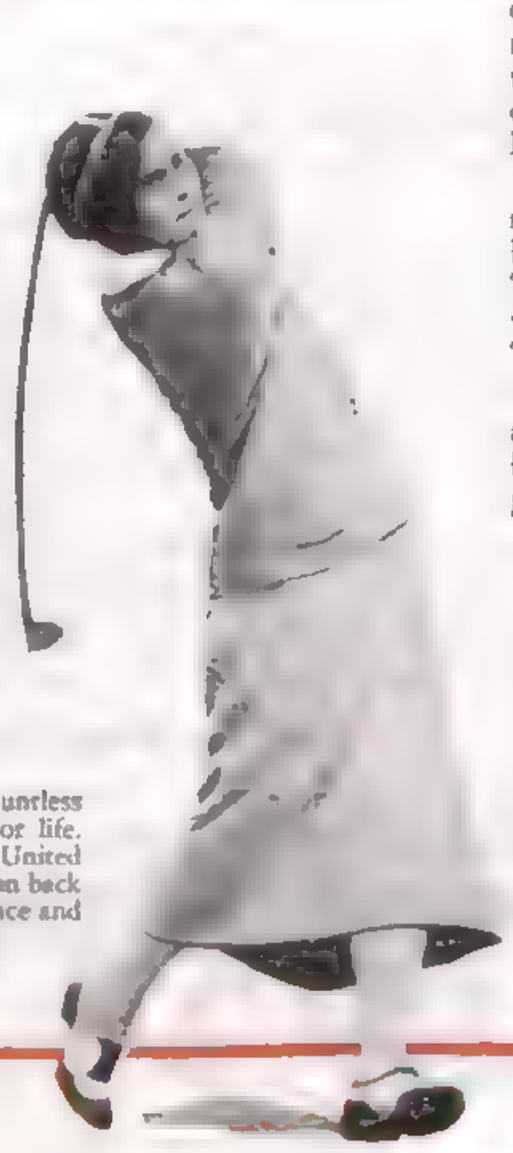
Health means clear, quick thinking, pliable muscles, steady nerves, stamina and control. Many a man has been called yellow where he merely had indigestion. The world today is busy concentrating on Health where those who miss it must drop out of the parade. They can't stand the bewildering pace.

The human race today is making its greatest war against disease and sickness. It is making a war for better Health where the prize at stake is more power, greater happiness and a longer life.

Grantland Rice

POLO

No other game calls for as much control of brain, nerve and muscle. The ball must be hit from every known angle with the rider timing each shot from the back of a galloping pony



WOMEN'S GOLF

The lure of golf has been a big factor in leading countless girls and women to better health through an outdoor life. There are now over 100,000 women golfers in the United States where many of them have gained skill only a span back of the best male champions. They have found that grace and rhythm depend upon health.

In the last year girls have smashed over 120 records and set many graceful diving standards. Swimming is one of the great physical builders and diving demands more grace and rhythm than any other sport.

ALL

WALTER HAGEN

Walter Hagen has won a greater variety of golf championships than any man that ever played. His three leading qualities are skill, determination and concentration, but it might also be noted that few men enter tournaments in better physical condition to stand the long, hard grind. Hagen has discovered that skill needs stamina of brain and body as a running mate.

TENNIS

Tennis today calls for physical fitness, a cool head and a sound body. Vincent Richards, for example, could never maintain the speed he shows through a hard match without preparing himself for the contest. Tennis is one of the finest of all exercises where legs, arms and body are called into action and pores are opened.

FOOTBALL

No one game has contributed more to health building than football where fibre is strengthened and hardihood and stamina are leading qualities. Football calls for the highest type of training to meet the test of a hard, slashing game.

How to keep in top form

There's no greater thrill than being better than the other fellow—better than you were yesterday—gaining on your game. The fun is in climbing.

It's sickness that spoils your game.

Just a few colds throw you off your form. A fever or two deadens the spring and rhythm of muscles, steadiness of nerves, the flaming spark of courage that wins in the stretch.

So why be sick?

Germs of course cause most sickness. Where there are many people, there are many germs. They constantly get on the skin. Hands pick them up from almost everything others have touched. They thrive in perspiration and body-waste hidden in pores and readily pass to nose or mouth.

This ever-present danger is called "Pathogenic"—your skin—everybody's skin—is Pathogenic much of the time. Pathogenic is the exact opposite of hygienic. It means that hidden on your healthy skin are germs, the cause of sickness.

The safeguard

Lifebuoy Health Soap is an every-day, sensible protection against this dangerous Pathogenic condition. Its action goes farther than mere surface cleansing. Germs are absorbed and flooded away. Skin is stimulated and refreshed.

Scientific—sure—and with a sparkling tonic that's like a cold shower in July.

You'll never know what kick there is in this new kind of cleanness until you've tried Lifebuoy—the tingling joy of open, breathing pores—of skin that's radiantly *alive*.

Use it a week—keep a cake in your locker and at the office. You'll never want to use any other kind of soap—or need to.

MICKEY WALKER

Mickey Walker, welter-weight boxing champion of the world, found the value of good condition from the start of his career. Walker is a bounding mass of energy, strong and tireless with unusual speed. He stands alone in his class with a victory over Mike McTigue, light heavy-weight champion of the world. Walker is the hustling, slam-bang type that clean living carries along the route.

Orange-red Lifebuoy is the color of pure palm fruit oil. You'll like its clean, quickly-vanishing odor because you like cleanness.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Within the means of millions

Automobile parking grounds adjacent to factories may be seen today in every American industrial center. They offer a striking proof of the better standard of living that workers in this country enjoy.

Here Ford cars usually outnumber all others. Their low cost and operating economy bring them within the means of millions; and in families where the cost of living is high even in proportion to income, the purchase of a car is possible with little sacrifice through the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY ∴ DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Runabout	$260	Tudor	$580
Touring	$290	Fordor	$660
Coupe	$520		

All Prices F. O. B. Detroit

On Open Cars Starter and Demountable Rims $85 Extra
Full-Size Balloon Tires Optional at an extra cost of $25

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

(Continued from Page 80)

Inside the darkened theater, standing by a pillar at the head of the center aisle, he saw Ravenal. The latter's tall figure, motionless, seemed to express a subtle and shadowy triumph.

"The villain!" muttered Barry, and clutched his mouth to keep from ungovernable laughter.

When he reached his seat in the balcony the curtain had been up about three minutes. He knew the play thoroughly; had studied it and was familiar with its lines, situations and mood. Sylvia would not come on for another two minutes at least.

As he sat waiting for her to appear, he realized for the first time the full significance of his presence in the theater. He had come there, he had come back to New York, hoping to discover that by some miracle Sylvia still might have need of him. Then it dawned on him that this hope implied a prayer for her failure, and he cursed himself for a contemptible hound. Yet the hope persisted; nor was it an expression of hurt pride, of resentful egotism. In his humility, in the poignant agony of his spirit, he knew that if she failed he would go crawling to her on his hands and knees, begging her to make whatever use she would of him.

Then Sylvia made her entrance. There was a complimentary outburst of applause which was more than perfunctory. The audience loved her. They loved this glowing figure that came so simply out of the mystery backstage into the light of the house, into the light of their approval.

And Barry Townsend loved her. He knew that now. His whole being went out to her across the bright hedge of footlights. His body, neglected, gnawed by a persistent craving for the stimulants it had been denied, yearned and ached for her with a deep longing that was both memory and desire. He remembered, exquisitely, that she was still his wife.

But Sylvia had been on the stage only a brief while, she had not spoken more than a dozen lines, when he realized that she was at her best. The character she portrayed began to emerge immediately; it was developed with never a false note, never a blurring of outline. By deft touch, by sheer beauty of tone and gesture, she created her rôle. The woman she was supposed to be came out of the air and suddenly was alive, important, enthralling.

Of all the people in the house, Barry Townsend understood best what was happening. He knew, with a knowledge that was at once an exaltation and a death, that Sylvia was playing as she had never played before.

Indeed, there was something new in her playing, an unusual element, a hovering of the spirit over and beyond the flesh that was at times uncanny. In the critical scene in the second act she became a figure moving in a fourth dimension, a lovely phantom haunting a world of light. Without abandoning the form of her portrayal, without denying her flesh and her womanhood, she nevertheless projected it with such an ecstasy as to make it seem an abstraction, the very thought out of which form is created.

The curtain descending, the applause bursting forth with the power of massed emotional relief, caused in Townsend's mind a confirmation of what had become already a certainty. There was no doubt, no lingering miserable hope, left in him now. Sylvia not only didn't need him; she had achieved without him a truth, a supreme reality, that transcended her former technic as a bird's flight transcends the first trial of its wings.

It was he who had demanded freedom from their relationship; it was she who had realized it. Well, he had done that much for her at least. He had freed her for this flight.

During the third act he sat relaxed and vaguely smiling, as a disembodied spirit might sit watching the burial of its former husk. A few minutes before the final curtain he left his seat, walked downstairs in the darkness, and once more brushing by the tall figure of Ravenal, hurried out of the theater.

The craving in his body, the demand of all his senses for what would mean forgetfulness, was strong upon him now. He went scourged by this craving through streets crowded and crazily glittering. He walked through a burning hell lighted by chewing-gum advertisements till he came to a place he knew, a saloon on Eighth Avenue, over which was reared a slovenly hotel "For Gentlemen Only."

He bought whisky, engaged a room, retired into it and locking the door sat down to drink.

He stayed there for two days and two nights, drinking and fitfully sleeping, sending out once or twice for food and for more whisky. On the afternoon of the third day, waking from a troubled sleep in which he dreamed of Sylvia—she was continually disappearing into a shadow; he couldn't stop her—he was possessed by an unaccountable fear. A panic seized him. He got up and dressed, hurrying to get out of the place. The wretched little room nauseated him. It reminded him of a coffin. And his own face in the mirror frightened him; it was like the face of a corpse.

He paid his bill—it took nearly all the money in his pocket—and wandering out into Eighth Avenue, walked along looking for a news stand. His idea was to buy a paper and find out what day it was.

He came to a news stand and bought an afternoon paper. But he never saw the date line. His blurred vision fell at once upon a small headline halfway down the front page. He stared at it incredulous, bewildered by the sharp fact suddenly pointing his dream. The fear that was in him was augmented and confirmed; his brain reeled with the effort to realize consciously what had been only a moment ago a vague shadow, darkening his unconscious mind.

He read carefully the first few sentences under the headline. Then the paper dropped from his hand. He stepped off the curb, stumbling, and stopped a taxi with a gesture automatic, impersonal. It was not the functioning of his will; it was profound instinct that moved him.

He gave the taxi driver the address of his home—of Sylvia's home—in Charlton Street.

"Please go fast," he heard himself saying, even after he had got into the cab. "Please go fast. Please go fast."

The newspaper paragraph that he had read kept reprinting itself on his mind. Large type; smaller type, quick words making sentences like lightning, and all of it mixed up with other words, other sentences:

POPULAR ACTRESS ILL WITH PNEUMONIA ——

Please go fast.

SYLVIA JORDAN STRICKEN ON FIRST NIGHT OF NEW PLAY—REFUSES TO DISAPPOINT AUDIENCE—CONDITION CRITICAL ——

I love you. I want to be near you! I feel so silly. It's so beautiful.

CONDITION CRITICAL—CRISIS EXPECTED THIS AFTERNOON ——

She had gone to the theater that night with a temperature of 103. She had told no one, not even her manager, that she was ill. She had played her part and then had collapsed.

CRISIS EXPECTED ——

The cab stopped in front of the house where he had lived with Sylvia in that other existence now lost in overwhelming shadow.

He got out, paid the chauffeur and walked up the front steps. The maid who opened the door did not recognize him. He pushed past her, indifferent to her exclamations, when a man stepped quickly and quietly from the living room into the hall. He was John Ravenal.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"I must see Sylvia."

"Barry!" exclaimed the manager, and moving forward grasped his arm. "Barry!"

Townsend jerked his arm free.

"Let me go. I've got to see Sylvia."

"Hush, man, don't make a scene! She's desperately ill. She ——"

"I know," replied Barry. "Crisis expected—I know."

He started up the stairs. Ravenal followed him.

The other turned and said, "Stay here! This is my job!"

Ravenal stopped short. The shabby bum who had been Barry Townsend went on up the stairs.

In the upper hall were two men talking in whispers. The younger he recognized as Sylvia's physician. The other he didn't know. They tried to stop him from going into Sylvia's room. He realized suddenly what a grotesque-looking object he must be.

He said gently and almost apologetically, "It's all right. I'm still her husband, you know. She'll be wanting me to see her through."

The young physician said, "It's Townsend!" And the other—"If he goes in, I refuse to be responsible ——"

So he went into Sylvia's room. The two doctors came in after him, and there was a nurse in a white uniform who stared at him.

Sylvia was lying in bed with her eyes closed. They had braided her hair in a single long plait. Her cheek was pale against the warm auburn braid. She was so white, so young, so strange in her quietness and her remoteness that his heart almost stopped beating. He sat down in a chair beside the bed and tried to gather his strength for whatever need Sylvia might have of him.

After a while she stirred and spoke. She was hardly conscious, but she spoke to him. She said his name.

"Barry?"

"Yes, Sylvia."

Her voice was small and querulous, like that of a tired child.

"I've forgotten what I do here. I had some business here, but I've forgotten."

He said calmly, "You come downstage, Sylvia. Don't you remember?"

"No, no, that's wrong. I go upstage into the shadow. There's such a beautiful shadow."

"That comes later, dear. You haven't finished your scene."

"Why, yes, I have, Barry! I've played it—played it all through. It's time for my exit."

The two doctors were standing like two statues at the foot of the bed. The nurse was a decorative figure posed against the drawn damask draperies of a distant window.

There was no movement in the room, no sound but that of Sylvia's voice, coming faint from her parted lips, and the man's voice answering:

"Not yet, Sylvia. I tell you, not yet. Come down toward the footlights. I must see your face."

"The lights are too strong. It's the electrician's fault. Why don't you speak to him, Barry?"

"After the rehearsal, dear. I don't want to interrupt the rehearsal."

"Now it's all dark. He's pulled out everything but the pilot light. Where are you, Barry? Quick! Where are you?"

"Lights!" said Barry sharply, and stretching out his arm, switched on the shaded electric reading lamp that stood beside the bed.

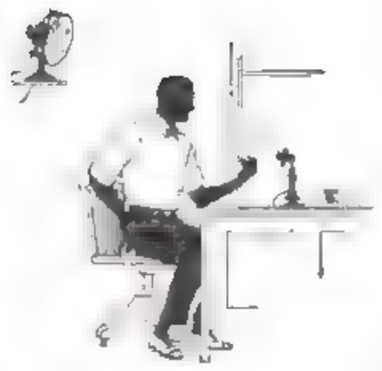
"Ah, that's better," came in Sylvia's voice, muted and breathless with imperceptible struggle.

"Downstage, dear. I want you to play it downstage—in the light. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you. But I'm so tired. I want to stop now and sleep."

"Never mind. You must give a good performance. Then you can sleep."

(Continued on Page 87)



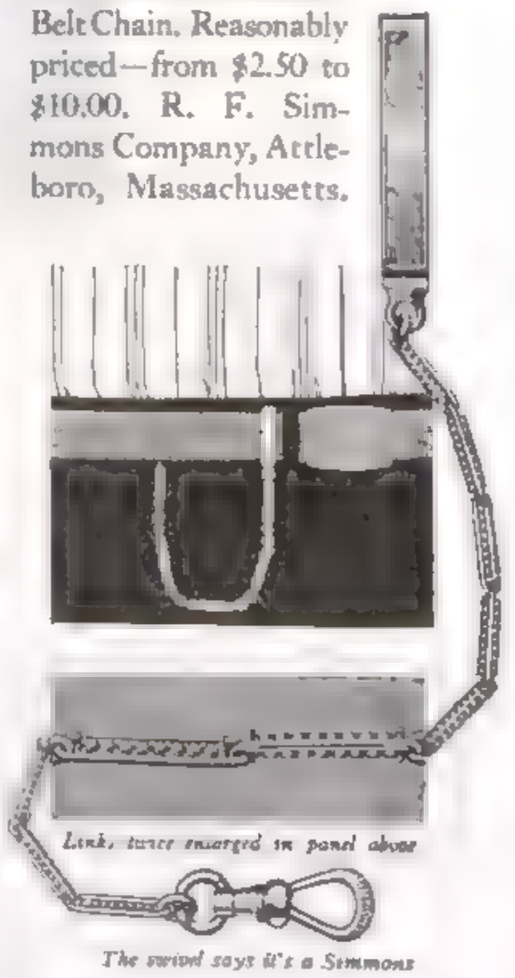
How do you wear your watch in *summer?*

How do you wear it—when you play golf, or go canoeing, or work in office or shop in your shirt-sleeves, or spend hours out in the sunshine—when you leave your vest behind?

The Simmons Belt Chain is designed to secure your watch in these *vestless* days. Its strong, patented clasp locks securely around your belt. Yet, at your desire, the pressure of a finger releases it. The Belt Chain is exactly the right length to reach from belt to watch pocket in a graceful curve.

The Belt Chain is as expertly made as any Simmons Chain, showing the same fine variety of link designs. And it is made by the same process of drawing gold, green gold or Platinum-gold over stout base metal.

Your jeweler knows and recommends the Simmons Belt Chain. Reasonably priced—from $2.50 to $10.00. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Massachusetts.



Link, twice enlarged in panel above

The swivel says it's a Simmons

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

Why not live in Wellville?

COME, take with us the shining road that leads to Wellville, the town of health and happiness!

There life is worth the living. There peacefulness is found.

Its men and women are lulled at night by restful sleep. In the morning they meet the sun with shining eyes and strong bodies, eager for the day's affairs.

If you would live in Wellville, turn out now from the rutted road of habit. Remember the words of your good friend, the family doctor: "Eat more sparingly of the rich, highly seasoned foods of civilization; partake more often of the simpler, plainer fare: vegetables, fruits, milk and golden grain."

In the waving wheat and rustling corn there are health and vigor. From the sunshine and the soil they draw vital elements which the body needs to build bone and brain and brawn.

Post Health Products of Battle Creek are made from grain. They are so nutritious, so appetizing and they cost so little! Millions partake of them morning, noon and night as they journey on to Wellville. Come, leave the ruts of habit and join the happy throng.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Michigan

Makers of Post Health Products

Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes) *Post's Bran Flakes* • • *Grape-Nut*

Postum Cereal and *Instant Postum*

(Continued from Page 85)

There was a silence, broken by her plaintive whisper: "I can't do it, Mr. Townsend. I'll never do it! I can't!"

"You can! You must! Don't worry. Leave the worrying to me. This is your big scene. You must play it."

"Downstage?"

"Yes."

It seemed a long time before she spoke again: "All right, Barry, I'll try."

Another silence; and again her voice. "It's a wonderful house tonight. Barry's here."

He leaned down and kissed her. She sighed, her lips smiled; she turned her face toward the lamplight and slept.

The two doctors were bending over her now. The younger felt her pulse.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, and spoke to the other in low excited tones. To Barry he said, "She's past the crisis. She'll pull through."

Barry nodded. He knew what he had done. There was no doubt in his mind. But he was desperately tired, exhausted by the effort he had made.

He got up and went out of the room; stood for a moment with his hand on the knob of the closed door, then walked slowly downstairs. In the lower hall he found himself face to face with Ravenal.

The latter said, "Barry, is she worse? Why are you leaving?"

Townsend made a reassuring gesture.

"She's all right. She's going to get well." Then he went on to the front door. But Ravenal stopped him.

"Where are you going, Barry?"

"I don't know. What difference does it make? I'm through."

"You're not through. Sylvia needs you. You've got to stay here."

The other shook his head.

"She's all right, I tell you."

Ravenal's lips twitched. He said with an effort, "If you knew what it was costing me not to let you go, perhaps you'd be willing to listen to me."

"What do you mean?"

"There's something you've got to know, something I've got to tell you. Let's go in here where we can talk."

He took Townsend's arm and drew him into the living room. There was a fire in the grate. Barry sat down in front of it. Ravenal stood leaning against the mantel.

"In the first place," he said, "I love Sylvia. You know that." Barry nodded, and the other man went on: "When you left her, I was glad. I liked you. You were my friend. But I was glad when you went away. I don't excuse myself. I wanted Sylvia. I was willing to see you in hell if that meant a chance for me."

"I understand," said Barry. "I understood at the time."

"You thought you did."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that neither you nor Sylvia realized how much you counted in her life."

Barry looked up and smiled bitterly at the man who once had been his friend.

"I don't count," he said. "I did once, but I don't now. I know what I'm talking about. I saw her performance the other night. I know. I was there."

Ravenal stared at him.

"You were there—in the theater?"

"Yes; I came back to New York to see her. I wanted to make sure that she was safe—with you. And I saw her give the finest performance she's ever given."

Ravenal said, with a curious judiciousness, "You're right. She was magnificent—in spite of the fact that she was sick at the time."

"I didn't know that."

"Neither did I," admitted the manager. "But I did know—I do know why she gave that performance."

"You know why?"

"Yes; it was because I told her something that made her happy. She hadn't been happy for weeks. All during rehearsals she was depressed and worried, nervous and—I think—frightened. I did everything I could to reassure her. I engaged three different directors. But she didn't trust them. She didn't trust herself. She brooded over every detail. And of course that affected her playing. Her technic went to pot. Our rehearsals were a funeral. Yet we had to open." Ravenal paused; and then continued in the tone of a man confessing his soul: "I kept hoping she'd get hold of herself. But even after the piece was set, she was still fumbling for characterization. She tried hard—too hard. But she didn't seem to feel it. On the night before the opening we had a private dress rehearsal and she completely muffed the whole show."

"Then how in God's name could she have given the performance she gave the next night?" asked Barry, with weary skepticism.

"She gave it because I told her that you were in the theater."

"What?"

"I'd thought of everything. I'd tried everything. Then all at once I thought of you. I went backstage to her dressing room. I didn't go in. I just stood outside her door and called to her. I said, 'Barry's here. He'll be out front tonight. I've seen him.'"

"But you hadn't seen me! You didn't know I was out front," protested Townsend, confused and wondering.

"No; I thought I was lying to her. I meant to lie to her. But she believed me. And when she made her first entrance I knew I'd guessed right. It was you she wanted. It was you she'd wanted all along. She'd been too proud to admit it even to herself—much too proud to send for you. But she was playing that night to you, Barry. To you and to no one else on earth!"

"If that's true," said the other slowly, "if that's true ——" Then, lifting his head, he cried, "Why—why should she have played to me?"

"Because she loves you, you fool," said Ravenal quietly; and moving away from the fireplace, walked over to the window where he stood watching a street light shine pale in the early dusk.

After an interval, Barry Townsend's voice behind him said, "I must go upstairs and shave. When I went away I left my razor in the bathroom. I must go up and shave."

Then Ravenal heard him get up and go out of the room. And after a while he too went upstairs, and found Barry alone in the hall outside of Sylvia's door.

He was standing there motionless, with his face in his hands, sobbing.

THE GREAT COMMISSION METROPOLIS

(Continued from Page 35)

genuine resolution. In short, I resolved that at the end of that quarter century I would visit Washington, no matter in what circumstances I might find myself, and see for myself whether the predictions had been exaggerated.

Now that I have done so, I can freely say that architecturally the commission form of government that has been adopted by the United States is a tremendous and overwhelming success.

I know of no spectacle more inspiring than that which meets the eye of the traveler who approaches Washington by rail. Even a cretin would thrill with pride at his first glimpse of the gigantic white marble tower of the Federal Commission Commission, home of the mighty super-commission that supervises and investigates and studies and reports on all the countless Federal commissions that in turn supervise and regulate everything else in the nation, rising unblemished and superb above that little toothpick, the Washington Monument, and above that diminutive wen, the dome of the Capitol—unblemished and superb, and proudly alone, in spite of its hundreds of smaller satellite towers, ranged in a great semicircle around the edges of the city.

The entrance to the city has become a triumph of simple impressiveness. One can see in the ancient prints that are occasionally encountered in antique shops how unimpressive the entrance to the city used to be during and prior to the era of New England simplicity and parsimony that almost drove the politicians crazy early in the century.

At that time one emerged from the Union Station to find himself confronted by quick-lunch establishments, a few gawky and barren-appearing government dormitories and hotels that seemed to be very much in need of a bath, a large number of billboards setting forth the desirability of various cigarettes, gasolines, corsets and other wares, and quantities of stunted brick dwellings in the middle distance.

Today one emerges from the Union Station to find himself confronted by the towering granite walls of the Federal Allied Travel Service Commissions Building, pyramidal in shape, and surmounted by its gilded cubical top story in which the powerful members of the Federal Travel Commission meet to hear the reports of the Federal Guiding Commission, the Federal Sleeping Car Commission, the Federal Pullman Porter Commission, the Federal Dining Car Commission, the Federal Dining Car Waiter Commission, the Federal Commission for the Beautification of Railway Stations, the Federal Board of Investigation of European Railways, the Federal Board of Investigation of Asiatic and Australian Railways, and all the other subsidiary commissions that have to do with travelers and methods of travel.

To the traveler this vast pyramid, which makes the magnificent Union Station seem by comparison about the size of a chicken coop, typifies the strength and influence of the Government of the United States as no other monument or building could have done.

As is fitting, the offices of the Guiding Commission occupy the two lowest floors of the building, so that the traveler steps directly from the station to his guide. It might be remarked here that the Federal Guiding Commission has aroused the wonder and admiration of the inhabitants of every civilized nation who admire a government by commissions because of the manner in which it automatically draws employes in equal proportions from every section of the country, and thus escapes the criticism that only too often descends on a commission from Westerners, let us say, when the commission largely employs Easterners.

The Federal Guiding Commission insists on employing guides who speak the dialects and vernacular of different parts of the United States, so that visitors from Plymouth, Beacon Street, Mulberry Street, Seventy-Second Street, Joisey City, Savannah, Gary, San Antone and San Francisco may be shown the beauties of their nation's capital by persons who will not say "thuhd" to lifelong residents of districts where the same word is pronounced "thoid."

In the large foyer of the Guiding Commission's extensive quarters—a foyer beautifully decorated, by the way, with mural paintings of such celebrated guides in America's past as Davy Crockett, Buffalo Bill and Andrew W. Mellon—is arranged a series of bronze switchboards in which are some 200 holes. Each hole is marked with the name of a section of the country which possesses a dialect of its own.

Since it is obviously impossible to have guides who are masters of all the 263 dialects spoken in large cities like New York

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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN —One Year

A 48-page booklet has just been published, containing an analysis of the editorial contents of *The Country Gentleman* for one year—from May 1, 1924 to May 1, 1925. It is an amazing visualization of the widespread range of topics that go week after week to make up this interesting publication edited for people who live in the country.

Under the headings The Business of Agriculture, National Affairs, Country Life, Prominent Contributors, Women's Interests, Notable Editorials, Fiction, American Lore, Radio, and Production are grouped titles of articles, names of authors and dates published—a summary of 52 issues published during the past twelve months.

Advertising and sales managers will be especially interested in this analysis—because it shows so clearly the reasons why *The Country Gentleman* holds the interest of more than 800,000 readers.

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and Chicago, the city dialects are reduced to five classes, as, for example, New York, uptown; New York, downtown; New York, new foreign; New York, medium foreign; New York, old foreign.

The person who wishes a guide approaches a switchboard, pushes the plug into the hole that corresponds to his desire in the line of a vernacular, and presses a button. Two minutes later the guide appears.

There is little difficulty except when sweet and romantic maidens from New England insist on requisitioning South Carolina accents, and then register complaints because neither they nor the guides can understand each other.

That, however, is neither here nor there. I requisitioned a guide with a Washington accent, and was fortunate enough to obtain a highly cultured gentleman, a Mr. Donohoe, of the New York Donohoes, sixty-five or sixty-eight years of age, who had lost an arm in one of the famous battles of the great war against Germany—the Battle of the O'Rourke, I think he called it.

For several years after the war this gentleman had resided in a large Washington hospital where a number of prominent surgeons had conducted interesting experiments on his wounded arm at frequent intervals; and since he had nothing to do during those years except read the newspapers and be operated on, he had acquired a vast and fascinating fund of information concerning those early primitive days when Congress had sketchily attempted to attend the needs of America's vast population; and when the people had, to a large extent, been obliged to blunder and flounder around among their own problems without the assistance of the friendly commissions that we have today.

It seems perfectly incredible to think that as recently as 1925 or 1930 the people of this country were eating whatever they wished to eat for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and that 95 per cent of them were ruining their health by eating the wrong things.

My guide said that he could distinctly remember when the President of the United States used to have senators and representatives come to the White House for breakfast and openly feed them buckwheat cakes with maple sirup, cereal with cream, and pork sausage fried in hot fat.

Blessings of Being Bossed

If a President were to attempt such a thing today the Food Commission would have him impeached, and quite rightly; for the nineteen-volume report of the Food Commission shows clearly that most of the crimes of violence that were committed in the United States between the years 1930 and 1940 were committed by persons who had eaten heavy and improperly balanced breakfasts.

Certainly our countrymen have not been as excitable and violent since they have been eating the legal Food Commission breakfast of one cup of black coffee sweetened with saccharine, and one slice of gluten toast; and it seems to me that nobody commits murder nowadays unless he is obviously insane—like the young man in my home town who shot an old man for no motive whatever except to steal a slab of bacon from which the old man was preparing an illegal breakfast.

So many things seem incredible when we look back at the lives of our ancestors from the great height to which our commissions have lifted us. It seems incredible and shocking that there was no such thing as a Book Commission or a Theatrical Commission until a brief score of years ago, so that not only were authors and playwrights permitted to select the subjects on which they wrote but they were allowed to write in any manner they wished. Men, women and children, moreover, of all ages and mental attainments, had free access to their books and plays.

It seems almost beyond belief that women wore any sort of clothes that they wished to wear prior to the creation of the Dress Commission fifteen years ago and to its five-year investigation into the exact effect of various articles of dress on the wearer as well as on the beholder. The twenty-seven-volume report of the Dress Commission weighed fifty-four pounds, cost $11,500,000 to compile, and had a lasting and far-reaching effect on female dress in this and other countries.

The only bad feature about it was that the Book Commission refused to permit the people of the country to read the report of the Dress Commission, because of several passages in it that might have caused very young persons to look for things that they might not otherwise have noticed; and when the members of those two commissions began to fight violently over the matter, the Newspaper Commission was obliged to suppress fifty-nine large daily papers that insisted on reporting the fight.

This caused the large print-paper interests to bring damage suits against the Government for losses sustained when the fifty-nine papers were obliged to refuse the print paper for which they had contracted; and when they failed to obtain a judgment against the Government they suspended production, so that no newspapers were printed at all for several months.

The Supercommission

But all this is beside the point. My guide led me from the shadow of the great Federal Allied Travel Service Commissions pyramid, past the insignificant-looking Capitol Building—which is now used during only one month out of every two years because the work of the Government, previously done by Congress, is being so capably performed by the commissions—and between the beautiful marble colonnades which replaced the gypsy, Chinese, Italian and other foreign establishments along Pennsylvania Avenue some years ago, and behind which are housed the temporary commissions that are constantly being created to provide positions for worthy politicians whose worthiness is not sufficiently pronounced to entitle them to a place on a great permanent commission like the Butter and Egg Commission or the Federal Canning Commission.

Constantly before us loomed the gleaming marble tower of the Federal Commission Commission Building, the nerve center of the countless activities of the United States Government, and home of the all-powerful commission that regulates the activities of the 968 other Federal commissions.

The only bad feature of the Federal Commission Commission Building—if it can be said to have any bad feature—is its closeness to the White House. Visitors to Washington who are unfamiliar with the history of our country frequently mistake the White House for the garage or the gatekeeper's lodge of the Federal Commission Commission Building because of the manner in which it seems to cower or hide behind its mighty neighbor; and while it is true that the office of President of the United States has come to be far less important than that of Federal Commission Commissioner, the historical associations which cluster around the insignificant-looking old White House are such that its almost total obliteration seems somewhat undesirable.

Knowing that among the Federal Commission Commissioners there were four ex-Presidents of the United States and three former justices of the Supreme Court who had resigned their high offices because of the higher emoluments and greater activity of the Federal Commission Commission, I was anxious to see them in session. My guide explained, however, that as soon as a Federal commissioner received a salary greater than $25,000 a year, he was permitted and even encouraged to spend his summers in Europe studying the economic situation, and his winters in Florida recuperating from his summers.

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88)

My guide was a trifle impatient with me when I asked what the commissioners were paid for, and replied that I evidently had little or no grasp of politics. I stated that I had, inasmuch as I had read all the books on politics that are prescribed by the Federal Education Commission: but in none of these books was there anything about a commissioner spending all his time in Europe and Florida.

My guide then became silent and led me to one of the elevators running out of the great central hall, and we started up the tower. All the time I was trying to figure out what the guide had meant, but I was so used to asking a commission when I wanted to know anything that I knew I would have to look up the Political Commission and let it explain the matter to me.

The elevator went past twenty-four floors before it stopped, and my guide explained that on each floor there were 210 stenographers, and that all the stenographers were busy getting up questionnaires to be answered by the different commissions, just as in each one of the different commission buildings there were other hundreds of stenographers getting up questionnaires to be answered by the industries or individuals who come under their supervision.

My guide said that this matter of questionnaires was beginning to be something of a problem to the different commissions. If the commissions wished to function properly and get up the proper sort of yearly reports, it was necessary for them to send questionnaires to everybody to whom questionnaires could conceivably be sent. Owing, however, to the insatiable curiosity of the people who thought up the questionnaires, it was almost impossible for a business man to answer one of them and still keep on with his business.

Some of the questionnaires contained as many as 1500 questions, each one of which was supposed to be answered in full, and anyone who answered the 1500 questions was obliged to knock off all other forms of work for several months at a time—a proceeding that was apt to be disastrous to the business of the questionnaire answerer.

Consequently a new business or profession had sprung into existence—that of professional questionnaire answering. When a business man received a questionnaire he summoned a professional questionnaire answerer, told the questionnaire answerer to answer the questions in any way that he pleased, and then went ahead with his business.

A Handmade Mountain

As a result the commissions were getting such peculiar answers to their questionnaires that they were changing the regulations governing different businesses and professions and activities about twice a month, so that nobody knew quite where he was.

The Daylight Saving Commission, for example, received so many peculiar replies to their 948 questions concerning the effect of daylight saving on farmers and business men that they altered the legal government time at least eleven times in the year just past. As a result of this, persons who were not clever at algebra and fractions were very apt to miscalculate and be either three hours late for a dinner or business engagement, or an hour and a half early.

That, though, is neither here nor there. The elevator stopped at the twenty-fifth floor, and my guide led me to the great balcony that encircles the tower like a giant dog collar. The view from that balcony is one never to be forgotten. Far out at the end of the avenues that converge at the Federal Commission Commission Building stand other magnificent commission buildings, straddling the avenues like gigantic triumphal arches.

They swing in a crescent, from the river around to the river again, like a ring of glittering sentinels. Far out on the edge of the District of Columbia, beyond the commission buildings, rises the perfect cone of Mount Washington, whose top is slightly more than 1300 feet above sea level.

My guide informed me that this mountain had been built from the dirt excavated from under the city in order to provide storage room for the millions of volumes of commission reports that pour yearly from the presses of the Government Printing Offices—reports that are seldom read, but that must be printed, of course, in case somebody should want to read them some day.

These great underground caverns took fifteen years to build, and cover twenty-seven square miles. It is possible to walk from any government building in Washington to any other building on a rainy day in them without getting wet.

The Federal Statistical Commission, my guide said, had figured that these vast caverns would be completely filled with commission reports by 1995; and some new method of storing reports would then have to be devised. When I suggested that possibly the commissions could stop issuing reports my guide said that reports were considered essential to the existence of every commission, though he was unable to state why this should be so.

Jobs for Lame Ducks

The spectacle of Washington's gigantic commission buildings is one that must thrill the dullest and most unimaginative brain with pride at the rapid progress of America. By consulting the Annual Guide Book of the Federal Guiding Commission—a neat little affair of 1260 pages that all guides carry strapped to their belts and use as seats when not actively engaged in guiding—my guide was able to show me that as recently as 1900 there were only three Federal commissions that were not under such old-time departments of the Government as the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, and so on. These three were the Civil Service Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Smithsonian Institution; and the expense of maintaining all three of them was considerably less than $1,000,000.

Commissions, like everything else, grew slowly at first. Twenty-three years later, in 1923, there were thirty-three commissions that were not under the control of the government departments.

At the beginning, said my guide, the work of most of these commissions could have been done by Congress or by the regular departments of the Government; and the work of some of them not only didn't need to be done at all but was about as valuable, to use his quaint phrase, as a used coffee ground when it had been finished.

An important feature of some of those early commissions was the fact that they provided jobs for persons who might have starved to death if they had been obliged to do any regular work, or for defeated senators and representatives who would have been obliged to leave Washington and go back to Goose Bluffs or Skinawattomie Court House for the rest of their lives if they couldn't have been provided with government jobs.

Those were the old-fashioned simple commissions, my guide said; but after a while, as they began to multiply more rapidly, and stick their noses into the affairs of states and cities and towns and families, they became more involved and complex. They made exhaustive researches and published long bulky reports indicating that children would grow up to be murderers if they were not clothed as the Infants' Commission said that they should be clothed, and installed local boards to try parents who had been accused of breaking the rules of the Infants' Commission.

They decided what games little boys should play, and what games little girls should play, and what books they should be allowed to read, and what food they should be allowed to eat, and how long their underwear should be, and so on and so forth.

(Continued on Page 93)

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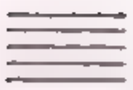

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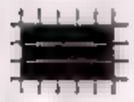

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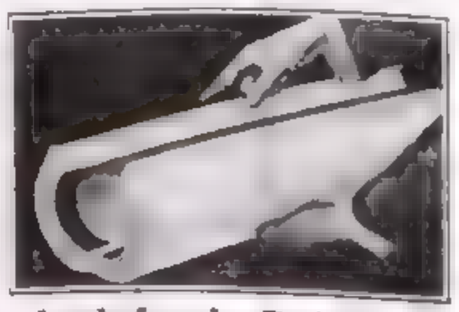

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(Continued from Page 90)

Commissions sprang into existence to help farmers who had been unable to make their farms pay; and these were soon followed by commissions to give Federal aid to drug-store proprietors who had been unable to make their drug stores pay, and to race-horse owners whose horses had been unable to win any races, and to magazine writers who were unable to persuade editors to buy their manuscripts, and to automobile manufacturers who had been unable to make both ends meet, and to newspaper reporters who got bounced by their city editors for forgetting to ask the first name of the beautiful society girl who took poison, and to everyone else who wasn't getting along as well as he thought he ought to be getting along.

Government commissions went into the shipping business, the restaurant business, the railroad business, the express business, the real-estate business, the pants-making business, the house-furnishing business, and many other lines of business.

There were government commissions to furnish poor people and sick people with free nurses, free homes, free bathtubs, free medicines, free heat, free food and free spending money.

There were government commissions to say how much each man should be allowed to earn, the sort of house he should be allowed to live in, how many pieces of furniture he could have, how many dresses his wife could have, how many times each day he could blow his nose, and so on and so forth.

Federal commissions maintained a national correspondence school, a national conservatory of music, a national dancing academy, a national swimming school, national hairdressing parlors, a national cooking school, a national newspaper, a national theater, a national skating rink, a national opera house, and so on.

And now, said my guide, the three commissions of 1900 and the thirty-three commissions of 1923 had grown to 963 commissions; and the yearly cost of maintaining all 963 of them in the style to which they have grown accustomed is $14,768,936,450.68.

It gives one a gratifying idea of the resources of America to think that the yearly expenses of our commissions have risen in a little more than half a century from less than $1,000,000 to nearly $15,000,000,000.

Our taxes, it is true, now amount to about forty cents out of every dollar, notwithstanding the fact that the Government levies on capital every two or three years; but many of us are willing to pay heavy taxes for the privilege of living in such a great country, and of occasionally taking a trip to Washington to avoid developing an inferiority complex.

My guide gestured toward the distant ring of commission buildings, and said that history could show nothing to compare with the growth of Washington. In 1920, he told me, it was a mere hamlet with a population of 400,000. Now, thanks to the vastness of the Federal commissions, the city's population was 5,768,321—one of the largest cities in the world; and out of this great population, more than 5,300,000 were in the employ of the Government.

As we slowly descended from the balcony of the mammoth Federal Commission Commission Building I attempted to express to my guide my sensations at being a participant in the benefits of such a great commission form of government. He said it was like participating in the fruits of the Japanese cherry trees that cover the banks of the Potomac and the slopes of Mount Washington. I told him that I thought those cherry trees bore no fruit, and he said that I was quite correct; they didn't. I could not understand him; but I fear that his experiences in the war and the hospital have made a crusty old man out of him. He ought to be placed in the hands of a commission.

The Lady: "Dear, While You are Down There Would You Mind Looking at My Ankle Watch to See What Time it Is?"

Burroughs Calculator

$200

Durable

Thousands of concerns have found that the Burroughs Calculator gives dependable, trouble-free service for a business lifetime.

Coupled with sturdy durability is its light weight—only eleven pounds—which makes it portable.

Its compact size saves desk space. It is simple to operate, and amazingly speedy.

No wonder business concerns show an increasing preference for the Burroughs Calculator.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6272 SECOND BOULEVARD, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ADDING · BOOKKEEPING · CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES

SNAPSHOTS
Unadorned pictures of men in better grade Palm Beach Suits —just as the camera snapped them.

Advance information on summer suits

Wear Palm Beach Clothes all around the clock—morning, afternoon, evening—for business, sports, automobiling. You can be well dressed for any occasion and still be cool. For golfing, Palm Beach Knickers are ideal.

Your clothier can show you cool Palm Beach Suits in light and dark colors and patterns just as in woolens and worsteds.

FOR those men who read and act on this advertisement, clothes for the summer of 1925 are going to look better, feel better, wear better, and cost less.

And that's an absolute fact.

As to looks—just study the snapshots. Good-looking suits? Smart lines, well tailored, superbly finished? The camera doesn't lie, and you can see for yourself.

As to comfort and wear—these suits are tailored from the coolest, most durable, and best-looking summer cloth ever woven.

They are made from Palm Beach Cloth -acknowledged to be the finest summer suiting

Clothing stores offer Palm Beach Suits at prices which usually range about $12.50, $15.00, $16.50, and $18.50. Some styles and makes sell for more.

You certainly should know why prices vary in Palm Beach Suits. This is why:

Genuine Palm Beach Cloth is all the same in quality, but the suits vary in workmanship; and some patterns cost more than others.

There is a natural price range, considering variations in cut, fit, and tailoring.

And remember that in every well-tailored suit of Palm Beach Cloth you get extraordinary good looks, the greatest possible coolness and remarkable wear at an astonishing saving—you couldn't ask more from summer clothing than that!

We want you to know that you can get genuine Palm Beach Suits in all the handsome new colors and patterns—in both light and dark shades—that you see in the finest imported woolens and worsteds; also, the famous tan and other light colors individual to Palm Beach.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., Sanford, Me.
Selling Agent: A. ROHAUT, 229 Fourth Avenue New York City

Ask for Palm Beach by name and insist on seeing this label in the suit. It identifies the genuine.

For men, young men and boys—COOL SUITS OF

PALM BEACH CLOTH

© 1925, G. W. Co.

P. TODDHUNTER, CLK.

(Continued from Page 13)

for Magner, the wholesale grocer. Next he went on an orgy of motion-picture shows. He liked Tommy Meighan especially, for Tommy always started with the odds against him and came out, after hoisting several he men on his fists, triumphantly. Tom Mix was second favorite. The girls existed in the pictures as so much scenery, and not particularly good scenery at that.

It was during this period of emerging from the cocoon which his mother had spun about him that P. Toddhunter, in turning the pages of a magazine, had stumbled upon the Secret of Conscious Power. It was odd about that advertisement. He had glanced at it, tossed the magazine aside, only to find, hours later, that his mind was haunted by the portrait of a stern-jawed man whose face wore an expression of evangelical enlightenment.

The man was evidently in the act of imparting the great thought, for he had aimed a forefinger at the lense of the camera. Beside the picture there was a legend which ran, You Can Lift Yourself By Your Bootstraps!

Then: "Back of the action, the thought back of the thought, the will; but back of the will, the conscious power!

"Are you a doer, or a would-be doer? Have you found your will balked, perhaps just at the moment when achievement seemed within your grasp? Did you know why it happened? Did you know how it happened? Do you know now—at this moment—how to prevent it ever happening again?

"You don't know unless you know the Secret of Conscious Power!"

After that introduction, John H. Hemmingway—it was none other than he in the picture—told why one should spend two dollars for a book that was worth millions. There was a coupon to be filled out, pinned to a check, bill or money order—no stamps—and mailed.

P. Toddhunter tore off the coupon, reached for his bill fold.

"Conscious power!" The words rang through his head. Just to know, by gosh, that you've got it in you to kick the world to pieces and put it together again!

Percy turned slowly to the last duties of the day, closing windows and extinguishing lights. It was long after six when he arrived at Kid Baker's Health Emporium, to find his sparring partner despondently hammering a punching bag.

"Think I'm going to wait all night for you?" demanded Bill Coxey.

Without bothering to reply, P. Toddhunter stripped, got into trunks and disdainfully stuck out his hands for the Kid to tie the gloves.

"Keep a fellow waiting half an hour!" grumbled Bill.

"Oh, dry up! Say it with fists!"

It was as though the aura put out by the Secret of Conscious Power, approaching through the mail, had already touched him. The muscles of his legs felt lithe, springy, as he stepped into the ring.

"Mix it!" ordered the Kid. "Elbows into your sides!"

"Come on—Percy!" said Bill. He put a withering accent on the name. His right flashed and caught the tip end of P. Toddhunter's nose.

Percy, not yet quite aware of any murderous intentions, came in with an uppercut to Bill's jaw, planted a substantial left on his ear and followed with a wide right haymaker to his face. Bill Coxey, enraged and somewhat dazed, selected from several visible P. Toddhunters the one he should hit, and unfortunately picked a mirage. His chin collided with a glove and he hit the floor.

P. Toddhunter, emerging from the shower, went to his locker and dressed silently.

At last he looked up and said, "Bill, how much for that dilapidated junk heap?" He was referring to Bill's automobile, a flivver racer.

"Hundred and fifty clankers."

P. Toddhunter arranged his necktie.

"That's with a couple of railroads and all claims to Muscle Shoals thrown in, I suppose," he remarked finally. "How much for the flivver alone?"

"Just to show you I haven't got any hard feelings against you for knocking me off my pins, I'll give it to you for a hundred an' twenty-five, an' three months to pay for it."

"I'll give you a hundred—cash!" answered P. Toddhunter, lips tucked in until his mouth was a straight line.

"All right," agreed Bill with a sigh.

"Is the bus outside?"

"Yeh."

"I'll take it now and pay you tomorrow. Here's a dollar to bind the bargain. Give me the key."

Bill Coxey surrendered the key, accepted the dollar and gazed, wondering, after his sparring partner.

"Say, Kid," he remarked, "what's eating Percy, anyhow? He acts like a million dollars. He's changed a lot lately."

"You must have thought so when he socked you one in the jaw!"

"He sure did flash it," agreed Bill lamely. "I didn't see it coming."

"Then you had your eyes closed," commented the Kid.

Beneath the open window they heard the roar and rattle of the departing flivver. Kid Baker looked out.

"Percy sure has changed a lot!" he admitted.

The ancient Lizzie, with its long bug-shaped red body, gave what passed as a leap and sped forward. Deep in the little bucket seat, feet on a level with his chest, steering wheel directly before his face, P. Toddhunter gazed blandly upon the world and let the streets slip past him as though he were discarding them.

"Have you Thy Lips a Thousand Blessings Give?"

The large multiple-chinned woman whom he had catalogued in his mind as the Pelican fixed him with a haughty eye.

"Yes, Mrs. Peabody." He knew he had it, but it was lost somewhere in the litter of music upon the counter. She wasn't a very good customer, anyhow, so his conscience didn't trouble him during the three or four minutes of search. Selling music to the Pelican was something of a contest. If the piece happened to be so difficult that she could not memorize it by playing it five or six times, she often bought it resentfully, as though the composer and P. Toddhunter were playing a dirty trick upon her. At last she strode off to the piano and planted herself with a determined air:

Thy lips a thou-ou-sand bul-lessings gi-i-ve,
Though men and angel-l-ls ——

With a sigh and a longing glance at his racing car, parked before the store, P. Toddhunter stacked sheets of music as though they were giant-size playing cards and prepared to deal them into their proper racks. Deep in My Heart Your Loveliness Dwells. Arranged for Alto and Soprano.

"Blah!" he exclaimed. Thy Lips of Honey. Tenor. "Sainted piffle! We ought to sell sponges with these songs!"

"What did you say?"

He looked up and saw Miss Mooney, of the piano and musical instrument department.

"I said I'm getting cynical from selling this concentrated essence of love. Say, what would you do if some fellow sang to you about thy lips of honey?"

Miss Mooney, who was forty-six and who had seen too much of life go past her heedlessly, paused for a moment in tucking up strands of grayish yellow hair. She smiled wanly.

"I'm afraid I'd laugh at him."

(Continued on Page 97)

OVER HALF A MILLION IN USE
QUALITY TELLS

And . . . . one trunk out of every three was a Hartmann

AN observer recently went to the baggage rooms of several railroad stations—in New York and Chicago. Over twenty-one trademarked brands were found.

Out of every three he saw—one was a Hartmann.

There is only one reason why the Hartmann Wardrobe trunk has the experienced traveler's preference.

That reason is the trunk itself—its distinctive appearance—the complete apparel care it furnishes and the way it lives up to its reputation for standing the wear and tear of travel.

For two generations we've been building Hartmann trunks—always embodying in our product all of the convenience and advantages you naturally expect from a maker who has been in business forty-eight years. The Hartmann line comprises every conceivable size and style and finish. Every Hartmann item is a quality product priced at a reasonable figure.

The Hartmann retailer has been carefully selected. He's a reliable merchant—the kind that justifies your confidence.

HARTMANN
CUSHION TOP
WARDROBE
TRUNKS

HARTMANN TRUNKS

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY, Racine, Wisconsin

M. Langmuir Manufacturing Company Ltd., Toronto
Licensed Canadian Manufacturers

J. B. Brooks & Co. Ltd., Great Charles St., Birmingham, Eng
Licensed Distributors for Great Britain

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BE SURE THE HARTMANN RED ✕ IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

Old House Plans: Second floor above, first floor below

Remodeled House Plans: Second floor above, first floor below

"We opened the book— *and saw our old home made new!"*

"There it was—right on page 13! A sketch that showed us in two minutes how we could transform our homely old house into a modern, attractive dwelling. All we did was call in our contractor and follow the idea given in the *Better Homes from Old Houses* book."

This is the experience of one homeowner. Thousands of others have found *Better Homes from Old Houses* just as helpful—just as easy to follow. This instructive book shows all the common types of old American houses, and describes how you can make them more attractive, more comfortable and worth more money.

It is interesting and workable—covers every step fully in practical plans, sketches, and descriptions. Only ten cents in stamps brings it to your door.

And while you are considering the idea of remodeling your home, you will very naturally give some thought to the roof.

Real estate men will tell you—

Nothing adds more to the charm and *value* of a house than a fine roof—colorful, durable, fire-safe. This truth points straight to Barrett Giant Shingles.

Specially designed for reroofing, Barrett Giants are extra thick and extra big (12″ x 14″). Economical to lay—can be laid right over the old roof. And beautiful! Surfaced with everlasting slate in fadeless moss-green, soft red or shadowy blue-black. Never need painting or staining—never rot or rust. Finally, they're fire-safe!

See these new Barrett Giants. Your hardware, building supply or lumber dealer will show them to you.

Don't Miss This Book of Remodeled Homes!

"Better Homes from Old Houses" makes home remodeling simple and economical. Every step is carefully explained in plans, sketches and text. Here you find all the short cuts to a modern comfortable home. Your hardware, lumber or building supply merchant has this book. Or—

You can get a copy promptly by writing The Barrett Company, enclosing ten cents in stamps.

Barrett ROOFINGS

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City

IN CANADA:
The Barrett Company, Limited
2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

(Continued from Page 94)

P. Toddhunter slapped the offending song into its proper rack and gave the Pelican, who was in full warble, a homicidal glance.

"If there was a constitutional amendment that everybody had to take sulphur and molasses every month, there'd be a lot fewer love songs written. Same thing with stories. I get so darn sick of stories about a man and a girl who do nothing but whinny at each other that I read the last paragraph first. If there is anything in it about warm red lips or beating hearts, I pass it up. I like stories about men who do things—big things! They're helpful. They keep a fellow on his toes."

"It's nice to be ambitious," said Miss Mooney faintly.

"That's where you're dead wrong," P. Toddhunter replied darkly. He leaned over the sheet music toward her. "There's no comfort in ambition. It keeps you on fire all the time."

"Oh!"

"The point is"—he seated himself upon the counter—"that a man can do anything he sets his mind to, if he's willing to play the game. When you consider that the atomic energy of a grain of sand is enough to blow the Woolworth Building right off its foundation, why just think what the latent energy locked in one man's brain can do! Napoleon! Cæsar! And if they'd used all their brains, instead of just a little part, they wouldn't have stubbed their toes. They weren't big enough when the pinch came to get away with what they started."

"Like the Kaiser," suggested Miss Mooney.

It was misdirected helpfulness, and P. Toddhunter paused as though the interruption had plundered his thoughts. More than anything else in the world, he had wanted to go to that war, to assist in the Kaiserial toe-stubbing. But he had had his mother to support then, and the doctor had told him that the shock of his going might cause her death. Those were bitter days of frustration, when bands played and flags waved for everyone but P. Toddhunter.

"Yeh, like the Kaiser," he agreed dully.

"Ambition's a splendid thing," said Miss Mooney, doubt lingering in her voice. "But this position's refined and steady. Your mother was awfully happy when she got it for you."

"Um-m-m," replied P. Toddhunter. "It certainly is steady. Any boat that's as steady as this one isn't going anywhere. It's aground."

"Perhaps you're right," agreed the woman. "It's different for a young man."

"I know I'm right! I'll tell you, it's all just a question of conscious power, just knowing that you've got it in you to do things! That's all it is." He looked at her sharply, sternly; but Miss Mooney, instead of being fixed by his gaze, moved uneasily.

"Y-yes," she said, and the word fluttered visibly in her long throat. She turned away and headed for her own department. He looked after her disgustedly. She didn't know what conscious power meant, even, and, womanlike, she was afraid to find out.

"This counter," banged Mr. Higbee into his thoughts, "looks like the five-an'-ten! For heaven sakes, Percy!"

"I'm straightening it!" He put a savage accent on the "I."

"Between trances, maybe. Find out who that ratty-looking flivver in front of the store belongs to an' tell 'em to get to blazes out of here."

P. Toddhunter bristled.

"That's my car."

"Yours! Say, are you losing your mind, Percy? Throwing your money away on that sort of junk!"

P. Toddhunter's surprised ears were witnesses to his reply.

"That's my business; and if you don't like it, you know what you can do!"

"Ho!" gasped Mr. Higbee. Never in eight years had Percy Toddhunter been impudent.

They glared at each other across the counter.

"Thy lips, thy li-hips their bul-lessings gi-i-ive ——"

The Pelican's back weaved and she struck the final chord as though she were doing a giant swing on the keyboard. The strings of the piano gave a dying hum.

"Ho!" repeated Mr. Higbee. "And just what can I do?"

P. Toddhunter's voice rose.

"You can go chase yourself! I've worked in this store long enough!"

"You're fired!"

"Fired? I resigned!"

"You—you ——" sputtered the proprietor.

P. Toddhunter rounded the counter belligerently.

"Don't give me any talk about it, either! All I want from you is my pay!"

Mr. Higbee, still sputtering, retreated hastily toward the office. P. Toddhunter confronted the Pelican, who was standing open-mouthed, Thy Lips a Thousand Blessings Give drooping from her hand.

"That will be fifty cents, Mrs. Peabody."

He reflected later, as he glanced back over these few seconds of brain storm, that his last sale in Higbee's Music Store was a clear exposition of conscious power. The Pelican had no intention of buying that song, and yet, before she knew what had happened to her, P. Toddhunter had tucked her fifty cents away in the cash register and was bowing her out.

JOY HOPS
$5.

The sign, printed upon wrapping paper and posted at the edge of the highway, caused P. Toddhunter to apply the brakes and look about for some explanation of such a fascinating invitation. In an open field he discovered an aeroplane—an abject and battered ship—standing sleepily in the sunlight beside a small tan tent. He wheeled the flivver about and cruised past once more. The flivver nosed through the open gate.

The pilot, whose russet hair, khaki shirt and breeches matched the weathered tan of the tent from which he emerged, greeted him with a questioning, "Howdy."

"Hello," answered Percy. "How's the flying game?"

"Rotten," answered the pilot candidly. "Come for a hop?"

"Y-yes."

P. Toddhunter's heart thumped not unpleasantly as he climbed into the plane. The pilot secured a belt about his middle and explained how to snap open the emergency catch. It was a thrilling detail of preparation.

"Hold this stick back while I start the engine."

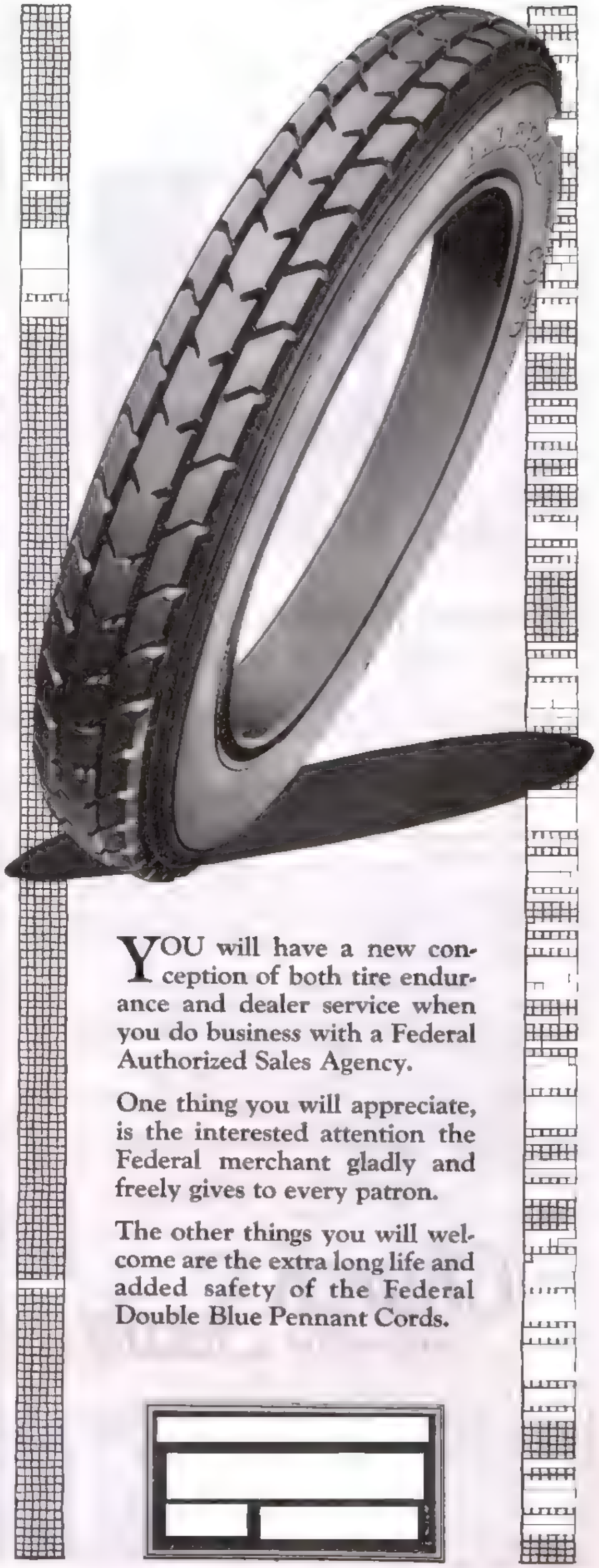
Percy took the control stick gingerly.

"It won't bite you," said the other. "Hold it well back, and don't get your feet on that rudder bar." He added, by way of explanation, "This is a double-control machine—for instruction."

Percy, gripping the stick, peered over the little windshield and watched the pilot swing on the propeller blades. The engine coughed twice, then roared, and a bewildering blast of wind hammered back. The wings trembled in agitation. So did P. Toddhunter.

Several minutes passed while the engine idled, warming, then the pilot swung aboard. The plane lurched forward, bumping over the ground; the bumping ceased and the ground dropped several yards. Almost before P. Toddhunter could comprehend that this was flight, they swung up in a long easy arc. He glanced about at the green plateau of earth beneath them, studied Planet's irregularly shaped huddle of buildings. The city was just a soiled spot on the world's clean frock. Far to one side lay the river like a blue ribbon fallen there.

The universe wheeled about them, then the thundering song of the motor changed its tune and almost died away. The nose of the plane sank. It was not until the foreign



YOU will have a new conception of both tire endurance and dealer service when you do business with a Federal Authorized Sales Agency.

One thing you will appreciate, is the interested attention the Federal merchant gladly and freely gives to every patron.

The other things you will welcome are the extra long life and added safety of the Federal Double Blue Pennant Cords.

Seat shown is No. 142

Are you proud to have guests go into your bathroom?

OR DO you wish, perhaps, that the bathroom was a little more up-to-date? It is a fact that this room is the *showroom* of your home.

Improve the appearance of *your* bathroom. The important place to start is with the toilet seat. Old-style wooden, painted or sprayed seats absorb moisture, hold odors, and in time crack and splinter. They become a detriment to the whole home—they are *unhealthful.*

Adds new beauty and safety

THINK of a seat that is white, permanently white, and which cannot become contaminated! That is the Church Seat. Its ivory-white sheathing (not a paint or an enamel) will not absorb moisture, retain dirt or odors. It is as easily cleaned as porcelain. And it lasts a lifetime. What a difference such a seat would make in your bathroom!

Fits any bowl—simple and easy to put on

NO TROUBLE at all to attach a Church Seat. You can remove the old one and put on a permanently white Church Seat yourself with an ordinary pair of pliers—or your plumber will be glad to make the installation at small expense.

Any plumbing store can supply you

WHETHER you rent a house, apartment, or own your own home, the toilet seat should be your personal property just like the other bathroom fixtures you own.

That you may see for yourself just what this seat really is, mail the coupon. Do this now.

C. F. CHURCH MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. F4, Holyoke, Mass.
Established 1898

Church Seats
sani-white

Mail this coupon today

C. F. CHURCH MFG. CO., Dept. F4, Holyoke, Mass.
Send me a free sample showing ivory-white sheathing of the Church Sani-white Toilet Seat and interesting folder.

Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
City . . . . . State . . . . . .

red particle in the field ahead of them resolved itself into his flivver that P. Toddhunter realized the flight was ending. A few seconds more and they were bumping along the ground.

"That was great!" he exclaimed. "Gosh!"

"Well, I'll be here for a week or so, whenever you want to go up again. Bring your friends out."

Percy stood eying the plane. It was an ancient hybrid. Its wings had been borrowed from a Canda, its engine was a Gervo-eleven, its fuselage and landing gear were those of an M. P. T.-5.

"It sure has anything I've ever tried heaten to a frazzle!"

"You ought to learn to fly," suggested the pilot temptingly.

P. Toddhunter stared at him as though he beheld a revelation, and tucked his lips in.

"How much?" he demanded.

"Three dollars a lesson."

"Too much," he answered flatly.

The pilot looked him over, looked the flivver over and scowled thoughtfully.

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you," he said finally. "You give me a dollar a lesson and let me use your bus every night—I've got a girl over in Highwood I'm rushing—and I'll teach you how to run the ship."

They eyed each other speculatively.

"What do you say to me moving out here and sharing half the tent?" said P. Toddhunter. "Then I'll be on the job all the time."

"Don't you work?"

P. Toddhunter shook his head and scowled.

"My boss got fresh today, so I fired him. What d'you say? I'll bring my junk out here."

"Shoot the works! My name's Dewey—Steve Dewey."

"Well, Percy," said the landlady, when she answered the doorbell, "I hope you decided that you've been making a fool of yourself long enough."

Four days had passed since P. Toddhunter had moved away, off upon unknown and probably unspeakable adventures.

"Are you talking to me, Mrs. Crosby?"

"I certainly am! You look a sight!"

He chose to ignore her.

"I've come for my mail."

"There's a letter for you," she said bitterly. "Probably from that girl who was around here chasing you."

"Girl?" he demanded. "Chasing me? My good woman"—Mrs. Crosby gasped—"there's no girl chasing me! I'm off women for life!"

"Here's her letter!" She handed it to him as though it were a damning proof.

He glanced at the writing, turned it over, inspected the engraved mark of the Andon, Planet's best hotel.

"Are you sure a book didn't come for me?" he asked anxiously. "I was expecting one."

"That's all there is."

"Thanks." He turned away.

"Percy."

"Yes?"

Her voice softened.

"Mr. Higbee'll give you your job back, Percy. Miss Mooney told me to tell you so if I saw you. He's sorry you had words."

"Thanks ever so much, Mrs. Crosby, but I don't want the job."

"What are you doing, Percy? Have you got a job?"

"I'm driving an aeroplane."

That—to be kidded—was too much. She uttered an angry "Oh!" and slammed the door.

Percy settled himself behind the wheel of his flivver and opened the letter. It read:

"*Dear Mr. Toddhunter:* I hope so much that this letter will reach you, as it is vitally important for both of us. You may not recall my name, but I am a quite distant cousin of yours, related to you through your grandfather's cousin, Major Toddhunter. I arrived several days ago in this country from Italy, and I am stopping at the Andon. Won't you please get in touch with me just as soon as you possibly can?

Sincerely,
"ESTHER LAND."

Probably, he said to himself, some offspring of that hatchet-faced trio of Toddhunter women who migrated to Florence after Old Eph bumped off.

"I'll take a chance," decided P. Toddhunter at last. "No woman's got the Indian sign on me!"

For two days Esther Land, the other stray of the Toddhunter family, had stayed close to the hotel, with no better company than a palpitating heart, wondering what she should do if P. Toddhunter proved to be irretrievably lost. Of course she could always cable to Italy, to the Coreys, admit she had been on a fool's errand and return meekly to marry Gerald Corey.

"I won't!" she said angrily to the unresponsive walls of her hotel room. "I won't!" Her small hands clenched defiantly and she stared out of the window, fighting back a stampede of fears and misgivings.

Percy Toddhunter, she said to herself, even if he received her note and came to see her, might prove to be a terribly disagreeable, unsympathetic person. At that thought, which was by no means new to her, she sank into a chair, dug her fists into her cheeks and gazed gloomily at the floor. Two tears squeezed out, spattered between her gray suede shoes.

"Anyhow," she said, "I won't marry Gerald Corey! I'll—I'll go to work in a factory first."

A lock of her shingled blond hair became disengaged and hung waggishly before her eyes. She blew it back and forth resentfully.

If a fire gong had sounded in her room it could not have made more noise than the telephone bell.

"Mr. Toddhunter to see you."

"Tell him I'll be right down—right away!"

She hung up, praising her guardian angels that she had not allowed herself the luxury of a hearty weep. A feminine instinct came to her rescue and made her take at least three precious minutes to powder her nose, arrange her hair and add the slightest and quite unnecessary dab of red to her lips.

P. Toddhunter, who was looking for some battle ax of a woman, gazed directly past her until she was nearly upon him.

"Mr. Toddhunter?" she asked.

"Why—why, yes, I am!" He got to his feet.

Her composure, her apparent coolness of an instant before, went to the winds.

"I'm so glad you've come!" she exclaimed. "I've been waiting for you —— Oh, you can't imagine!"

P. Toddhunter shook his head in bewilderment. Certainly she was not the grim-visaged female his mind had pictured. In fact she was pretty.

"I've run away—from Italy," she went on excitedly, "and you've just got to stand by me!"

Her hands opened toward him in a quick gesture of helplessness, her dark eyes widened, and about her mouth a captivating little smile played faintly.

"I—I don't understand," protested P. Toddhunter.

"Let's sit down." She sank into a big couch and patted the place beside her. "I'll explain. Oh, I can't begin to tell you how glad I am that you've come—and that you're not too terribly Toddhunter! I mean -well, you know what the family is like," she added.

His head shook.

"My father's the only one of 'em I've ever seen, and he ducked out when I was a kid. So I don't know anything about the family. They never had any use for us and I never had any use for them."

"You're the last of them," announced the girl. "They're all dead."

"You mean all that gang of Toddhunter women that beat it for Italy—all of 'em?"

She nodded.

(Continued on Page 101)

STAINLESS

TRADE MARK

An ACHIEVEMENT *that* BENEFITS EVERYBODY

STAINLESS is neither the alchemist's Saurum nor the metallurgist's millennium—

But its extended use vitally will affect the economic foundations of America—home and industry—man, woman, and child.

Oil, gas, electricity, steam engines, automobiles, agricultural and textile machinery—

All of these indispensable perquisites of our modern American civilization are directly traceable to the advent of the commercial, tonnage production of iron and steel.

And not a whit less far reaching, *economically*, will be the commercial, tonnage production of STAINLESS Steels and Irons.

Simply, and non-technically, STAINLESS is a metal alloy (steel or iron) which resists corrosion, high temperature, and erosion and abrasion; it is ductile and readily worked, yet it is 50% to 400% stronger than ordinary steel; when ground and polished, it has the appearance of nickel plated ware, yet it will not tarnish, stain, rust, or corrode.

Read that definition again, please—and study it.

Truly, STAINLESS is the Metal of Endless Possibilities!

Industrial concerns interested in using or manufacturing articles having the characteristics outlined above, are urged to write us for a free copy of the specially prepared book entitled "STAINLESS In Industry."

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY
Commonwealth Building
PITTSBURGH, PA.

STAINLESS STEEL & IRON

TRADE MARK

To the CONSUMER

WHEN you buy silver or silver plated ware, you are almost invariably asked: "Would you not rather have the STAINLESS steak knives?" Ostensibly the three blades are alike—but only the beautiful, highly polished STAINLESS blade will hold a keen edge and will never stain or tarnish.

In your kitchen you will probably find some *new looking* fruit knives, and paring knives and, maybe, some butcher knives—if you do, and you will look closely, you are almost sure to find the word STAINLESS etched in the blades. And they always look and are so much better and cleaner than *scoured* knives.

Cutlery was really the first use for STAINLESS. The manufacturers realized the desirability of modern, comely table, kitchen and pocket cutlery that would not tarnish or corrode, so they began using STAINLESS, and now you can buy it at almost any store.

As time goes by, we ask you to look for and to purchase with confidence other STAINLESS household utensils, furnishings, equipment, and hardware; such as cooking utensils, table tops, electrical machinery, ranges, stoves, electrical appliances, hinges, door hardware, lighting fixtures, bathroom fixtures, etc. When you see the STAINLESS trade mark, you can be sure of quality and of service.

You will be very much interested in our booklet "STAINLESS In The Home"—write us for a free copy.

To the JOBBER *and the* DEALER

You are America's Purchasing Agent.

As new STAINLESS products are developed and offered to you for resale, we ask only that you appraise them with your customers' interest in mind.

We assure you that STAINLESS will never be found wanting. Have we not become a nation of STAINLESS cutlery users, thanks to the wisdom and foresight of the jobbers and dealers in cutlery?

To the MANUFACTURER

STAINLESS is 50% to 400% stronger than ordinary steel.

STAINLESS indefinitely resists atmospheric corrosion.

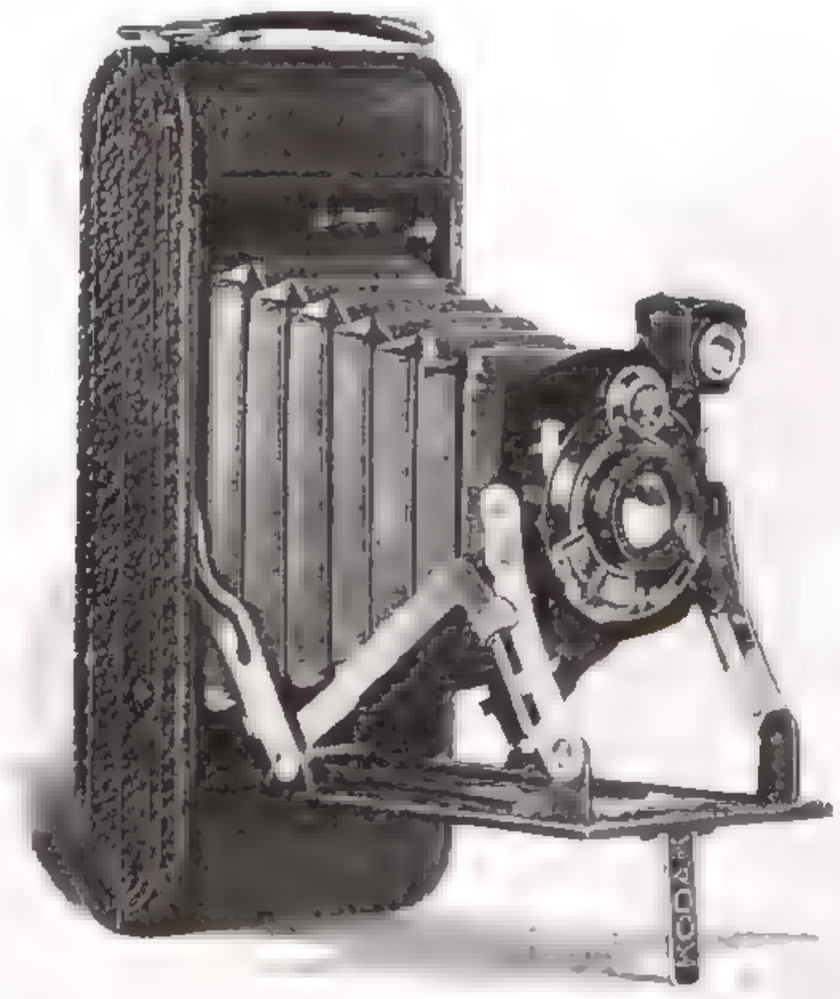
STAINLESS is not affected by many of the acids and alkalies that readily attack iron, steel, copper, and nonferrous alloys.

STAINLESS resists oxidation at temperatures up to 1500 degrees F. to 2000 degrees F.

STAINLESS can be rolled, drawn, stamped, forged, pressed, cast, spun, punched, brazed, soldered, machined, welded, ground, and polished.

STAINLESS is furnished in plates, shapes, sheets, bars, rods, flats, strips, tubing, wire, forging blanks, billets, ingots, castings, shot, etc.; hot rolled, pickled, and box annealed in blue, silver grey, or polished surfaces—in hard tempered, soft, and dead soft grades.

For tremendous strength, or ability to resist corrosion, high temperatures, and erosion and abrasion, or for highly polished surfaces, use STAINLESS Steel or Iron—write us about your problems.



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PROPER EXPOSURE puts detail in a picture. With this camera proper exposure is easy. A sliding scale picks the stop or speed that suits the light. The Diomatic shutter works at 1/10, 1/25, 1/50, 1/100—precisely.

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All Kodaks are Autographic

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

(Continued from Page 98)

"Aunt Louisa was the last. Didn't you know that she died two months ago?"

"Nope. Why should I? It's nothing in my life."

"It's going to be!" said the girl. "We're both tangled up in her will. You'll hear from the lawyers pretty soon about it."

"Me—in ol' Louisa Toddhunter's will? Gosh!" He stared at her. "Why, I didn't think she even knew I was alive!"

"Yes, Aunt Louisa claimed to know everything. And I'll swear to you," added Esther Land with slow emphasis, "she was the most difficult human being to live with that has ever drawn the breath of life! I was quite happy there until Aunt Verbina died. That was a year ago. Verby was a dear! You see, mother—she was Anna Toddhunter—and my father were lost in a shipwreck. They never approved of mother's marriage, but after that they took me to live with them—Margaret, Verby and Louisa."

The swift liquid flow of her words stopped for a moment while she caught a fresh breath and smiled at the young man beside her.

"Louisa was quite old, and she thought she knew how to run the whole world. She'd always run the others. Verby wanted to help you and your mother, but Louisa wouldn't hear of it. Then when the others died Louisa didn't have anyone else to run except me." She planted a small hand upon her breast and looked at him as though she were expecting him to share the full horror of being run by Louisa. "And for some reason, she decided that it would be a splendid match if Gerald Corey—he lives in Florence with his mother—and I were married. You can't imagine what Louisa was like when she decided upon something. It was—why, it was dreadful! I refused to marry Gerald, and then Louisa changed her will. I don't get the estate unless I marry him before I'm twenty-one. It goes to you!"

"Me?"

She nodded gravely.

"You're the last of the noble family—even if you are John Darius Toddhunter's son. Oh, I know all about John! How he went to the station with a German band to serenade them when they left, and showered them with chrysanthemums!" Esther Land's head went back and she laughed softly. "They never forgave him for that."

"And you don't get anything—unless you marry this hand-picked bird?"

"Just a tiny allowance—enough so that I can't break the will."

"I call that a dirty trick!" exclaimed P. Toddhunter. "Is it a very big estate?"

"No; but it's big enough. Nearly two hundred thousand dollars, after all the taxes have been paid."

"Whew!" P. Toddhunter appeared to be groping about in a maze of thoughts. "And you're not going to marry him?"

"I hope not! That's why I ran away and came to you just as fast as I could. You see—well, if ——"

She faltered.

P. Toddhunter's lips had been tucked into a straight line and he had turned an unblinking stare upon her.

"You're looking just like Aunt Louisa now," protested the girl.

"I didn't mean to," he said apologetically. "What were you going to say?"

"That we could divide the estate between us, if you'd agree to it. If I marry Gerald, you won't get anything at all, you see. So I thought you might agree to divide it, and then we'd both have something."

P. Toddhunter nodded.

"Shoot the works!"

"I don't understand."

"Sure we'll divide! We'll go fifty-fifty! Louisa sure must have been hard-boiled to put over anything like that!"

"I don't exactly know what hard-boiled means, but it sounds like Aunt Louisa," she admitted. "I'm most frightfully glad that you're willing to do that. Of course we won't get the money until a year from October, when I'm twenty-one, and I won't even get my allowance from the estate unless I live with the Corey's in Florence. And so I thought that you and your mother would take me in. I didn't know about your mother. I'm very sorry"

"Are you busted?" asked P. Toddhunter. "You haven't any money?"

"Just about enough to pay my hotel bill"

"Gosh! I've only got about a hundred and ten dollars—and no job. I s'pose I could go back to Higbee's if I apologized to him and told him he could wipe his feet all over me."

"Aren't you working now?"

"I'm learning to drive an aeroplane."

"That must be thrilling," said Esther Land enthusiastically.

"Yes, but there's no money in it. And we can't live for a year and a half on a hundred and ten dollars."

"No-o, we can't," she agreed regretfully.

They looked squarely into each other's eyes and a friendly smile passed between them.

Esther Land was exquisitely pretty. P. Toddhunter's heart thumped.

"We'll make the grade, all right!" he assured her suddenly. "We'll manage to wiggle through somehow. It's one of those things that takes a lot of—of conscious power. I mean—well, you've just got to feel in your bones that you're going to get away with something big, and then you do it. And that's the way I feel about this. We'll stick together and fight it out."

He felt her cool hands press over one of his for an instant and his heart thumped again.

"Just you leave it to me!" he announced.

"I knew you'd do it!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Just as you say, I felt it in my bones. You're an absolute dear!"

A flood of embarrassment caught him and he felt as if he were being toppled end for end.

"It certainly was lucky that I went back to the house," said P. Toddhunter slowly. "I was expecting a book that I'd ordered but it hasn't come. Should have been here about three days ago. But I guess if it hadn't been for that book, I never should have got your letter." He became lost in thought. "I've got to beat it back to the field," he announced abruptly. "I'll see you later."

"For the love o' Mike," yelled Steve Dewey as the flivver drew up beside the aeroplane, "dig into those spark plugs an' clean 'em! I've got a pretty big job on for tomorrow."

He was sitting on the ground, carburetor dismantled and spread upon a shirt between his legs.

"If this crate holds together," he went on, "I'm going to be rich tomorrow. I'll come back here and get married—settle down. That's the life!"

"What's the job?" asked P. Toddhunter, stripping off his coat.

"Guy from the Dibble Construction Company comes out and offers me a thousand berries to carry some junk—plans, specifications and bids—to Milltown an' get 'em there by noon tomorrow. They had a ball-up of some kind, and they'll be working all night on the stuff to get it finished by dawn. Hot dog! If this flying junk heap'll keep its wings on for one more day, I'm sitting pretty! And then I'm finished with flying"—his greasy hand made a sweeping gesture, palm downward—"forever! I'll sell you the crate for two hundred and may God be with you and keep you from breaking your neck!"

"Only got one hundred."

P. Toddhunter, mounting to the engine, paused. Perhaps that wouldn't be the best of all possible investments.

"The kite's yours—if it hangs together until I get back."

They worked silently, cleaning everything cleanable, making sure of pipes and wiring and control cables. When dusk came, they opened a can of beans and had supper.

"Got to go see my girl now," announced Dewey. "She doesn't know I'm going yet.

on the car, Sentry Model "B"

How to Choose Bumpers

Prevalence of bumps in today's traffic calls for the best of protection

AND yet, most car owners seem to think any bumper will do, and pay little attention to correct design

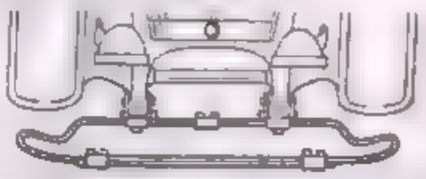
First, insist on a *spring bar bumper*. Freak designs may *look* as if they would protect, but they do not have the shock-absorbing qualities or the broad, flat *holding surface* of the properly-made spring bar. That's why ALL WEED Bumpers are spring bar type

Then, consider possibilities of hooking, a dangerous annoyance in bumpers This can be prevented by choosing WEEDS (see "Sturdy" above, or "Sentry Model B" shown on the car) Note the full length bars with properly curved ends. This makes hooking practically impossible

Drivers of heavy cars should choose a strong, wide bumper like the WEED Sentry Three-bar shown above. It puts seven inches of heavy steel between your car and a scratch.

A long front bumper strikes obstructions at curbs, interferes with parking and is dangerous on the road. In the diagram below you can see that WEEDS are just long enough for complete fender protection

Light car drivers will welcome the new WEED Right-height Fittings which raise or lower light car bumpers to standard height so they *meet* bumpers on other cars. No slipping over or under. WEEDS give light cars real protection for the first time



This diagram shows correct bumper curvature. Note the compactness of WEEDS for close work, their correct shape.

WEED Bumpers are the best protection you can get for your car. They are sold by car dealers, Garages and Accessory Stores everywhere.

Ask for interesting booklet, "The Etiquette of Bumping," an illustrated treatise on car protection.

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WEED BUMPERS

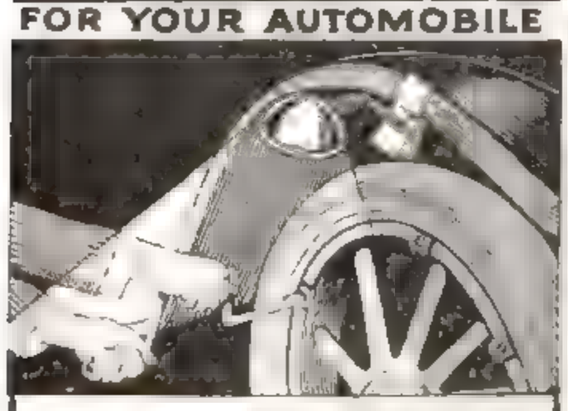
Sensible Protection Fore and Aft

Be ready for that job on your car—

Adjusto-Lite Jr.

A FARRAND WARE PRODUCT

FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE



the new INVENTION that brings the trouble to LIGHT

The name says it—*Adjusto-Lite Jr.* is instantly adjustable—a turn of the shade puts the light right where you need it—***both hands are free to work***—that's convenience! You need

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for—

CAMPING— engine trouble— under-car jobs—

TOURING— changing tires— lighting rear-end—

hundreds of uses—on the road or in the garage

Solid brass—beautifully nickeled—complete with cord and plug.

$3 West of the Mississippi $3.25

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Clamps everywhere on your car—

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For reading; writing; sewing; shaving. Better light—no glare; saves light—saves eyes.

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25c higher W of the Miss.

Lend me five, will you? I'll give you the le sons for it later."

"Sure!"

The flivver rattled away in the darkness. P. Toddhunter dragged his cot from the tent and lay there smoking, gazing up into the bright clear night.

"Gosh," he said to himself, "I don't want to go back to Higbee's, but I guess I'll have to stand it for another year." Then, "I wish that book'd come."

He was awakened after two o'clock by hearing his name bellowed out from the road. A car was standing there, its strong lights bringing the trees at the edge of the field into stark relief.

"What do you want?" yelled P. Toddhunter, sleepily getting to his feet.

"Come here!" ordered a strange voice. "Want you at the hospital! Man by the name of Dewey hurt—asking for you."

"I'm coming!" He ran to the road. "How badly hurt? How?"

"Dunno," responded the man. "Hop in. Had a time trying to find you. Been all over the country. He's at St. Luke's."

The car sped forward.

At the hospital, the night nurse told him that Dewey had slued the car into a telegraph pole to keep from running down two women and had fractured his left leg and arm. The girl with him had been badly bruised, but she had been sent home.

"You mustn't stay more than a minute or so," she cautioned as she led him down the corridor. "He was anxious to see you."

Dewey's lusterless eyes, peering over the sheet, brightened. "'Lo, kid," he said. "Sorry I washed out the flivver."

"Huh!" said P. Toddhunter disparagingly.

"Couldn't help it. Rotten luck! Risk my neck flying that crate for two years, an' then crack up in a flivver!" His white lips curved with pain, beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and nose. "Guess I don't do that trip to Milltown."

Their eyes met in a searching gaze.

"Do you think I could get away with it?" asked P. Toddhunter hollowly. "It's that or Higbee's."

"Maybe. I washed out the flivver, so the ship's yours if you want it. It's a chance to make a thousand."

"I'd go fifty-fifty with you. You'll need some cash." There was a moment of silence before P. Toddhunter added quietly, "I'll take that ship to Milltown or bust!"

"Listen, Todd, I'm not asking you to do it. She may conk on you an' let you down hard. Try it if you want to; but if you change your mind, be sure an' let 'em know in plenty of time."

"I'm not going to change my mind!"

The door opened and the nurse motioned to him that he must leave. He stripped fifty dollars from his diminishing roll of bills, left it on the table.

"So long, Steve."

Steve Dewey put out his uninjured hand, gripped P. Toddhunter's.

"So long, Todd. Good luck. You've sure got the brass in your system. An' listen, don't try to level off fifty feet above the ground! Remember what I've told you. Bring her right in an' hold her there. If you see you're going to crack up, be sure and cut the switch. See? I've marked the route on the map. Follow the railroad after Newfield. Then if she conks, maybe you can hop a freight into Milltown."

P. Toddhunter walked slowly through the dark lonely streets to the Hotel Andon, where he leaned over the counter, scowling at the sheet of white paper, trying to compose a note to Esther Land. It was curious that the most perplexing problem with which his mind had to deal was whether he should address her as "Dear Esther" or "Dear Miss Land." The letter sounded fatuously stiff between two young people who had decided to throw their fortunes together for the next year and a half; and "Dear Esther" seemed presumptuous. He compromised by not using a salutation. Simply:

"I am going to make a long flight early in the morning. If I get away with it, we will have some money; and if I don't I will come back to Planet and get my job at Higbee's. Whatever happens, we are going to come out on top of the heap, so don't worry. I am inclosing some money.

"P. TODDHUNTER."

He slipped forty-five dollars into the envelope, leaving himself ten, and gave it to the clerk to be delivered in the morning.

He walked dazedly for several blocks in the general direction of the road which led to the field, and came to a pause before the Castle, Old Eph's mansion. An electric light illuminated the garage at the rear.

"Hell's bells!" said P. Toddhunter. "Why waste energy walking?"

He routed the night crew of the garage from their beds, engaged a car to take him to the field. There, alone in the clear, quiet night, he built himself a small camp fire, not that he needed warmth, but just that there was companionship in the flames. His thoughts finally expressed themselves in a more than half-forgotten phrase: "Raisuli dead, or somebody else alive!" He did not know exactly what it meant, but that made no difference; it expressed determination, an unconquerable purpose.

"A few hours ago," he told himself, "there wasn't anything else in the world for me to do except to go back to Higbee's and ask that overgrown puppy for my job. And now ——"

It was bewildering. To think of P. Toddhunter, sitting alone in the night before his camp fire, with an aeroplane waiting to take him roaring through the sky! Little tremors of fear shot through him. Perhaps, a few hours from now, there might not be any P. Toddhunter.

"Do you want to go back to Higbee's?" he demanded of himself. "No! All right, then shut up! You're going to get away with this!"

He began to take stock of his ability to fly. Dewey had given him nearly three hours of instruction; he could take the plane off in good shape and his work in the air wasn't bad. Sometimes he flew with one wing low, but that wasn't a serious fault. His worst trouble was in landing, judging when to level off above the ground, when to pull back on the stick and squat the plane.

"If my engine doesn't conk, I'll get to Milltown all right," he philosophized. "If she conks, she conks! If I get to Milltown, I'll either land or crack up. If I land the ship, I'm sitting pretty. If I crack up, I either break my neck or I don't break my neck. If I break my neck, I'm a washout and I haven't anything more to worry about. If I don't break my neck, I haven't anything to worry about. So there isn't anything to worry about, anyhow!"

Dawn was diluting the blackness of the sky when a touring car rolled in from the highway and stopped with its lights flooding over the plane. Three men got out. P. Toddhunter was standing beside the fire, sipping coffee from a tin cup.

"Where's Dewey?" asked one of the men.

"Cracked up in the flivver last night," answered P. Toddhunter tersely. "I'm taking his place. Give me the junk and I'll tie it in." A paper-wrapped bundle was passed to him. "I'll shove off just as soon as it gets light."

"Think you'll make it all right?" asked one of them anxiously.

P. Toddhunter flipped the dregs from his cup into the fire.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Well," replied the man, almost apologetically, "I was just wondering. It looks like a risky business to me. I'll stay on the ground, thanks."

"That's the same line they used to hand Columbus," answered P. Toddhunter with a suggestion of disgust in his voice. He left them and went to the plane, thrilling with the consciousness that they were looking upon him as a man with some sort of supernerve which they lacked. His manner became even more terse, and he prepared for the flight with an air of cool deliberation, while they stood about the fire in respectful silence.

At last he moved to the other side of the plane and stood there looking up into the sky. His lungs took a huge spasmodic breath, his veins felt as though champagne were pumping through them.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, voice throbbing. His thoughts leaped to Esther Land and he was sorry that he had not awakened her, brought her to the field with him.

He swung upon the propeller until the engine caught, spitting red-and-blue flames into the darkness. While the engine idled, warming, dawn pushed up over the horizon. P. Toddhunter put on Steve Dewey's flying suit, helmet and goggles.

"When I give you the signal," he ordered, "pull these ropes and drag the chocks away from the wheels."

He swung into the cockpit, fastened the map under elastic bands on the instrument board. With the control stick drawn toward him, holding the tail of the plane to the ground, he opened the throttle and let the engine roar in a final test. Wind hammered back. Then throttle closed he waved to have the chocks dragged away.

The plane lumbered down the field, tail up, gave a final bump and raised itself into flight. Ahead of him lay the river, a winding silver strip, his first landmark on the way to Multown. He glanced back and gave a last look at Planet, made out the dull gray structure of the Hotel Andon, where Esther Land was still asleep.

"And for seven years," he said aloud into the thunder of the motor, "I sold sheet music for Higbee!"

All about him, sky and earth, was opalescent with dawn, a misty silver, streaked with reds and blues and greens. The plane, with its engine singing lustily, was a little dark star, busily following its own orbit.

Milltown!

P. Toddhunter's heart pounded in his throat. Ahead of him, pygmy stacks poured black clouds of smoke into the air.

"Milltown! Milltown or bust!" he yelled.

His engine, the ancient Gervo-eleven, veteran of countless hours in the air, was laboring along with one cylinder dead. Another cylinder cut out and the slight interruption of the exhaust became a definite break. He put the nose of the plane down gently, while his eyes searched the country beneath him for open fields. At the farther edge of the town he made out a long field, apparently smooth, rimmed at one edge by a grove of trees.

Easing off on the throttle, saving the old Gervo every revolution he possibly could, P. Toddhunter let the plane sink into a long glide, nose pointing for the field. While he waited for the climax of landing, he reflected, wonderingly, that he wasn't in the least afraid. Instead, he felt simply curious as to what was going to happen next.

The things that did happen next, happened with such machine-gun rapidity that there wasn't time to be afraid, or nervous, even.

The plane swept in, low over one edge of the field, P. Toddhunter leveling off masterfully, holding the plane above the ground, waiting for it to lose flying speed. He glanced up and saw, directly ahead of him, gaping at him, a dozen boys who had paused in their game of baseball. Instead of running, they stood there rooted, waiting to be mown down by the wings, slashed by the propeller.

There was only one thing to do, and P. Toddhunter did it; he gave her the gun, opened the throttle. The plane jerked forward in one last spasmodic leap; then the old and already crippled Gervo choked and stopped.

The spreader bar cleared the head of the nearest youngster by inches. The plane soared up over the others; P. Toddhunter stuck its nose down and observed—quite impersonally—that the flight was going to end in the clump of woods.

There was an exasperating moment of utter stillness before the earth and the heavens erupted; he felt himself flung up

(Continued on Page 105)

Good bye, buggy wheels

The automobile is now traveling *"on its own"*

IT'S a long distance from the buggy-whip to the self-starter—from the dashboard to the one-piece windshield. . . .

There's little relation between sixty horse power and "one-hoss" power—between sixty miles an hour and six. . . .

There are a good many Americans who have never seen a buggy except in the movies. . . .

Yet every day they see marvels of vibrant steel—the modern automobile—moving along on glorified buggy wheels. Traveling on a type of wheel originally designed for the one-horse, "giddap" days of the Nineteenth Century.

* * *

A great engineer realized how much the modern automobile was ahead of its wheels. . . .

He decided to build a wheel in harmony with the beauty—weight—speed—of the modern automobile.

There was only one material fit for the job. The material which makes possible the other parts of the car. Steel!

* * *

But steel is no more an automobile wheel than it is an office building or a battleship. It is simply an excellent material with which to work.

So he attacked the problem at its roots.

He measured all the stresses which a high-powered, plunging automobile encounters at blinding speed on bumpy country roads. He studied the problems of braking and steering. He mastered the difficulties in his own mind, *first*.

Then, through years of experiment, he tested his designs in steel.

Out of these years of gruelling tests came a wheel designed to carry the modern automobile swiftly, safely, beautifully—the Budd-Michelin Wheel. . . .

The only *convex* wheel, using the natural resilience of steel to the utmost to save the body from road shocks. . . .

Permitting the placing of brakes and king pins in direct line with the wheel, for more positive braking and easier steering. . . .

Permitting greater protection of the brakes from mud and water than had before been possible. . . .

Tapered from hub to rim, to make starting and stopping easier. . . .

A miracle of shining, stream-lined steel!

Remember, every "steel" wheel is not a Budd-Michelin Wheel.

No other can have its exclusive design and its exclusive features.

Perhaps the car you intend to buy has Budd-Michelin Wheels. That's great! If not, a few extra dollars will give you their beauty, their convenience, their safety.

BUDD

WHEEL COMPANY

Detroit *Philadelphia*

BUDD-MICHELIN—*the All-Steel Wheel*

gives you these advantages:

—a scientific convex form, increasing resilience, harmonizing with the lines of your car, and permitting the placing of brakes and king pins in the same plane as the wheel, for better braking and easier steering—for greater protection of brakes from mud and water

—a light wheel (lighter than wood) tapering toward the rim, making starting and stopping easier

Cross-section showing convex design

—five wheels to a set. An extra wheel to dress up the rear of your car, easy to substitute in case of tire trouble. No rims to remove. Just a few turns on the nuts *at the hub*

—a wheel which cools the tire, adding to the tire's life and service by drawing off and radiating friction-heat

—a wheel which can't come off until you want it off

—cleanliness. No spokes to collect dirt. A more enduring finish than wood will take

—everlasting strength, promoting safety. Triumphant beauty!

To make the most delicious, crisp, Golden Brown Apple Dumplings you ever tasted—

Use Mazola and your own recipe or follow this one:

PEEL and core five or six apples. Prepare the crust as follows:

2 cups Sifted Pastry Flour
¾ cup Mazola
½ teaspoon Salt
¼ cup Ice Water

WORK Mazola well into the dry flour and salt gradually, mixing thoroughly with a knife or spatula, then add enough ice water to hold together and roll out at once on a well floured board.

Cut dough into six squares. Place an apple on each square filling the core with sugar, adding a little cinnamon. Fold over the top of the apple the four corners, wetting them slightly so that they will adhere. Bake in a moderate oven until browned.

—then sit down

and enjoy the most delicious, crisp, golden brown Apple Dumplings you ever tasted.

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Send for the new Corn Products Cook Book—Write Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. 31—Argo, Illinois.

893

A PLEASANT REMINDER

"MAZOLA is as delicious and good to eat as the corn from which it comes"

(Continued from Page 102)

and twisted about, while the plane thrashed against tree trunks, splintering. Then, again, utter quiet.

P. Toddhunter got to his feet and wabbled drunkenly for a few steps. People, thousands of them, appeared to be converging upon him, yelling, shouting at him, crowding about him.

"Get out of my way!" he ordered, and wabbled to the wrecked fuselage. "Somebody get me a car. I've got to take this bundle to the Benderson office. Make it snappy!"

"Three telegrams for you," said the nurse the next morning. "Shall I read them to you?"

P. Toddhunter, head bandaged, shoulder in a cast, said, "Yes, please." He had been trying to count the bandages and bunches of adhesive tape plastered over his sore body, covering incidental cuts from splinters of wood, and had reached a grand total of seven.

"The New York papers had a wonderful story about you this morning," said the nurse as she opened the envelopes. "How you'd risked your own life to save the boys. The first telegram is signed Steve. It says, 'From one cripple to another, I'll say you did great.' This one is signed George F. Dibble. It says, 'Congratulations on good work and thanks for splendid self-sacrifice. Company wishes to replace the destroyed plane in addition to your pay for service rendered.'"

"Gosh! Sitting pretty!" His share of the thousand, and a new plane!

"And the last one is signed Esther," went on the nurse. P. Toddhunter's one visible eye widened. "It says, 'Arriving Milltown ten o'clock. Love.'"

"Let's see it," said P. Toddhunter.

He was still looking at the message at intervals when the door opened again and again admitted his nurse.

"Your father has come," she said cheerily.

Before P. Toddhunter could reply an elderly man, slightly unkempt, soft black hat clasped nervously in both hands, stepped into the room.

"My boy!" he said, voice quavering with emotion.

P. Toddhunter looked at him.

"How do you get that way?" he demanded. His unbandaged eye stared at the man while his mind rushed back over the years.

It was John Darius Toddhunter.

"My boy!" he repeated.

"I thought you'd bumped off years ago!" said P. Toddhunter.

There lingered about the old fellow a strong odor of bootleg whisky as he sat beside the bed, humbly telling his story. He had always intended to come home and be a dutiful husband and father, but ill luck, the perversity of fate, had dogged him. Years had done little to dim his eloquence. Several times P. Toddhunter found himself believing him, almost feeling sorry for him. During the fourteen years of his wanderings, John Darius had tried apparently nearly every honorable profession and always with undeserving bad luck. He had even become an author and publisher. That had been his latest venture; but for some unexplainable reason, the Federal authorities had stepped in, seized the plant and all the volumes of his masterpiece. John Darius had come to fear that his partner, a Mr. Hemmingway, had not been entirely honorable in his business dealings. He had kept the money without filling the orders that came through the mails.

"Hemmingway?" asked P. Toddhunter. "Say, what was the name of the book you wrote?"

"It was a treatise on what you might call workaday philosophy," explained John Darius sententiously. "I called it The Secret of Conscious Power."

P. Toddhunter jumped. Deep within his chest a little laugh started and rolled around and around until it made a noisy and violent escape.

Esther Land sat beside him, elbow on the bed, chin cupped in her hands.

Through his one available eye, P. Toddhunter studied her face. She seemed to be far away in thought, and so he lingered happily over such details as long lashes and the humorous little quirk that came and went at the end of her mouth. She had a lovely mouth, warm, delightfully curved lips.

His cheek still glowed where she had planted a kiss.

"The reward of the warrior," she explained.

"What's that song you're humming?" she asked presently. "It's pretty."

He hadn't realized that he had been humming, and his thoughts had to scurry about to recapture the air.

"Oh, that? It's just a song."

"What's the name of it?"

"I think it's called Thy Lips a Thousand Blessings Give—or something like that."

P. Toddhunter blushed.

RACHEL JACKSON

(Continued from Page 27)

of children. And so, in 1809, they adopted one of a pair of twin Donelson nephews and called him Andrew Jackson, Junior; and a little later another nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, was brought to the Hermitage, where he grew up and was educated at the general's expense, until in time he went to West Point and became a soldier too.

It was a busy, kindly, perhaps rather noisy household, certainly not very elegant, but great-hearted and charitable.

And sometimes important people came. Colonel Burr came: he came several times, in 1805 and in 1806, and stayed at the Hermitage. The general's merchandise firm was busy preparing boats and supplies for that mysterious expedition of the colonel's—concerning which it was said that he had written to Mr. Clay that "the executive of the United States are acquainted with my object and view it with complaisance"—and the two men had much to discuss.

But later on people began to say queer things about Colonel Burr, and Rachel received him very coldly one day, and the next thing they knew he had been arrested for treason. And because of his boats and supplies, the general was summoned to Richmond as a witness; but they never let him testify, because it turned out that he was convinced that Colonel Burr was not a traitor, and that General Wilkinson was a scoundrel and that Mr. Jefferson was a despicable cheat—and perhaps the general was right.

And sometimes the general went away and got into trouble. He was always quarreling and vituperating and fighting—with Mr. Sevier, at whom he took pot shots in the public square at Knoxville; with Mr. Dickinson, whom he pronounced to be "a worthless, drunken, blackguard scoundrel," and finally killed, quite deliberately, on a May morning when the other's pistol stopped at half cock; with Mr. Dinsmore, whom he called a great many extravagant names; with Mr. Benton, whom he threatened to horsewhip, and whose brother Jesse nearly killed him in a disgraceful brawl in the presence of all Nashville. He came home to Rachel half dead from loss of blood that time. In fact, the general was thinking of removing to the Mississippi—he had so many enemies and so black a reputation.

And what did Rachel think of it all? What did she think of her rowdy, calamitous bravo of a husband? She adored him. She rebuked him for his sins, she strove with him for his unbelieving soul, she lamented his godless tongue and the fatal celerity of his trigger finger; but she adored him.

He was "the general," he was "Mr. Jackson," he was her pride and her delight. Perhaps she realized that many of his quarrels were the result of an attempted slur upon what he considered her sacred name.

She wrote to him in 1813 during one of his military expeditions—and the spelling and punctuation are her own, since it is useless to pretend that she was not illiterate:

"*My dear Husband:* I received your affectionate Letter. . . . It was the greatest marke of your attention and regard to me I was happy to Here you wer in good health that I Should Shortely Bee blest with my Dearer Self once more meete you In this Life never an other painfull Separation—But I Saw a Letter you wrote Genl. overton Wherein you Espresst a wish to go to the Northw. Oh how hard it appeard and one to Colo Warde of the same tennure how Can you wish Such a perilous tower but the Love of Country the thirst for Honour and patriotism is your motive—After a feeble acknowledgment of the maney polite and friendly atentions I have received through your goodness by your Friends I shall Never forgit . . . Shall I see you in twenty Days o God send Showers on Scorching withering grass will not be more reviving Gladly will I meete you when ever you bid me our farm Looks well I could write you all Day Long but such a Pen I feare you never Can read it pray my Dear write me on the way home—and may The Lord bless you health safely restore you to my armes in mutuel Love is the prayers of your affectionate wife

"RAWCHEL JACKSON."

V

RACHEL did not like it when the general was away, and from now on he was to be away a great deal. Early in 1813, already, he had been called to lead an abortive expedition to the south—that expedition to Mobile which "the heart of Western Tennessee" accompanied down the river and which the machinations of the War Department put an end to at Natchez—and then, in the fall, there came news of the Creek massacre at Fort Mims and the general was off again; in good earnest this time, to an arduous campaign during which, in the midst of manifold military tribulations, he suffered constantly from that chronic intestinal trouble of his, and at the close of which Fort Mims was avenged and the power of the Creeks destroyed. For Rachel they were months of anxiety, of pathetic fears and dismal loneliness.

She wrote on one occasion—and once more one prefers to reproduce the letter in its original form, so much more genuine and touching does it seem than if a more perfect syntax and orthography had shorn it of its breathless, devoted errors:

"*My dearest Life:* I received your letter by Express. Never shall I forgit it I have not slept one night since. . . . I Cryed aloud and praised my god For your safety how thankfull I was. . . . My dear pray let me conjur you by every Tie of Love of friendship to let me see you before you go againe I have borne it untill now it has thrown me into feavours I am very unwell—my thoughts is never diverted from that dreadfull scene oh how dreadfull to me and the mercy and goodness of Heaven to me you are spared perils and Dangers so maney troubles. . . . I cannot sleepe all can come home but you I never wanted to see you so mutch in my life . . . let me know and I will fly on the wings of the purest affection I must see you pray my

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directed workmen to repair the automobile. He was arrested a short time later.
THREE PEOPLE KILLED DUE TO FAULTY BRAKES
Callo said his brakes recently had been relined but admitted he had purchased the cheapest lining available and that a friend not skilled in making the adjustments had fastened it in place.
He drove up to the garage, turned
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Darling never make me so unhappy for aney Country . . .

"You have now don more than any other man ever did before you have served your country long enough You have gained many Laurels You have bind them and more gloriously than had your situation have been differently and instid of your enemyes injuring of you as theay intended it has been an advantage to you you have been gon a long time six months in all that time what has been your trialls daingers and Diffyculties hardeships oh Lorde of heaven how can I beare it. . . . our Dear Little Son is well he sayes maney things to swet papa. . . . health and happy Days untill we meete—Let it not be Long from your Dearest friend and faithfull wife untill Death."

He had served his country long enough, she thought; actually, he had scarcely begun. He was home in April, 1814, but the war with England went on; in May he received his commission as major general in the Regular Army; in August he was on his way to Mobile. And on December second, in his old blue cloak and a leather cap and tremendous boots flopping around his knees, he came ashore at Bayou St. Jean, where his old friend, Mr. Edward Livingston, and Mr. Bernard de Marigny and several other distinguished gentlemen of New Orleans were waiting to receive him.

There is no space in these pages, naturally, for any discussion of the military operations around New Orleans, which culminated in the great, smashing victory of January 8, 1815—a posthumous victory, so to speak, since peace had already been signed with England. Perhaps the general's greatest victory was won—with Colonel Livingston always at his side—in New Orleans itself, in that proud city filled with strange tongues which he found means to inspire with an active devotion to himself; in the midst of those stately Creole grandees—Pontalbas, Villerés, Kernions, Borés, Marignys, d'Estrehans—whose vigorous loyalty to an allegiance only recently established must have gained something of its spirit from his own compelling personality; in the presence of those great Creole ladies, fine flowers of two ancient European aristocracies, gathered in their meticulous drawing-rooms to test the nature of the frontiersman from Tennessee whom they found to be a "prince" of chivalry and simple courtesy.

Of course, they quarreled with him a good deal after the battle. He was rude to the legislature and impertinent to the civil governor; he would not alter the rigors of martial law; he would not accept the preliminary news of the peace and kept the Creole militia under arms; when they began registering at the French consul's he ordered them all out of town; when a member of the assembly protested he clapped him in jail; when the Federal judge issued a writ of habeas corpus he clapped him in jail; when the district attorney applied to the state judge for another writ he had them both arrested; he behaved in a highly volcanic and tempestuous manner, and eventually found himself summoned for contempt of court before a rabble of military partisans—troopers, "dirty shirts," pirates from Barataria—who dragged him in his carriage to the Exchange Coffee House afterward, in noisy and somewhat undignified triumph. But in spite of it all, people liked him. He had saved the city, he was a hero, he was entitled to his temperamental fireworks. He was just a soldier, a wild American from Tennessee. He must have made them laugh a great deal. They were never to forget him, never to cease thinking of him—most of them—with admiration and affection.

In that circumstance, surely, is to be found his greatest victory—a victory over proud, diffident hearts; but his was as nothing, after all, compared to that other victory, a similar victory won during the last weeks of his dictatorship by a little dumpy woman from Nashville.

Already in December there had been question of Rachel's coming to New Orleans.

"I have not received a letter or paper from Tennessee since the last of October," the general wrote to a friend on December twenty-third. "I am anxious to know whether Mrs. Jackson has sailed from Nashville, under the expectation that she has has been the reason why I have not wrote her. If she is still at home say to her the reason I have not wrote her and say to her and my little son God bless them. I am more than anxious to see them."

Rachel had not yet started in December, but in March she came, finally, bringing with her little Andrew, Junior.

She came—to a city greater than any which her eyes had ever gazed upon; into the midst of a society distinguished for the grace and elegance of its manners, the splendor and gayety of its daily intercourse, the costly perfection of its dress, the courtly precision of its speech; she came, and so conspicuously—a fat, coarse, little brown-skinned woman in dowdy clothes, clumsy-tongued, ignorant of the world's decorum, to no manner born save that of the blockhouse and the farm. She came just as she was, with only the reflected glory of her husband's achievement to render more difficult, if anything, the emergencies of her position—into those mansions of the *vieux carré*, of the old Faubourg Marigny, to those Creole homes on Chartres Street, and Bourbon and Dumaine—and won her astonishing victory; a personal victory which triumphed over custom and prejudice, the victory of her own great heart, of her sweet, charitable nature.

They helped her, of course, those fine Creole ladies; they told her what to do, they brought her clothes to wear; with gentle words and ministering hands they set the seal of their own splendidly generous loyalty, their magnificent conception of the obligations of nobility, upon her goings out and comings in. They would have done this for any *Madame la Générale*, punctiliously and coldly; for Rachel they did it with warm kindliness, because they liked her. They stood in a stately row behind her chair and watched the approaches to her dignity, guarded the portals of her negligent tongue. And none more so than Mrs. Edward Livingston; beautiful Louise d'Avezac, a Creole belle from Santo Domingo, a widow at sixteen, a refugee from the black massacre in the colony, and now the wife of Louisiana's great jurist, who was one day to be Mr. Jackson's Secretary of State—how little they dreamed it then—the mistress of his house on Chartres Street, and one of the most cherished adornments of the fastidious Faubourg. With Louise Livingston at her side, Rachel could do no wrong.

She did make them all laugh very heartily, though, and especially at that great ball at the Exchange, when "after supper we were treated to a most delicious *pas de deux* by the conqueror and his spouse. To see these two figures—the general, a long, haggard man with limbs like a skeleton, and *Madame la Générale*, a short, fat dumpling—bobbing opposite each other like half-drunken Indians to the wild melody of Possum Up de Gum Tree, and endeavoring to make a spring into the air, was very remarkable and far more edifying a spectacle than any European ballet could possibly have furnished." There is no more pleasant a scene in all the annals of the day. One imagines her in her lace cap, smiling and perspiring, skirts in hand, wearing the topaz jewelry presented to her by the ladies of the town.

So Rachel came to New Orleans, and after a while departed, honored and much beloved.

VI

THE homeward journey of the Jacksons, in April, 1815, was a continued triumph of banquets, swords of honor and public acclamations, in the midst of which Rachel was probably very glad to see again the

(Continued on Page 108

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS TO SHOES IN VACATION TIME

This is the kind of wear Keds are *built* to stand!

TWELVE HOURS of racing and tearing every day—tramping, climbing, playing a hundred strenuous games—

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[NOTE]

They are NOT Keds UNLESS the NAME Keds is on the shoe

(Continued from Page 106)

familiar outlines of her Hermitage. But there was to be very little rest for the general. There was a trip to Washington, to explain his New Orleans arrests; he was appointed to the command of the Army of the South; and then, late in 1817, he was ordered to Fort Scott to chastise the Seminoles in Florida, who had been persecuting American settlers. And the Reverend Gideon Blackburn began to preach in Nashville.

Whether or not his instructions sanctioned an invasion of West Florida—and there was a tremendous argument about it afterward—the general was temperamentally unable to find himself in that locality without capturing Pensacola; he had already captured it once on his own initiative, and now, in May, 1818, he captured it again and presented the whole Florida territory at the point of his sword to a somewhat embarrassed Administration, which had been negotiating with Spain for its purchase. The public clamor of approval over the event was not the least annoying feature of the Government's dismay at the pranks of its military *enfant terrible*. There was a frightful to-do about it in Washington, and Mr. Monroe and Mr. Calhoun and Mr. John Quincy Adams talked themselves green in the face, while the general was being fêted in New York and Philadelphia; but in the end it all blew over, and the hero returned to Nashville to superintend the construction of a new Hermitage.

It was a fine two-story brick house, with a double piazza resting on grooved wooden columns, erected on a site chosen by Rachel herself in a field near the original blockhouse.

Behind the house was the garden which Rachel was to enjoy so much, and for which the general was always procuring rare plants and flowers; the garden in which she was to be buried; not far from the little church which the general soon built for her, for Rachel—partly, perhaps, because of her continued loneliness—had suddenly "got" religion, strenuous, austere, militant, Presbyterian religion.

It had happened along in 1816, under that wave of pioneer preaching which had flooded the frontiers after the war. She may have danced and made merry before, but now the Reverend Gideon Blackburn, her dear Parson Blackburn, had weaned her from the profligacy of mundane affairs.

"Say to my father in the Gospel . . . I shall always love him as such. Often I have blessed the Lord that I was permitted to be called under his ministry."

As for the general, he still thought very little of such matters; but he made no objections to Rachel's somewhat florid devotions; he received her numerous clerical visitors with unfailing good nature, and allowed himself to be prevailed upon to say grace at meals—which was a great step forward for Mr. Jackson.

There was a quite different Rachel at the Hermitage now, and salvation hung, so to speak, like a sword of Damocles above the general's unreceptive head; but first there was a task to be accomplished at Pensacola. The treaty with Spain had at last been ratified; Colonel Forbes had been sent to Havana to secure the Florida archives—only he failed to secure them. With the record of General Jackson's turbulent governorship of New Orleans fresh in his mind, and the knowledge that no more precarious choice could possibly be made for a position demanding the utmost patience and tact, Mr. Monroe appointed the general to be governor of Florida and to preside at the formalities of transfer. Perhaps Mr. Monroe did this in order to get even with Mr. Jackson—he had conquered the Floridas, now let him govern them.

At all events, on April 18, 1821, the governor and his lady with the two boys, left Nashville for the south. He was empowered with all the authority formerly residing in the Captain-General of Cuba and the Spanish governors of East and West Florida. It seemed to be a generous mandate, and a great many personal friends, to say nothing of a host of perfect strangers, packed their valises and followed in the wake of so brilliantly promissory a patronage.

VII

THE Jacksons went down the river to New Orleans, where they were received with tremendous festivities; but it was a very different New Orleans now in Rachel's enlightened eyes, this city in which she had once danced so blithely.

"It reminds me," she wrote, "of those words in Revelations: 'Great Babylon is come up before me.' Oh, the wickedness, the idolatry of this place! Unspeakable the riches and splendor. . . . The attention and honors paid to the general far excel a recital by my pen. They conducted him to the Grand Theatre. . . . Songs of praise were sung by ladies and in the midst they crowned him with a crown of laurel. The Lord has promised his humble followers a crown that fadeth not away; the present one is already withered, the leaves are falling off. . . . I know I never was so tried before, tempted, proved in all things. . . . Oh, for Zion! I wept when I saw this idolatry. . . .

"I have written you this through the greatest bustle and confusion. The nobility have assembled to escort the General with a full band of martial music to review the troops. . . . Oh, farewell! Pray for your sister in a heathen land, far from my people and church. . . ."

Yes. They pushed on; to Mobile, where they stayed nine days; to Mount Pelier, where they waited five weeks for Colonel Forbes, who did not come with the archives; and finally, on June seventeenth, to the house of a Spanish gentleman, fifteen miles from Pensacola, "that city of contention" which so resented their coming. Rachel did not like Florida; she thought it greatly overrated, nothing but sweet potatoes and yams, and 1000 acres of its soil could not match one "of our fine Tennessee land." And she was worried about her chickens at home. In other respects, "Oh, how shall I make you sensible of what a heathen land I am in. . . . Often I think of the Babylonian captivity. . . . Oh, I feel as if I was in a vast howling wilderness, far from my friends in the Lord, my home and Country. The Sabbath entirely neglected and profaned. . . ." And again, "Oh for Zion! I am not at rest, nor can I be, in a heathen land. . . . How happy and thankful should you be in a land of gospel light and liberty. . . . Do not be uneasy for me.

"'Although the vine yield no fruit and the olive no oil, yet will I serve the Lord.' Adieu, adieu."

She moved into town with the two boys, to a pleasant house on Main Street, adorned with galleries from which there was a view of the bay and enlivened by "the finest sea breeze . . . so exhilerating, so pure, so wholesome." But many of the houses looked in ruins, "old as time," and the city squares were overgrown with shrubs, weeping willows and the pride of China, so neglected, like the flowers growing wild in the abandoned gardens. And it rained and rained, until sometimes the streets were two feet deep in water. And the inhabitants, who spoke nothing but French and Spanish, "such a mixed multitude . . . there are fewer white people far than any other, mixed with all nations under the canopy of heaven, almost in Nature's darkness. But thanks to the Lord that has put grace in this his servant to issue his proclamation . . .

"I think the sanctuary is about to be purged for a minister of the gospel to come over to the help of the Lord in this dark region."

At all events, she changed the Spanish Sabbath for them. She had not been "an idle spectator" during her first Sundays in Pensacola—"the Sabbath profanely kept, a great deal of noise and swearing in the streets, shops kept open, trade going on, I think, more than on any other day." But she arranged it differently for the future, by her own commands, and "had the happiness of witnessing the truth of what I had said. Great order was observed; the doors kept shut; the gambling houses demolished; fiddling and dancing not heard any more on the Lord's day, cursing not to be heard. . . ." Fiddling and dancing not heard any more. They hated her, just as they hated her fiery, incomprehensible general, Don Andrew Jackson, *Gubernador*.

The Frontispiece of "Here's to You, Henry Clay," a Song Written by "An Old Coon," and Dedicated to J. L. Dimmock, Esq., President of the Boston Clay Club

VIII

HE RODE into town, looking very pale and solemn, at the head of the American troops, at seven o'clock on the morning of July seventeenth. Down Main Street, under Rachel's balcony, to the Government House, where the Spanish governor, Don Callava, was waiting for the formal substitution of flags. There was a dinner afterward for all the officials, and the Spanish garrison was embarked for Havana. The streets were lined with American land speculators and office seekers, and thronged with natives who wept to see the passing of their old allegiance, this exchange of old Spain for new America. Except for the American opportunists, it was not a cheerful scene.

"The whole town was in motion," Rachel observed. "Never did I ever see so many pale faces. . . . There were no shouts of joy or exultation; but on the contrary we sympathized with these people. . . . Oh how they burst into tears to see the last ray of hope departed of their devoted city and country. . . . How did the city sit solitary and mourn. Never did my heart feel more for any people. Being present, I entered immediately into their feelings. Their manners, laws and customs, all changed, and really a change was necessary."

Rachel was convinced of that. The Lord, she thought, "had a controversy with them. They were living far from God. If they would have the gospel of Jesus and his apostles, it would have been otherwise, but they would not. The field is white for harvest, but where are the laborers? Not one. Oh for one of our faithful ministers to come and impart the word of life to them."

In St. Augustine, a Methodist missionary had begun distributing tracts as soon as the American flag had been run up, but not so at Pensacola; even in September, "not one minister of the gospel has come to this place yet, no, not one."

But whatever the nature of the Lord's controversy with the Pensacolans, Don Andrew soon had one of his own. Don Callava could not make up his mind to fulfill the terms of the treaty and remove himself; he prevaricated, he procrastinated, he conspired to annoy the general in as many ways as possible with Mr. Eligius Fromentin, a Federal judge—and Don Andrew did not like Federal judges—and with Mr. John Innerarity, a Mobile trading agent much beholden to the Spaniards for past favors.

"I shall not pretend to describe the toils, fatigue and trouble," Rachel sighed in August. "Those Spaniards had as leave die as give up their country. He has had terrible scenes; the governor has been put in the calaboose, which is a terrible thing, really. I was afraid there would be a rebellion."

It was quite true. Don Callava had been put in the calaboose, with two of his minions, and Judge Fromentin had tried to issue a writ of habeas corpus, which was a fatal thing to do as long as the general retained his health. It was all because of a lawsuit brought by the heirs of a certain Nicholas Maria Vidal against Mr. Innerarity's house. Don Callava had refused to surrender the necessary papers and had been dragged from his bed into the fiery presence for a midnight interview during which all the parties concerned did nothing but shout insulting remarks at one another; whereupon the scandalized Spaniard had been hurled into jail, where his friends sought him out with refreshment and provender, and spent the rest of the night in song and high merriment, imitating the Americano's tantrums. It was a stupid, childish fracas, the echoes of which finally dwindled away in the corridors of the Spanish Embassy at Washington—and in which much was said on both sides—but it did not serve to popularize Don Andrew's somewhat whimsical régime.

And there was another pebble in the governor's shoe.

(Continued on Page 113)

Miss Beatrice Beauty takes pride in this duty.
For some friends are invited to tea.
With new silverplate bright and flowers to delight
How charming her table will be.

Let Us Send You A Triumph Pattern Teaspoon

Every woman is in her heart a Beatrice Beauty. She loves the beautiful. To introduce you to what has been called the most beautiful of all the Wm. Rogers & Son silverplate patterns, we will apportion you *one teaspoon* of this exquisite new Triumph design for twenty-five cents.

Seeing is believing. You can see for yourself how graceful and entrancing this new Triumph pattern in fine silverplate really is. You can own a piece of it. You can hold it in your hand, observe for yourself its graceful lines and decoration and as you admire it, remember that it is guaranteed without time limit. Also, that every fork and spoon is reinforced with extra silver where the wear is heaviest.

This charming new Triumph pattern is so reasonable in price, piece by piece, that there is no reason why you should not own a set of it to delight your family and your friends.

Fill out the coupon and mail to us, with your dealer's name. We have apportioned you only one teaspoon. When you receive it you will prize it. Go to your dealer and he will tell you the good news — how you can own a 26-piece set of this beautiful silverplate at a surprisingly low cost of $14.75.

Triumph Pattern
Tea Spoon

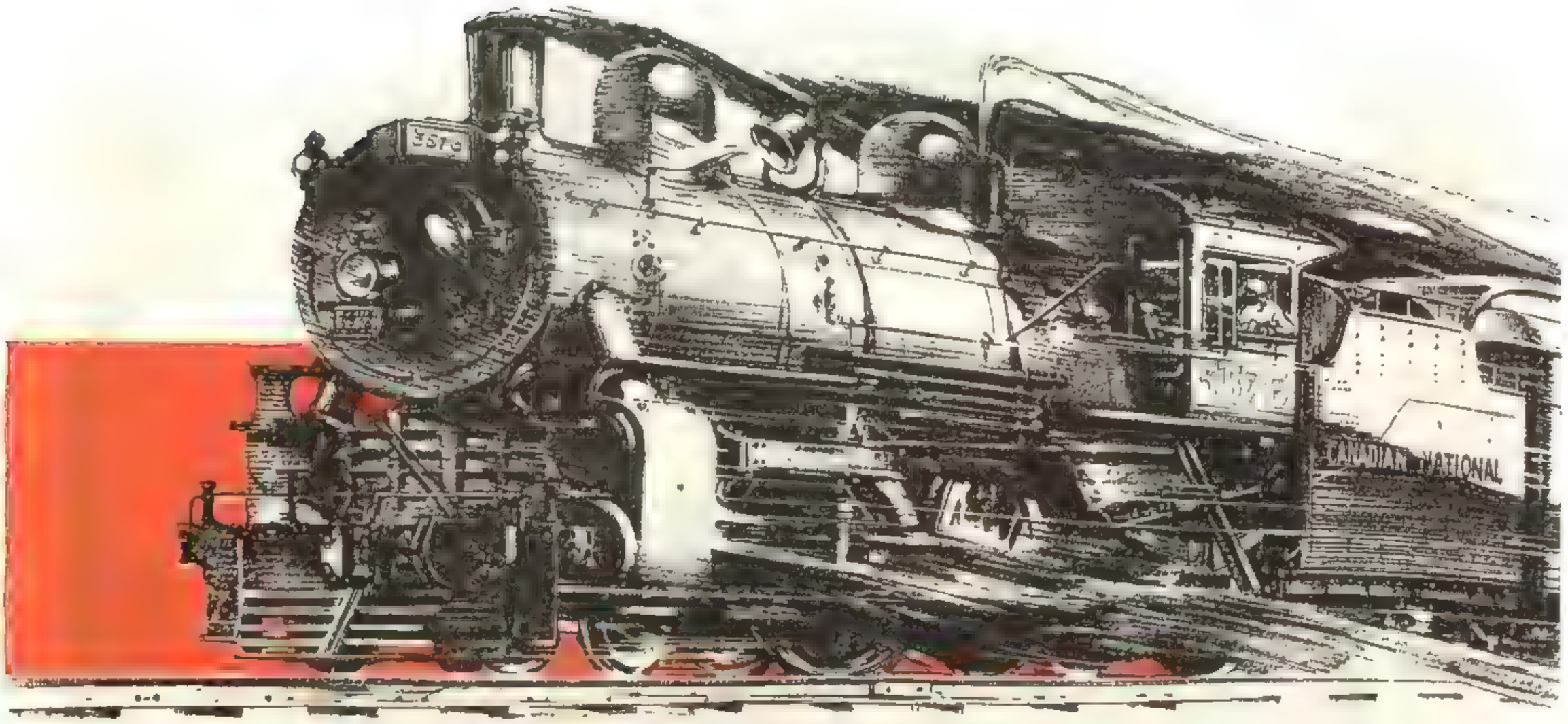
Triumph Pattern
Medium Fork

Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate

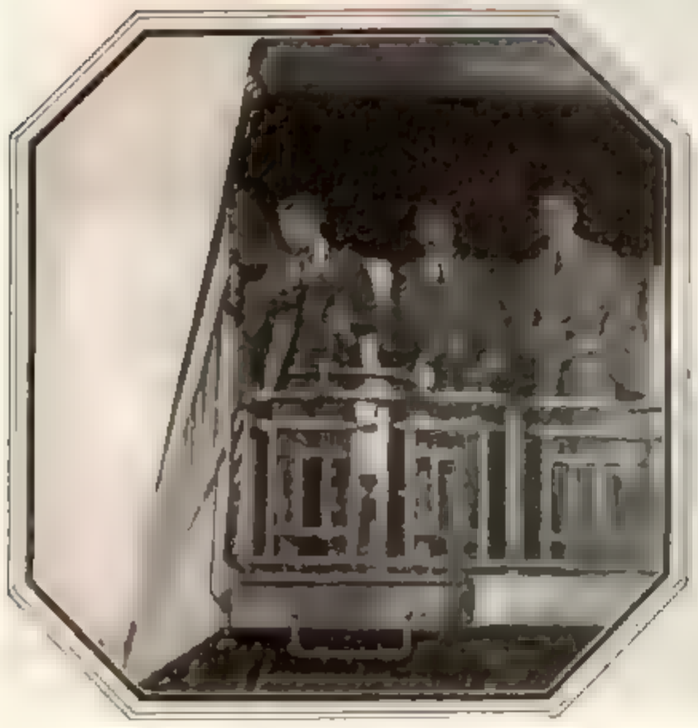
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

THE WM. ROGERS MFG. CO., Dept. S, Meriden, Conn.
Gentlemen — I am enclosing you 25 cents for my teaspoon in your new Triumph pattern in fine silverplate. I am giving you my dealer's name also.

Name _____
Please Print
Address _____
City *State*
Dealer's Name _____



The Prince of Wales Special on the Canadian National Railway



It is interesting to know that the famous special train prepared for the Prince of Wales' trip across Canada's Wonder-land was finished throughout with Sherwin-Williams paints, varnishes and enamels.

Great interest attaches to the Prince of Wales' trip, not alone because of himself, but because of that army of travelers who enjoy, no less than he, the beautifully finished traveling equipment which carries them through a notable section of the American continent.

For who does not look forward to the famous wonders of the Triangle Tour—to its snow capped peaks and mighty rivers—its mystic Skeena—its 600 miles through sheltered seas of the "Inside Passage"—its stupendous canyons and towering Mt. Robson—its Jasper National Park in Alpine Canada!

PRINCE RUPERT
JASPER NATIONAL PARK
The Triangle Tour
MOUNT ROBSON
VANCOUVER

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSEHOLD PAINTING GUIDE

TRADE MARK

SURFACE	TO PAINT— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
AUTOMOBILES	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior	Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint Metalastic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
Porch	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Enameloid
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS	Flat Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Family Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior Plaster or Wallboard	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

For Removing Paint and Varnish use Texaz quick—easy thorough economical can be used by anyone—on any surface

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

For Cleaning Painted and Varnished Surfaces use Flaxoap Made from linseed oil contains no free alkali—restores original lustre.

STOP Mistakes in Painting

AMERICAN and Canadian railways use Sherwin-Williams finishes for all surfaces, from locomotives to passenger coaches. They recognize that Sherwin-Williams make the exact type of finish necessary for each surface. Householders, likewise, recognize this and know that the same careful research and technical skill are utilized in producing the right finishes for the home as are used in serving the great transportation and industrial companies. The Household Painting Guide gives the Sherwin-Williams authentic recommendation. Which surface in your home needs finishing now? Save the Guide.

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THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

601 CANAL ROAD, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Largest Makers of Paint and Varnish in the World

Happier kitchen hours — *in* OIL STOVE *homes*

Where a beautiful RED STAR Oil Stove enters the kitchen, much of the drudgery flies out of the window. Cooking hours are happier. Cooking results are surprisingly improved. Ask any RED STAR user if this is not so.

This famous oil stove burns *oil*, of course—but *without wicks*. It cooks with a clean, *fast heat*, as even and as intense as gas heat, produced by the patented RED STAR *all-metal* burners. You get *gas speed* and *gas stove* results, summer and winter. And, do not forget, the RED STAR is a beautiful stove—a joy to work with, a delight to keep clean.

See a demonstration. There is a size for every need—two to six burners. There is a price for every purse. If you do not know the local RED STAR dealer, write us for his name and a copy of the RED STAR book.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

RED ★ STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

THIS DIFFERENT OIL STOVE COOKS AS FAST AS GAS

(Continued from Page 108)

"There never was a man more disappointed than the General has been," Rachel explained quite frankly, although the italics are not hers. "In the first place, he has not the power to appoint one of his friends, *which, I thought, was in part the reason of his coming.* . . . He calls it a wild goose chase, his coming here. . . . Many have been disappointed. I have not"—although in the intervals of prayer meetings she had used her influence on behalf of various office hunters—"I saw it as plain as I now do when it is passing. . . . Many wander about like lost sheep; all have been disappointed in offices. . . . The President made all the appointments and sent them from the city of Washington." The game was really not worth the candle. "The General, I think, is the most anxious man to get home I ever saw. . . . They all begin to think with me that Tennessee is the best country yet."

And so, in October, 1821, they went home. They reached Nashville on November fourth, and on December first the general's resignation went into effect.

IX

THEY were very glad to be home. The general had not been at all well, and Rachel herself had felt the effects of the unaccustomed Florida climate. It was much pleasanter to stay quietly at the Hermitage, listening to the young people's fun—all the nieces and nephews who filled the place—or playing the piano in the evening for the general while he rendered Money Musk and Fisher's Hornpipe and Auld Lang Syne on the flute; or to drive through the lovely Tennessee countryside in the big carriage behind the four gray horses, with the footmen in blue liveries and glazed hats with silver bands. Rachel would have been content to go on doing this all her life—and trying to convert the general. But before very long there was something quite different—and to Rachel probably quite dismaying—on the carpet.

It had been talked about all year, and in July, 1822, the Tennessee Legislature came right out and nominated the general for the presidency, putting him forward against the Adams, Crawford, Clay candidacies as a man "calm in deliberation, cautious in decision, efficient in action"—a summary of his qualities which should have made even Rachel smile. Of all the most remote possible choices for the office, the general was perhaps the least well fitted for it; but he was a popular hero and the great Voice began to make itself heard. In the meantime the general was elected to the United States Senate, and when he returned to Washington for his second session, in the fall of 1824, he took Rachel with him, traveling in his coach and four.

And Washington was not at all sure what to do about Mrs. Jackson. There were queer stories about her—something concerning her marriage—and she was said to be such a dowdy.

"A dilemma was presented, and a grand debate ensued," Mrs. Seaton reports, "as to whether the ladies would visit her." But the question of propriety was finally settled, and "all doubts were laid aside." And as was always the case whenever Rachel braved the world's inspection, in spite of her social deficiencies she won all hearts by her simplicity and sincerity. Her visit, it was recorded, gave "a damper to those who have used her as an argument against him. She has proven the falsity of the thousand slanders which have been industriously circulated of her awkwardness, ignorance and indecorum. I . . . find her striking characteristics to be an unaffected simplicity of manners with great goodness of heart. So far from being denied the attentions usually extended to strangers, as was predicted, she has been overpowered by the civilities of all parties."

She thought so herself.

"To tell you of this city," she wrote, "I would not do justice to the subject. The extravagance is in dressing and running to parties, but I must say they regard the Sabbath and attend preaching. . . . oh my dear friend, how shall I get through this bustle. There are not less than from fifty to one hundred persons calling in a day. . . . Don't be afraid of my giving way to those vain things. . . . The play actors sent me a letter requesting my countenance to them. No. A ticket to balls and parties. No, not one." But she did go, finally, to General Brown's ball. "Two dinings, several times to drink tea. Indeed, Mr. Jackson encourages me in my course."

They were breathlessly busy, stopping at the same hotel with General Lafayette, and the place was packed all day. And Washington was in a turmoil of preëlection logrolling Mrs. Crawford and her visits—Mr. Clay and his friends—Mr. Jackson and his banquets—Mr. Clay—Mr. Clay—but the general comported himself with great dignity and avoided intrigue as much as possible. Everyone was in high good humor, and the general had little doubt of the outcome; he had brought Rachel to be there with him on the great day. But he was four years too early.

For on the great day the election was thrown into the House, and Mr. Clay pushed Mr. Adams into the White House. Secretly, Rachel was probably delighted. The Jacksons went home, in March, 1825, to prepare for General Lafayette's visit to the Hermitage. Rachel was going to ask "a number of ladies and farmers from the neighborhood." The general—the general was going to smash Mr. Clay if it took every last breath in his body—Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams. His second presidential campaign began immediately.

X

IT WAS to be one of the most vicious, merciless, scurrilous campaigns in the annals of American politics. From the very first, Mr. Jackson believed that his recent defeat had been contrived as the result of a bargain between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, and when the latter was immediately appointed Secretary of State it was difficult to persuade a large portion of the population that this was not the case. Andrew Jackson had been the popular choice for President, and owing to the intrigues of Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay he had not been elected; so the people reasoned.

"Expired at Washington," one newspaper announced, "on the 9th of February, of poison administered by the assassin hands of John Quincy Adams, the usurper, and Henry Clay—the virtue, liberty and independence of the United States."

Mr. John Randolph uncoiled himself in the Senate and talked about the combination of "the Puritan and the blackleg." There was a duel, but the phrase could not be stilled, and the destruction of "bargain and corruption" became the Jacksonian platform.

Mr. Jackson was formally nominated by the Tennessee Legislature in October, 1825, upon the occasion of his resignation from the United States Senate, and throughout the Union the "Friends of General Jackson"—which meant all the enemies of Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay—began to roll up their sleeves and sharpen their quills. Perhaps never before had there been such a flood of campaign literature, such a delving into personal records and affairs, such a slinging of slimy falsehood and filthy abuse.

Everything which could be raked up against Mr. Adams during his phenomenally long career in public office was sent as grist to the mills of invective; he was even said, while minister to Russia, to have given up an American servant girl of Mrs. Adams' to the Czar. And anyway, he had—so it was claimed—purchased a billiard table for the White House, and was it proper that public funds "be applied to the purchase of gaming tables and gambling furniture"?

Certainly not; such conduct in the Chief Magistrate was "enough to shock and alarm the religious, the moral and the reflecting part of the community." Mr. Jackson himself flatly accused Mr. Clay of having sent a congressman to him with corrupt proposals, and the fact that the congressman in question just as flatly denied the event made no impression in this "movement of the people," this "revolt of democracy against aristocracy."

And everything which the general had ever done was remembered, and luridly adorned with fanciful embellishments, and screamed at him from one end of the country to the other. All the "vices" which made his private character "so eminently disgusting and sickening to virtuous sensibility." His quarrels, his duels, his gamecocks, his cuss words, his "murder" of deserting militiamen at Mobile, his contempt of court at New Orleans, his insubordinate invasion of Florida, his calaboosings at Pensacola—and his marriage.

That was the big talking point, the subject of many venomous pamphlets, the material for countless editorials, the verse and chorus of endless shameful ballads—his marriage, and that brazen hussy, that no-account, vulgar, disreputable little frump, his wife.

They managed to keep it from her; she was at the Hermitage, still trying to convert the general and rejoicing in his final promise that he would join the church as soon as he could do it without its seeming merely a move in this battle of politics which she so disliked. She was not at all well, and there was trouble with her heart; she did not know, did not dream, what they were saying about her. And the general stayed always near her—for he would not consent to any personal electioneering—gaunt, harassed, enraged, infinitely watchful. And in the midst of it all, in this campaign which had passed the limits of any decency, under a provocation too great to be endured, this habitually imprudent, passionate, vindictive man wrote these very estimable words:

"The female character," he told his lieutenants, "should never be introduced by my friends unless a continuation of attack should continue to be made against Mrs. Jackson, and that by way of just retaliation upon the known guilty. My great wish is that it may be altogether evaded if possible by my friends. I never war against females, and it is only the base and cowardly that do."

XI

THEY made one more public journey together before the election—to New Orleans, for the anniversary of the battle, in January, 1828. The general preferred to stay at home during the campaign, but the political significance of the outing was sufficiently obscured by the historic nature of the occasion, in spite of the swarm of politicians from all over the country who joined the party, and so they went. Down the river in the Pocahontas to the parades and banquets at Natchez, where they were met by the reception committee from New Orleans, come to escort them to that abode of heathen idolatry—as it still, no doubt, appeared to Rachel. And on the morning of January eighth, to the sound of cannon and bells, in the presence of tumultuous multitudes which blackened the water front and hung in clusters in the rigging of ships, they stepped ashore at the levee.

And there, waiting to receive them, were Mr. and Mrs. Bernard de Marigny, in whose sumptuous city residence, in the old Creole Faubourg, which they practically owned, the Jacksons were to spend the four days of ceaseless festival which followed. Mr. de Marigny was still incredibly wealthy, famous for his lavish hospitality, distressingly handsome, one of the grandest of the grandees. Mrs. de Marigny was his second wife, the celebrated Anna Mathilde Morales, for whom, having seen her once only at a ball, he had undertaken to fight seven duels in as many days. They were able, Mr. de Marigny remarked later, to give the Jacksons "some pretty entertainments."

One can well imagine; and it is not in any malicious spirit, but rather as a tribute to Rachel's courage, that one ventures to

When You Return To The Lonely Home—

and try to begin living on, one thought will persist in your mind: Did you provide for those precious remains the protection your heart wished?

It's a simple matter to secure positive and permanent protection—and thus avoid the regrets that will multiply with each year.

For a quarter of a century the Clark Grave Vault has been protecting—absolutely. Never yet has a Clark Vault failed to keep out every drop of water. It is constructed according to an immutable law of Nature. Being made of metal, this vault is not porous. Keystone copper steel is used for greatest rust resistance.

The trade-mark on every Clark Grave Vault is your assurance of permanent and positive protection. The price is moderate, and a fifty year guaranty is furnished. Leading funeral directors provide it.

Less than Clark Protection is no protection at all!

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Columbus, Ohio

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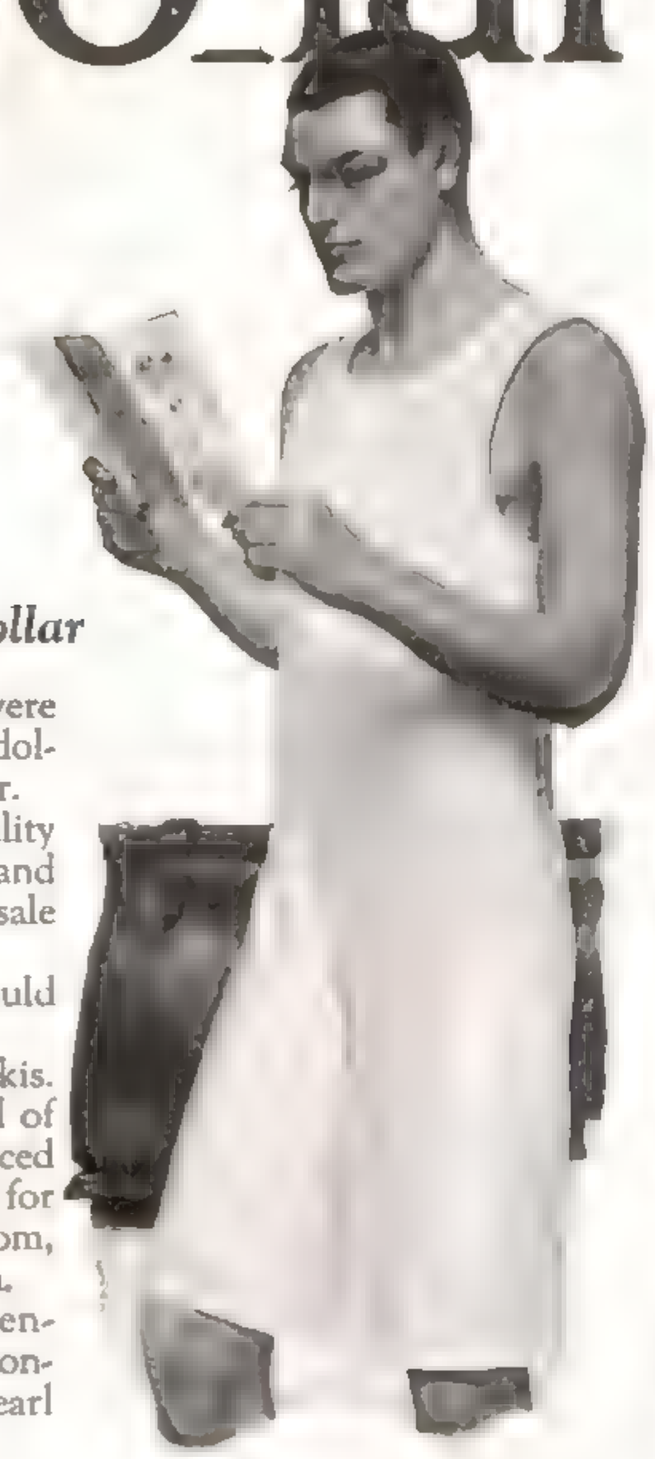
This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark

One Dollar



How Topkis Brought Back the Dollar

To begin with, men were paying a lot more than a dollar to get good underwear.

We knew that if a quality union suit could be made and sold for one dollar, its sale would be enormous.

And quantity sales would justify the dollar price.

So we made Dollar Topkis.

Into it we put the kind of fabric used in higher-priced suits. We cut it liberally for man-comfort. For leg-room, twist-room, stretch-room.

We tailored it conscientiously. Made the buttonholes strong. Put on pearl buttons to stay.

Dollar Topkis gave a man everything he wanted in underwear. And how it sold! It became the most eagerly sought of all union suits.

Get Topkis now from your dealer. Look for the label.

Write for free illustrated booklet

Topkis Brothers Company
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Topkis Men's Union Suits, . . $1.00.
Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c each.
Boys' Union, Girls' Bloomer Union, Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c.
In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Buy Topkis by the box—Six Union Suits for $6
You'll have the satisfaction of getting fresh underwear just as it is packed by the maker

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

quote a contrasting contemporary Nashville impression of her at this period:

"A coarse looking, stout, little old woman, whom you might easily mistake for [the general's] washerwoman, were it not for the marked attention he pays her. . . .

"Her eyes are bright and express great kindness of heart; her face is rather broad, her features plain. . . . But, withal, her face is so good-natured and motherly that you immediately feel at ease with her. . . .

"Her figure is rather full, but loosely and carelessly dressed, so that when she is seated she seems to settle into herself in a manner that is neither graceful nor elegant."

This was the guest of honor sitting in the brilliant parlor of the Marigny mansion, "with her dowdified figure, her inelegant conversation, and her total want of refinement," while "the ladies of the Jackson party hovered near her at all times, apparently to save her from saying or doing anything which might do discredit to their idol."

This was the fantastically inadequate little woman who must soon prepare to take her exalted station in the capital of the republic.

But after all, "she was really beloved. She was a truly good woman, the very soul of benevolence and kindness." Always, to the end of her days, by those who knew her, Rachel Jackson was beloved and respected. The White House would not have required more of her.

XII

THEY went home, the summer passed. Rachel was not very well. The congratulatory messages began pouring in. Mrs. Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, wished to say that "no endeavor will be spared to supply to Mrs. Jackson the places of those warm friends whom she will leave behind her." Mrs. Hayne, of Washington, would be pleased to make all the necessary arrangements for Mrs. Jackson's comfort before her arrival. In November, some 1,200,000 voters gave the general a majority of 139,000 votes.

A magnificent clamor of popular joy arose upon the midnight air; a triumphant uproar gave voice to the conviction that democracy was restored to the nation in all its native purity; plans were made for a stupendous celebration in Nashville on December twenty-third; the Hermitage became a madhouse.

Rachel said, "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake I am glad; for my own part I never wished it. . . . I assure you I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in that palace in Washington."

She took no pleasure in worldly glories; she did not want to go to Washington; perhaps, poor soul, she appreciated the trials which must inevitably await her there. But it had to be done, and she must go to Nashville shopping and to see the trousseau which the ladies of the town were preparing for her. And then the dreadful thing happened.

She had finished her city errands and was sitting in the back parlor of the inn waiting for her carriage, when some people entered the front room.

They did not know that she was there, and they talked, gayly, sarcastically, cruelly—about her, about her lack of social refinements and the figure that she would cut in Washington, and about the old Robards scandal which had swept the country.

Alone, in the little back room, Rachel Jackson learned for the first time that she had become a campaign caricature, that her name had been made a public infamy, that her presence at her beloved general's side had been a handicap to his success.

She stayed there quite quietly until they had gone, because she "supposed they did not know I heard them and would be hurt if they found out I had." When she reached the Hermitage, the negroes all said that missus looked "shot through the heart."

Her poor old heart, which was failing a little after sixty-one years. But her courage never failed. For a long time she would not tell the general what was the matter; although she confided in her niece and begged her to take her place.

"I will be no advantage to my husband at the White House," she insisted, "and I wish never to go there and disgrace him. You will go and take care of his house for him, and I will stay here and take care of everything until he comes back."

Nothing, one suspects, could have dragged her to Washington now. But her spirit was to be there; for when the general found out, there came into his soul such a hatred of persecution, such a fury of resentment against scandalmongers, such an exalted conception of all womanhood enshrined in her memory, as were to influence the whole course of his first Administration, blind him to the shortcomings of a notorious lady of his cabinet and alter the destinies of many personages.

On Wednesday morning, December seventeenth, in the midst of her household duties, Rachel had a severe heart attack. They put her to bed, where she remained in considerable pain until the evening of the nineteenth. She felt better then, and the Saturday and Sunday passed quietly. They persuaded the general, who had scarcely left her side, to take a little rest. On Monday evening, December twenty-second, Rachel was so much improved that at nine o'clock the general retired to an adjoining room, in anticipation of the strenuous festivities prepared for the morrow. Hannah, the maid, came in to make up the bed, and helped Rachel to a chair. There was a sudden cry, and in a few seconds Rachel had expired in Hannah's arms. The general simply refused to believe that she was dead. He stayed there for hours, trying to revive her.

Hannah herself reported these facts—and yet there is another curious version which states that Rachel had not been ill, and that she died quite suddenly, alone, in the middle of the night.

XIII

THE news was all over Nashville on the morning of December twenty-third. The big dinner was to have taken place that evening, but now "congratulations are turned into expressions of condolence, tears are substituted for smiles, and sincere and general mourning pervades the community."

The funeral was on Christmas Eve, in a drizzle of rain, so they had covered the path from the house to the grave with cotton. Some of the ladies had dressed Rachel in white satin, with kid gloves and slippers—part of the trousseau intended for her White House wardrobe. In Nashville all business was suspended, and the church bells were tolling, while the entire town drove out to the Hermitage. "Such a scene I never wish to witness again. . . . The road to the Hermitage was almost impassable, and an immense number of persons attended the funeral."

They buried her in her garden, where now stands the little white marble dome on pillars, and on a tablet have been inscribed these words:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22nd of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of God."

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

Floors kept Clean and Bright This New Easy Economical Way

WHAT is the condition of your office floors? Do they compare favorably with the furniture? Or are they the one shabby thing about your place of business—a source of constant annoyance, embarrassment and expense? They needn't be. Try the Johnson Wax treatment on them—it is easy, economical, sanitary and beautiful. And it is exactly the right treatment for floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, rubber, tile, marble, etc.

All you do is spread a thin, even coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax on the floor with a lamb's-wool mop. This dries in a few minutes—then polish with a weighted floor brush—a few brisk strokes will bring up a beautiful, durable polish. For large surfaces we recommend an electric wax polisher.

This treatment is the solution of your floor troubles—the result, a finish which costs little to maintain—is sanitary, durable, beautiful—and adds years to the life of floors.

Here's what one of the foremost manufacturers of linoleum says about the care of business floors: "*Instead of trying to keep a linoleum floor clean by daily mopping with a strong soap solution, a far more pleasing appearance and much longer life may be had by* **waxing** *the linoleum. In fact, not only does waxing give the linoleum a beautiful, uniform polish, but it reduces daily care to the minimum. After a linoleum floor has been waxed the daily cleaning is simple. Wet mopping is entirely unnecessary. Every evening the caretaker simply removes the surface dirt by sweeping with a fine hair broom. Re-waxing and polishing may be necessary on the main traveled areas once or twice a month. A scrubbing should be required not more than two, three or four times a year.*"

Read what the Building Maintenance Manager of one of the largest corporations in America says: "*We use linoleum floors in this building, and in all our buildings in the different cities. We* **wax** *these floors. Every building uses the same waxing methods, the same wax and the same type of polishing machines. Some of our linoleum floors have been down for twenty-five years. Once, as an experiment, we tried a floor without wax.* ***Samples of waxed linoleum that had been down six years showed less wear than the unwaxed linoleum showed after six months.***

"*Why? Because when the wax is rubbed in thoroughly, the thin film on the surface protects the linoleum. A daily going over with a hair broom takes the dust right up. The entire monthly cleaning and waxing cost was about a quarter of a cent per square foot.*"

Johnson's Liquid Wax is the efficient polish for your office floors too—whether the area be large or small. In most cities there are firms that offer a linoleum waxing service, using electric waxing machines. Write for further particulars.

$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit—$5.00

This outfit is just the thing for waxing the floors and linoleum in homes and small offices. It consists of

1 Quart Johnson's Liquid Wax	$1 40
1 Johnson lamb's wool Wax Mop	1 50
1 Johnson Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	3 50
1 Johnson Book on Home Beautifying	25
A Saving of $1.65!	$6.65

This offer is good at all stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit, write us for the name of a nearby dealer who can.

For waxing a large expanse of flooring we recommend the use of a Johnson's Wax Electric Polisher—or any other good electric floor polisher. You can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Polisher by the day or week from any store maintaining a Johnson Service Department. Write us for the name of the one nearest you

S. C. JOHNSON & SON • • RACINE, WISCONSIN.

"*The Wood Finishing Authorities*" (*Canadian Factory, Brantford*)

OBSERVATION

(Continued from Page 19)

he was fifty an' bald like a tomato; an' it was merely sorta kinda legendary that his hair'd been pink when he had it. Only all his new kids had pink hair – or maybe it was nearer brick—an' all marveled to behold it. You observe bad. Uncle Gawge is glued to this lady's left heel. He drags on the ground an' bounces hard. I suspect her of Woozlebeast, babe. Uh-huh! She was in Paris, France, buyin' her outfit for the summer an' Uncle Gawge was in Paris, bein' useless. Yeh! It was her saw Woozlebeast in a gin mill where she an' your fool uncle were eatin' snails in jelly, an' Uncle Gawge sent'mentally bought this doormat. However would a dawg get him a name like Woozlebeast if this dame didn't ——"

"Don't talk such ——"

Stukely spoke against Joe's whistle, and the lamentable bleat of Woozlebeast, answering the call, now destroyed the end of his objection. Joe collared the strange dog and slung a hand on the catch of a window. Woozlebeast poured his cry into the garden, scaring sparrows, while the woman's black cloak floated as she spun. Stukely blushed. His blush included a sharp thought that Joe was right. Woozlebeast rose across the low sill and heaved himself into the sunlight, making the noise of an exhausted bellows when he clumsily landed on the thin grass.

"Oh, poor darling," said Mrs. Furniss, "didn't they help him climb over? Come here, Woozlebeast! But if you put your paws on me, you'll get spanked!"

"Spankin'," Joe called, "has no effect on him, ma'am. I'm gonna get me a nice piece of iron rail an' flail him out 'fore we go home tomorrow."

Mrs. Furniss tossed back the lace veil from her odd face and stared at Joe through the sunlight.

Then she said, "Oh, that's you! Come here and tell me that dreadful lie about the cat in Georgia that you told last night. I was trying to think of it this morning, but it had gone. . . . Hello, Stuke. . . . There was this cat that ate cork. Now go on, and do tell the same lie."

"Wasn't any lie, ma'am. This cat named Henry belonged to Wally Byrd's Aunt Hester that married an egg in Flor'da who's now extremely rich from pickin' up things that come in offa ships after dark an' sellin' 'em by the quart to winter resorters. Anyways, this Henry ate cork—sorta pref'rably cork outa anything old Col. Delancy Byrd had kept on his shelf in the dinin' room. But Henry naturally got to be a miracle, kinda, an' us kids useda take him an' heave him in the branch so's to watch him float. He'd kinda wave one ear at us an' sail off down the creek, all lang'rous an' sorta disdainful, steerin' with his tail."

Sarita Furniss looked from Joe to Stukely and said, "How nice to have him in the house all the time! How clever of Norah to marry him! Can he do that offhand or does it only occur to him now and then, Stuke?"

"I've heard him start one on top of the water tank, Sally, and keep it goin' all the way to the ground," Stukely assured her. "He has one about a bull out in Eutropius, Missouri, that used to climb trees."

"Tell that one, Mr. Fancher," she urged, patting Woozlebeast away from her cloak. "Do! Doctor Kent said you were going back to the farm tomorrow and ——"

"Join the fam'ly, ma'am," Joe offered, "an' my whole autobiography is yours. Uh-huh! You put Uncle Gawge outa misery an' we'll let you come up an' help us grow tomatoes this summer."

Stukely's cheeks fired. Mrs. Furniss snatched an edge of her cloak from Woozlebeast's teeth and lazily said, "All right. Only you mustn't repeat yourself. I mean, you can't tell the same lie twice, Scheherazade. Now about this bull in Missouri?"

"It was a likely kinda bull, ma'am, named Potiphar. That's outa the Bible. This an'mal useda race railway trains that ran by Jasper Whibble's place an' got him his nose all callous from buttin' inta the fence end of the run."

"It starts well," said Mrs. Furniss, leaning on the statue.

"Yeh, but Pot got so athaletic he took to boundin' over fences an' could partly hoist himself up a very big oak tree stood in beside Jasper's gallery. You see," said Joe, "I ain't exaggeratin' a drop, ma'am. He ended calamitously, sorta. He toted himself over a gate oncet an' came downtown lookin' for friends an' walked into Murgatroyd Watson's blacksmith shop, all social an' friendly, an' butted into a shelf that had a bottle of this vitriol on top. It rooined him."

"I don't like the realistic touch at the end," she said, fiddling with Woozlebeast's ears. "It sounds —— What's the new word, Stuke? Factual? It sounds true, anyhow. No, I prefer that Potiphar shouldn't have upset a bottle of vitriol on his poor nose. Tell another. . . . My flat's on the third floor. Suppose we go up and have tea." Then she drew down the loose white end of a glove to peep at a watch on her wrist and said, "Revoked. George is coming at quarter of five to take me driving."

"That'll be grand," Joe melodiously told her, "'cause there'll be just tons of room in front with the driver for Woozlebeast, an' Uncle Gawge can carry him home. Uh-huh! Babe, we can stroll ourselves home all dignified an' glorious. Woozlebeast can abide with his godmamma."

Woozlebeast at once became devoted to Joe's left leg. He wrapped his whole being around it and wailed terribly that he loved Joe, wagging his tail.

"He's really an observant dog," said Mrs. Furniss. "I noticed that in Paris. They had him in this little restaurant, you know, on the left bank, and the second time we came he remembered George perfectly, because George fed him some pilau. Poor George was so flattered that he bought him directly. George really is so easily flattered that it's quite pathetic." She put a white finger under a lip and meditated. "We should do something about it."

"Uh-huh! If he'd be flattered by a dog eatin' outa his hand, ma'am, it might come to pass he'd be touched if an elephant made a grab for his hat. 'N' then all the hired folks would leave you, Miss Sally, 'cause elephants don't live handy in basements."

"In about a minute," Stukely said, scandalized, "he'll be telling you about an elephant that lived in Eutropius, Missouri, in a—a pigpen."

"Oh, when I was a child in San Antonio," Mrs. Furniss chuckled, "a circus went to pieces in town and a neighbor of ours bought a baby elephant. They kept it in the yard for a while. Then it died of something or other. We all cried for days. It was an engaging little thing. Only a ton old or so. . . . It's a long time since anybody called me Miss Sally, Mr. Fancher. It's not a fixed habit in Texas. But mother had relatives in Tennessee. I used to hear her telling dad that Miss Hattie So-and-So and Miss Amy had written her. Then I went to visit grandmother at Nashville after mother died, and all the Miss Hatties and Miss Amys were grandmothers with seven daughters apiece. . . . How nice it is down South," she said, and lifted her hat from hair curiously molded in thick braids, rust-colored, around her little head. She planted the hat on the statue's wreath of marble flowers and beamed at the effect, then said again, "How nice it is down South! I don't mean how beautiful the girls are or how good the food is or any of those old things; but how nice it is. . . . Excuse this outburst of sentiment, Mr. Fancher. Your voice started me off. I think," she said after the briefest pause, "I'll make George take me to Tennessee when we're married."

"Goodness gracious, Cousin Sally," Joe choked, "don't talk like the poor egg would need takin'! Lead him where you please. Order him 'round. He was so distracted las' night dinnertime when that red-headed lawyer other side of you was bein' attentive that he spilled most of his mushrooms inta his vest pocket. Yeh, you take him South, Cousin Sally. I dunno I'd try him on Texas, though. He's too Eastern to get shoved over the Mississippi without feelin' all lost an' pathetic, sorta. You gotta remember he was born in Rhode Island, like my grandmamma, an' San Antonio might try his nerves some. . . . What kin are you to Mr. Over, ma'am?"

Mrs. Furniss touched the hat with her white gloves and turned her flat, paintless face sideways to look at Joe for a moment. Her lips pursed and she whistled four bars of a waltz slowly, then said, "What a clever boy you are! Look at poor Stuke! Known me ever since I was a girl, and probably never wondered if I had a father. . . . No, I'm not Mr. Over's daughter, Cousin Joseph. I'm his niece. We do look alike, though, don't we? People are dull, aren't they? We look exactly alike, and lots of people have met him coming in and out of my flat up on the third floor; and some of them ought to remember that I was Sarita Over, but nobody's ever asked me if Uncle Mac's a relation."

"Goodness gracious, Cousin Sally," said Joe, "that's nothin'! When I was young in the M'rines, there was two brothers in my comp'ny, only one of 'em was ashamed of bein' named Bugg -it ain't much of a name, although I've heard worse—and called himself Smith. They were twins an' awful twinnish lookin', but it took a couple of months for anybody to notice it except me. In about ten years more some bright fella will kinda add an' subtract an' —— Oh, behold the bridegroom outa his stall!"

Uncle George Stukely was climbing over the sill of a window cumbered with a large paper box. He was not accustomed to such things and his progress completely stopped on Joe's shout. Then he put another gray leg over the barrier and the box jammed again. He now blushed and sneezed concurrently, with his correct hat sliding over one ear and his thin fair hair ruffled.

"Uncle Gawge, sir," said Joe cruelly, "give you some wings an' a beak an' you'd be a cuckoo clock. You Stuke, go help your fat uncle." He sighed, "Uncle Gawge, nobody'd take you for the pres'dent of a trust comp'ny. You don't even look genteel—no. You ——" Uncle George came triumphantly through the window and Joe decently said, "Very good, kid. Come on, you Stuke. We ain't wanted. Woozle, you stay an' hold hands with Uncle Gawge."

"Go to—thunder," said Uncle George.

"Mercy an' Jerusalem, fella," Joe complained, "we just been keepin' Cousin Sally from dyin' of lonesomeness! Come, babe. G'-by, Cousin Sally. . . . Yeh, rev'rend, we're coming, sir."

Stukely tramped down the shop in a meek sweat of misery. Something had been going on under his eyes again, and he hadn't noticed it. He mumbled and shook hands with Mr. Over and mumbled when the Rev. Gavin Kent asked if he had found a novel. He braced himself into the cheerful light of Madison Avenue with another disorder in his brain. Something was fearfully wrong about this engagement. Of course, Sally was nice and always had been, and Mrs. Kent's futile series of attempts at marrying Uncle George to suitable widows might end here; but there was something mistily wrong about it. He stalked beside his father in a daze and heard Joe saying, "Uh-huh, she's a very fine dame, an' not any fool, neither. An' it's good Uncle Gawge didn't go an' fall in love with any awful young lady that'd distress him by hoppin' from yon to hither with pink stockings on."

"Yes," Doctor Kent intoned. "Sally's very suitable. We've known her twenty years. In fact, her uncle came and consulted me about a school for her when he brought the girl up from Texas. Stuke was still toothless. She's thirty-five or six, and of course Parton Furniss entertained a great deal. She's an admirable hostess. George gave her away when she married Furniss. Over didn't want to appear, of course. George was always very much attached to her. He invested her little capital. Her father was a ranchman, I believe, but not a cattle king by any means. Her uncle gave her something very handsome when she married. Two hundred thousand, I think it was. That was doing very well for fifteen years ago."

"There's some, even today, poppa," Joe mentioned, "that would treat it respectful an' fetch it right inta the best room an' even tell the cook how it liked its biscuits baked. Uh-huh! What did this Furniss do for a livin', sir?"

"My dear Joe, I don't think Parton Furniss ever did anything. But you've seen his name—his father's name—on bottles all your life. Disinfectants and all sorts of drugs and chemicals. The company goes right on. George says it's very cleverly managed. Parton Furniss was far from an idiot. I believe he was considered a very promising chemist himself at one time. I don't know that he does anything nowadays. His second wife, I notice, has divorced him. He's been living abroad lately."

"Oh," said Stukely, in a sort of relief, "that's it! I was trying to remember whether he was dead or not. I thought he wasn't."

"My dear son," the Rev. Gavin Kent remarked, "Sally divorced him in 1914. He celebrated the occasion by throwing champagne bottles from Brooklyn Bridge at a battleship that was passing underneath. One of them landed on an innocent sailor and damaged him a good deal. I believe that Furniss had some difficulties with the Navy Department over the thing. He had quite a mania for throwing things. I don't quite recall ever seeing him entirely sober or entirely the reverse."

"One of those medium sorta stewa, huh? Where did you say he was hangin' onta bars now, rev'rend?"

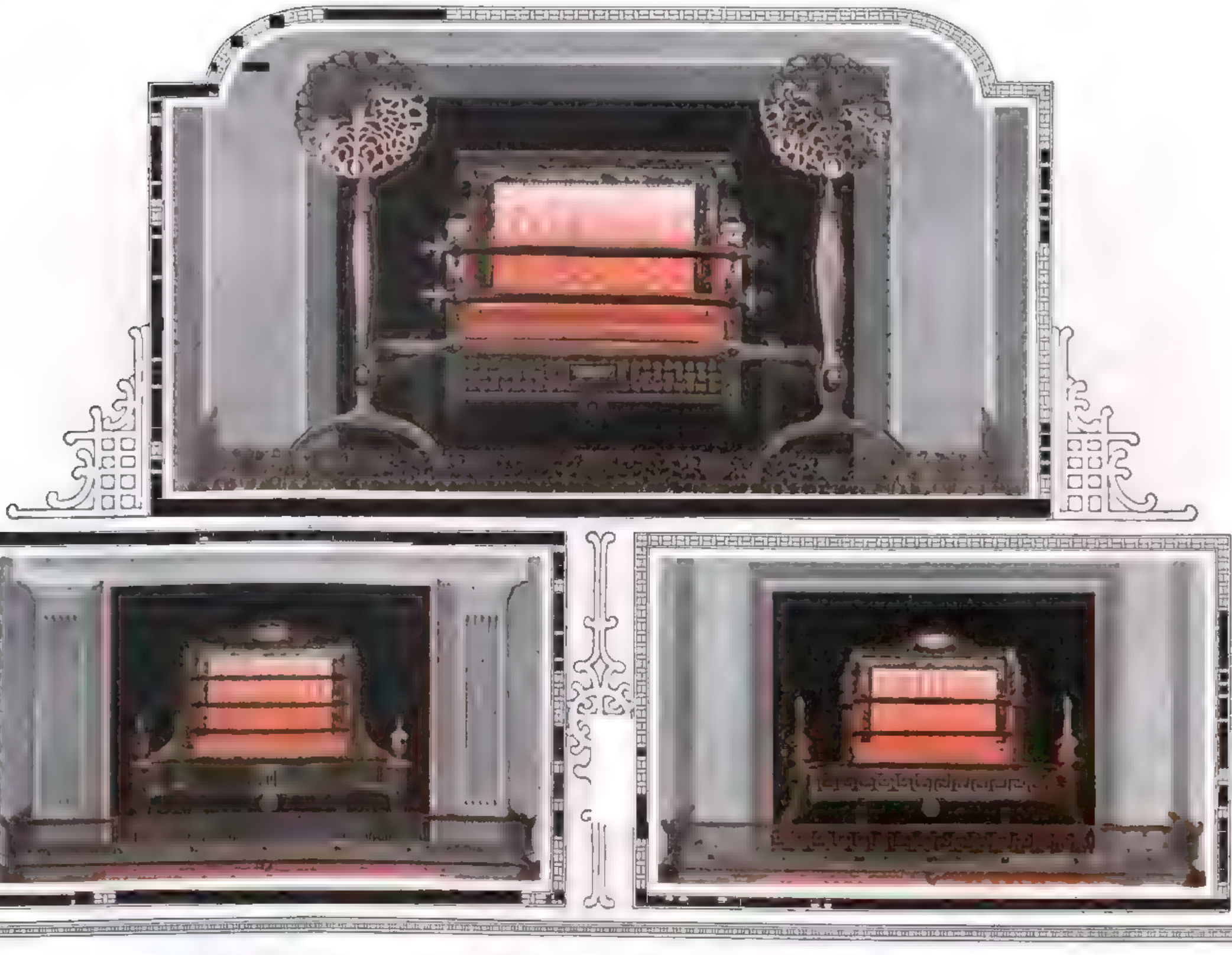
"I believe he lives in England, Joe. He used to write George, as Sally's man of business, and ask for her affectionately. He was always civil. He eloped with a poor silly woman and telegraphed back from Philadelphia, 'Have eloped with Gladys. Not dining at home.' Sally did her best not to laugh. Some day or other I'm going to give myself the human pleasure of telling Sally that I advised her not to marry Furniss. But she was just out of school and very much dazzled by her popularity. Mr. Over gave her an apartment and some elderly cousin from Tennessee chaperoned her."

"Did you reform this Mr. Over, sir?"

Doctor Kent raised his spectacles on his beautiful nose and said testily, "I do wish you wouldn't use such words, Joe! Nobody ever reformed anybody. People aren't putty. They follow advice or they don't. What you call reform is an interior process that has precious little to do with religion. In fact, Over had been regularly coming to St. Philip's for ten years before I knew what his business—his paying business—was. He always had the bookshop downstairs, you see. And isn't it true that a great many men regard gambling as a legitimate profession? When he changed the upper floors into apartments, he sent all the old furniture down to St. Philip's Mission. It was very convenient. Some of the tables had little pockets at the corners and the children used them to stick caps and handkerchiefs in during lessons. He—oh, this is our corner—he had excellent taste in furniture."

"I expect you reformed this fella, poppa," Joe said gently, "for all of which. He does

(Continued on Page 121)



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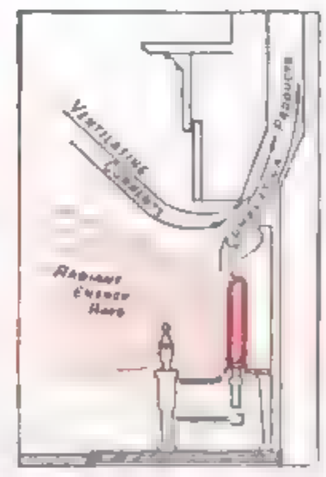

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The ultimate fine car of America has arrived. Many thousands of motorists in this country have in the past said, "When Willys-Knight builds a six, I want one." Now they are suiting action to their wish, all the more eager in wanting it as they see how brilliantly the new Willys-Knight Six has been achieved—as their eyes take in its lengthy beauty and inner luxury—as they sense the thrill upon thrill of its flight on the road!

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Unprecedented interest attached itself to the new Willys-Knight Six during its preliminary showing at all the recent national automobile shows—a history-making welcome preordained by the very nature of the car and the natural desires of motorists. It is a very different Six . . . with a *patented* engine . . . six cylinders with noiseless sleeve-valves . . . the world's only type of six-cylinder engine so free from friction that it actually grows quieter and smoother and more powerful with use!

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You naturally expect a car of this caliber to have all the finest developments of engineering. It is equipped with Willys-Knight's own highly developed four-wheel brakes. The very air that enters the carburetor is filtered clean of all dust—and a new device keeps constantly purifying the oil in the crankcase.

Such a car deserves and has the finest of coachwork. All models reflect the highest art and artisanship of coachbuilding. Rich in finish, in upholstery, in appointment, it is quite obvious to all eyes that the new Willys-Knight Six is built for those who want the finest. And obvious, too, that anything above the moderation of its price is needless expense.

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AC AIR CLEANERS

Why your motor needs one

Clean gasoline and oil are not enough—your motor needs also clean air

AUTOMOBILE engines in the course of operation consume an average of about 10,000 gallons of air for every gallon of gasoline.

This great volume of air is more or less polluted with road dust, composed largely of minute particles of sand or quartz.

Under the microscope these particles appear as sharp, irregular crystals, hard enough to scratch even the hardest steels. Sucked in with the carburetor air, they mix with the oil film on the cylinder walls, forming an abrasive compound which grinds away the engine's efficiency with each piston stroke.

Subjected to heat of the motor, the combination of oil and road dust forms the hard carbon cake which soon results in "carbon knock."

An amount of dust which will fill the small removable collector (the accumulation of about 20,000 miles of driving) if allowed to pass into the engine would cause an average of ten one-thousandths of an inch wear on moving parts such as pistons and rings. This amount of wear causes the evils listed elsewhere on this page.

The AC Air Cleaner solves these troubles

The AC Air Cleaner will effectively minimize such troubles as—

Carbon knock	**Loss of compression**
Oil pumping	**Cylinder re-boring**
Oil dilution	**Piston replacement**
Piston slap	**Piston ring replacement**

In minimizing these troubles, the AC Air Cleaner will prolong the life of a motor's moving parts from eight- to fifteen-fold.

Anyone can install the AC Air Cleaner; it connects directly to the carburetor.

Once installed it requires no attention, having no moving parts to get out of order.

Its high permanent cleaning efficiency keeps down repair bills.

Let the AC Dealer insure the continued good performance of your engine by installing an AC Air Cleaner today.

How the AC Air Cleaner Operates

1 Suction stroke of motor draws dust-laden air through Cleaner's directing vanes, which give it a rapid spirally rotating motion.

2 Centrifugal force separates the dust particles from the air, throwing them against inside wall of Cleaner.

3 The spiral movement of the dust along inside surface of Cleaner wall brings it to rear circular end.

4 Dust drops through outlet.

5 Dust collects in removable container.

6 CLEAN AIR, indicated by white arrows, rotating spirally in center portion, strikes directing plate (6) and screws itself out of Cleaner.

7 Straightened current of clean air leaves Cleaner to enter carburetor.

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Make of Car .....

Model No. .....

Name .....

Street Address or R. F. D. .....

Town ..... State .....

Name of Dealer .....

(Continued from Page 118

you great credit, too, and you'd oughta get a discount on all the books you take off of him. . . . Here's the steps now."

"How blind I'm getting," the old man briskly mused, stumbling on the last white step of George Stukely's house.

The two footmen in the pallid hall now smiled, seeing no Woozlebeast, and the elder servant sedately said, "I see the engagement's in the afternoon paper, sir," as he took Doctor Kent's hat. Stukely bit his tongue. Probably four men and five women had been betting on Uncle George's prospects for a year. He, only, had seen nothing and known nothing. He saddened, and then heard the footman admit the gossip of the servants' hall, saying, "We're all very much pleased, sir."

"It's very lucky," said Doctor Kent, and then asked benevolently, "What on earth are you taking paregoric for, Murphy?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I'm not. It's the flask in a gentleman's coat, sir. I think the cork's loose in it."

The overcoat reposed, gray and respectable, on a cushioned bench. This smell politely filled the hall's width and remained in Stukely's nostrils as Joe Fancher lit a cigarette, saying, "Uh-huh! Very bad cork. Better stick it in, Murphy. It'll leak through onto the cushions yonder, an' it don't leave any color."

"Have they taken to drinking paregoric, Joe? Of course I've experienced ether drinkers. But paregoric's a novelty."

Joe grinned and the younger footman spun to cough toward a statue of Perseus guarding the telephone.

Murphy explained gravely, "It's absinth, Doctor Kent," and went to adjust the overcoat's burden. This silver flask was visibly moist and a drop splashed from its side on the tiles of the floor. Doctor Kent stood patting the glass handrail of the staircase and his curly white hair moved a little nervously.

"That's abominable, really! It was always a dreadful drink!"

"But so satisfactory. Spanish absinth," said a man high on the stairs, "is a deplorable fraud. The old brown devil, when you can cath—catch some, is inimitable." His small feet brought him down two treads. He leaned on the white wall of the stair well and went on listlessly, "I don't like George's taste in wall paper—never did—don't expect to. Tried to f-find the fool at his office. *Non est.* Specifically, he ought to be somewhere. . . . How're you, Doctor Kent?" He sat down on the red velvet of the stairs and fooled with the end of a handkerchief in his coat's smooth gray. "And who are those thugs?"

The Rev. Gavin Kent said easily, "The chap with yellow hair's my daughter's husband. This is Mr. Furniss, Joe; and the black-haired boy is my Stukely. You remember Mr. Furniss, Stukely?"

"It was a page at my wedding," Parton Furniss yawned, crossing his ankles. "My word, how it's grown! Stupid-looking brute too. . . . You all live on a farm up in the country and b-behave bucolically, somebody told me."

He was entirely gray, a shrunken arrangement in tints huddled on the staircase with this tag of handkerchief a triangle against the cloth of his coat. This handkerchief kept Stukely's eyes. It seemed to protrude unduly from the pocket and the boy had a sudden satisfaction. He might not see that his own uncle was engaged or in love, but the pocket was full of something. Perhaps the ruined man had another flask of absinth.

"I've been waiting an hour for George to come in," Furniss said, "and h-he doesn't theem—seem to. Two dinner engagements. Got to get a Turkish bath first."

"My dear Furniss," Doctor Kent intoned, buttoning his black coat, "does it seem intrusive to suggest that you'd much better telephone both your hosts that you can't dine ——"

"Never do," said the gray wreck, toying with his handkerchief; "got to kill George Stukely first. I'm so annoyed with him! Afternoon papers —— It occurred to me that —— You know how things d-do occur to you when you're drunk—occurred to me to come an' kill George. I'm a chemical company."

"I see," Doctor Kent nodded; "you're going to kill George as a corporation? Your chemical company against the Amasset Trust Company. Yes?"

"For a parson," Furniss wearily observed, "you're pretty intelligent. Yes, I was sitting at the factory. . . . The number of bottles they fill with things is s-simply appalling! As I said, I was sitting at the factory and the manager was telling me what a good manager he was. I don't doubt it. His name is Snell and he has pictures of his family on his desk. One of his sons in a football suit. Daughter at Wellesley. Higher education of women. Anyhow, it struck me that I ought to kill George. Only none of the stores would sell me a revolver. That petrified uncle of Sally's always carries a revolver, but how could I borrow it? D-d-dilemma. I even went into a club. Nine men successively told me I don't l-look well. But no revolver. It's very awkward."

"You can count on my sympathy, fella," said Joe Fancher.

Parton Furniss played with his handkerchief and stared past Doctor Kent's slender black body at Joe's head, already bleaching in the spring sunshine.

He said, "The merry yokel! . . . At all events, here I am. I rather advise you to send for the police too."

"My poor boy," said the Rev. Gavin Kent, "wouldn't an ambulance be better? My eyes are very bad, but you look dreadful."

"That," Furniss yawned, "is a commonplace. Even the bartender said so on the boat coming over. The lowest grade of intelligence could observe that I look like hell —— I'm sure I'm sorry, sir! Hell and the other sacred mythological scenery don't interest me. I seem to move amid a world of ghosts. The name of the ass who wrote that escapes me."

"Tennyson," said Stukely.

"Good heavens!" the drunkard murmured. He hitched himself down another step and lifted a finger carefully. "The boy's clever. Rudimentary intelligence. Probably Class B. Make an admirable policeman. Handsome Harry, the pride of the presunct—cinct. Curly-headed devil. Nursemaid's delight. . . . Here's another quotation. Guess who wrote it and I'll send you a case of champagne: 'All the bright lights of heaven thou has made dark over me.' Who wrote that?"

"It sounds like Isaiah," Stukely said, after a time.

"Ah, foozled! Found a Bible on the liner and looked all through it. No, don't you tell him, Doctor Kent. . . . 'All the bright lights of heaven ——'"

Joe took his handkerchief and said behind its guard, "He ain't drunk, ace," then strolled across the checked tiles to look through the glass of the front door.

"Parton," said Doctor Kent, "let me have a taxi called and take you home."

Furniss passed his hands over his gray hair and said, "M'm—not a bad idea. . . . 'All the bright lights of heaven' —— Where's George?"

"Gone motoring," Stukely told him.

"With Sally? Love's middle-aged dream come true. Honeymoon at White Sulphur. I'm extremely jealous. Met a man in Paris last week—no, let me be exact—week before last. This thing said he'd seen Sally and George eating lunch some place. . . . 'All the bright lights of heaven ——'" He plucked at his handkerchief and then folded it carefully into the pocket, saying "Taxi. I shall go home, messieurs."

There was a tiny bustle. Doctor Kent came down the stairs again and the footmen moved briskly. One of them stepped past Joe to open the door, pulling it open to let in sunlight on the gray and white tiles of the floor, on the bright rail of the staircase and on the man's mask of face. He came down in a hitching step not graceless, deliberately balancing from sole to sole in an effort at steadiness. Of course he was drunk! He neared Stukely and smiled without opening his lips. Stukely grinned foolishly and wondered if he ought to help the man toward his coat. Yes; he might slip on the tiles. The boy put out a hand. Furniss moved back in a sudden jerk, all his fingers clasped on the pocket with its flowing handkerchief. His lips parted on locked teeth. The voice said clearly, "No, you don't!" and his gray eyes seemed white fire.

"Stuke doesn't want your flask, Furniss. . . . Come along," said Doctor Kent.

Across the tiles, Joe Fancher's eyes were deep green in his brown face and his drawl broke out in a crooning singsong, persuading, "Uh-huh, come along an' I'll tell the driver to take you to a nice bootleg joint over in Brooklyn where you can get soaked on any kinda swill you want, guy."

"He must go to bed, Joe."

"Rev'rend, the essential of the mil'tary program ain't destination, but immediate departure of troops for active service—anywhere but right here. Concealed ammunition observed. Camouflaged against enemy's observation."

Doctor Kent's black shoulders seemed to lift. Light guttered on the yellow lenses of the spectacles.

After a moment he thundered, "Furniss, if you have a revolver on you, bring it here! This is shameful! You haven't spoken to Sarita ——"

"Oh, one minute," said Furniss. He leaned on the newel of the stairs and drew his handkerchief fully from the pocket. "I don't think it's n-necessary to speak to me in quite that tone, Kent. Y-your bright young man there thinks I have a revolver in my pocket. It's half a pint of r-rather inferior whisky. See?" The flat little flask glowed in his palm. He let it slip back into his pocket and slowly stuffed the handkerchief on it. "B-believe I was talking some gibberish about killing George just now. . . . I'm frightful drunk, you know. Actually came round to congratulate him. Fine woman. Never been happy since I —— Yes, all that sort of thing. B-but excuse me from moral admonitions. I'm f-forty years old and n-not an ox-eyed adolescent. . . . Where the devil's my overcoat?"

"I'm sorry, Furniss," said Doctor Kent.

"Th-that's quite all right. So George won't be in this afternoon?"

"I'm afraid not," said Doctor Kent.

"D-do be accurate. You hope not. My sisters have done their damnedest to k-keep me locked up—oh, politely and all that!—ever since I landed. Really this is the first walk I've had. B-been in New York a week and only got around to the factory today. I think I'll walk home. M-my sisters will be getting anxious. Do 'em good. M-make 'em think I've got married again. They resent it so. They resented Sarita's uncle being a common gambler and they resent me being a common drunk. Resentment is their specialty. They —— What kind of animal is that?"

The foolish Woozlebeast came bleating in from the bright street with his chain clattering. He pranced to nose Furniss and then danced off, flapping his ears.

"George bought it in Paris," said Doctor Kent.

"I see."

Stukely's brain cooled and became a ball of ice in his head. Uncle George must be in the motor beyond the doorway, or walking up the street—maybe with Sally. Joe was thinking that. He had risen from the bench with darkening eyes. The footmen shifted in their shadow behind Furniss.

"I see. . . . And George won't be home this afternoon?"

"I think not," said Doctor Kent. "He was going motoring."

"I see," Furniss nodded. Then he said flatly, "You're a lot of liars. There he is in the car! And here comes Mr. Over. . . . Good afternoon!"

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* * * * *

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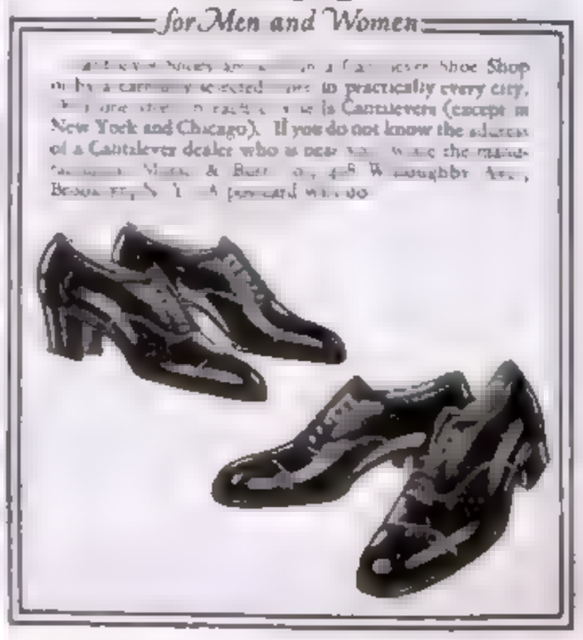

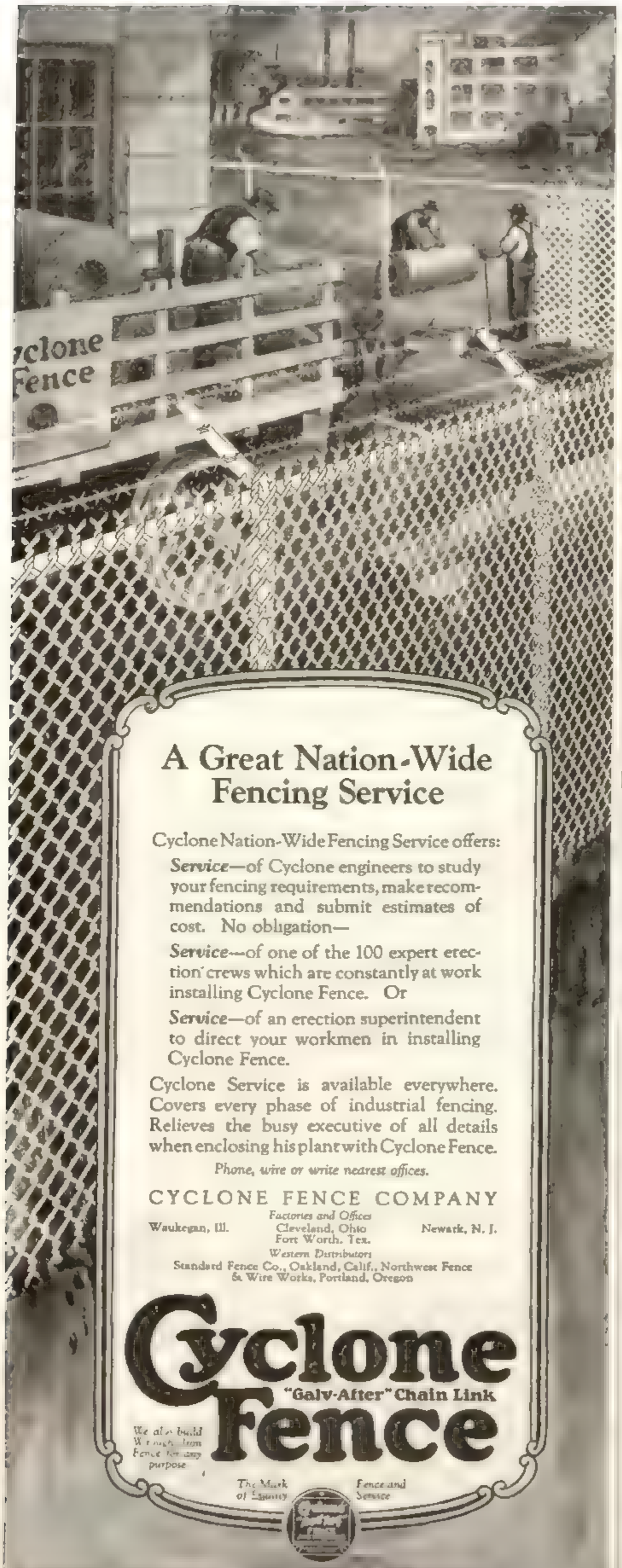

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Over came into the hallway, taking off a black hat, and his face changed a shade as he looked at Furniss. The dandy's yellow fingers went climbing the gray coat and found his handkerchief. He said again "Good afternoon!" and wiped his lips.

"We brought the dog in," Over said curtly, "because we're driving out to Larchmont for dinner. Your sister's butler just rang up my flat to ask if you'd been to see Sally, you"—the bookseller nodded to Furniss; "if you come anywhere near her, I'll thrash you. Understand me?"

"That's simple, manly and straightforward," Furniss said, running the handkerchief along his lips. "I always l-liked you, Over. You're such a direct kind of c-cad. G-go tell George Stukely to come in out of that car. I want to speak to him."

"You'd better not bother him," said Joe Fancher, without drawling, and stepped into the width of the door. His fair head caught glints of light over its smoothness and he ducked in his chin. "He's busy. You just wait until he goes an' then you go home."

The yellow hand crumpled the handkerchief slowly. Furniss put it in a pocket of his overcoat and let the hand play with the buttons of his jacket. The fingers were dancing spider on gray cloth, mounting toward the pocket with its tiny flask, then floating over to the buttons.

"You needn't be impertinent, What's-Your-Name."

"My name's Joseph Fancher, Mr. Furniss. An' you're not going to go an' bother Miss Sally or Uncle Gawge."

"Pardon me," said Furniss, "I don't take orders. Get out of the way!"

He stepped forward, with the fingers working on the flat pocket. There was death in that flask. Stukely went somehow across the tiles and got both hands on the yellow wrist. Something brought him there. He gripped the yellow flesh with all his force and grunted, "Joe, he's got something! Shut the door! Shut ——"

A bell began to ring. The dog barked. Joe slammed the door and light did not glow now in Furniss' eyes.

"Get it, babe!"

"He's got hold of it, Joe! Drop that!" said Stukely. "Drop it!"

Joe's shoulder pressed in against Stukely's chin and his face came close to the yellow face that wasn't human, or even a mask from a wall, but a convulsion of wrinkles.

"Open your hand, ape, or I'll bust your jaw! Open your—still got it, ace?—open your hand, fella!"

"M-make me!" said Furniss. "Make me! Make ——"

"Jump, babe!"

Something flung Stukely back and his head rapped the rail of the staircase. His ears boomed in the jar and he heard no sound when the flask broke on marble. A ball of smoke rolled along the pool of oily liquid and the red velvet rug smoldered suddenly as a stain whirled across it. These smoking fingers ran everywhere along the floor and a curl of the oil crept past Stukely's feet. The ball cloaked with a terrific smell and his father cried out, "Stuke! Stuke! My dear boy, did it burn you?" in a dreadful voice without music, while the telephone rang and the stinking smoke rose from the rug and from a fallen glove, whose leather twitched in the oil that burned it as though it lived. Joe tore at the white door until it opened and a broad curling plane of smoke passed outward.

"I'm all right, dad!"

"You stand still, rev'rend," Joe yelled. He shouted into the street, "You! Anybody! Get a p'liceman! Uncle Gawge, keep Miss Sally outa here! Keep out y'self, too! This ape was layin' for you with vitriol in his pants!"

"C-coat, please," said Parton Furniss; "not pants."

He alone had not changed in this minute. He stood still, examining the great stain of acid changing to a scum on the floor. His face had flushed and he rubbed his wrist with one palm, nodding when George Stukely came through the door.

"Y-your nephew's an observant lad, George. The rest of these asses never thought of acid. Assumed a flask was just a flask. He nearly broke my wrist. M-my sisters let me out for a walk, you know. Your engagement annoyed me—I bought a paper."

"I thought," George said conventionally, "that somebody told me you were in England."

"Got back last week. My sisters p-politely met me at the pier with some nurses and doctors and a lawyer. I'm a common drunk these days."

Something made Stukely say, "He's not drunk, Uncle George! He's—he's ——"

"Ah," said Furniss, "he has the instincts of a gentleman! Yes, never tell us we're that, my boy! You're very observant. You were staring at me all the time I was jawing your father on the stairs. Observation's a great pastime. I used to sit in the bar on the liner and wonder how many people thought that of me. But I didn't care, you know. Nothing is quite real. The doctors say I'll be better presently. I suggest that Mr. Over pilot me home. Only, George, you drive Sally off. Shouldn't care to have her see me. I'll have my sisters send you a check for a new rug, George."

Uncle George blushed and said miserably, "Oh, don't bother, Furniss. That's all right. Take care of yourself. Afternoon."

"So long," the gray man nodded.

He turned and strolled down the hall to look at a narrow tapestry. The big car buzzed away down the street's sunlight. Doctor Kent sat on the marble bench with his long hands pressed between his black knees. Mr. Over lighted a cigar and his impassive eyes watched the last fumes aspiring from the spoiled rug. A mad fright came on Stukely. Perhaps everybody in the clouded hall had a secret or had been something else than they seemed. You simply couldn't tell! The footmen, whispering alongside the marble Perseus, might be maniacs in disguise. He slunk upstairs, rubbing his battered head, and found a couch in the great still library, where vapid portraits of Stukelys smirked in various frames above shelves of novels. A fainter smell of sulphur made war on some golden roses in a bowl.

Up at the farmhouse curtains would be trembling in opened windows and a smell of ancient wood always seemed to drift at evening from the beams of the attic; a comfortable, placid smell.

"Your instincts," Joe said, roaming in gravely, "are worth more'n most people's long thoughts, ace. Better look out or I'll begin to admire you."

"Oh, shut up!" Stukely growled, wondering whether Joe would laugh if he suggested the eight o'clock train in the morning. "I shan't sleep tonight!"

"You won't anyhow, very early, babe. 'Cause the rev'rend's decided we'll leave on the nine o'clock train tonight. He guesses you ain't safe here, kid. And we might as well get back to work. That insipid hired man won't have done one forty-twoth of the plowin', anyhow, an' ——"

Joe stepped back from the couch with green eyes and Stukely's heart cavorted. The moan swelled from beneath him.

"L-look under the couch, Joe!"

"Ace, I'll look under nothin'! Get offa there fast! It's—oh," said Joe with a puff of relief, "it's all right! Come outa there, you fool dawg!"

Woozlebeast crawled shyly through the fringes and hurried to Joe's ankles with questioning bleats. He had the manner of one entirely bewildered, in need of friends, and Joe softened to the strayed brute, sitting down on the rug to pull his ears.

"Yeh, an' I don't blame you for hidin'. What with all these human bein's behavin' so scandalous, Woozle, you better trust your instincts, guy, an' keep out from under. Look at him shake, babe! Scared stiff. But don't you worry, son. You'll feel better after supper 'n' a lot better in the mornin', an' by an' by you'll forget all about it, like everybody does," said Joe, "when it ain't their own troubles."

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THE MAD DOGS AND THE MINNOW

Continued from Page 21

external dilapidations les pauvres officiers anglais had so naïvely been trying to disguise with a bright awning and tricolor bunting. A gallant pair, those, with their high-hearted laughter in the frown of adversity; bons camarades they were reckoned at the Café Biarde on the river front, where Monsieur Minot of the Douane and other officiers de ville repaired to take their wine at the end of each day's duties. The bon enfant with the blink not only spoke the French of the purest but was a siffleur to marvel at. His mouth was by no means small, but he could pucker it up till it resembled a Cupid's pouting for kisses and whistle the Marseillaise or Yank-oui-doodle like a band of happy thrushes.

"*Enfin*," Conway summed up, brushing drops of tea from the flaxen beard of a fortnight's intensive cultivation, "crust and gall, the same as ours, Peetah dear, are all anybody needs to drive a coach-and-four through any regulations ever framed by these giddy optimists, the said Mandatory Powers."

They were ending a wakeful night in the tumble-down warehouse. Bleak of dawn filled with formless light the doorway that overlooked the water. Wilde compared the watch on his wrist with the hour that was striking in the clock tower of the Église St. Rombaut, poured himself a second steaming cup and held his tongue.

"If you ask me, this show's simply money for nothin'. Abdel Krim, the Riff, is a priceless protector of the poor, and old Vaseline-kidneys of Covent Garden as a business man is a free-handed treat. The only wonder is, gun runnin' as a profession ain't overcrowded."

Wilde tossed off his last drain of tea and got up.

"Shake a leg, you poor dumb sailorman," he callously replied. "Come aboard the Minnow and fulfill the only legitimate function of your being, which is to navigate something with no head of its own. As a psalmist, you give my ardent flesh to goose."

He was whistling Tipperary when Conway followed out into the new day. The light, if stronger, was still cold. Drawn by the stout gear that linked them to Flemish horses, the lightened belandres were forging upstream. For several minutes Wilde was busy snugging down cargo and catching and stowing tins of petrol which Conway tossed down from the quay. Then Tipperary wound up in an artistic flourish and a gush of amused expostulation in French.

"Enough, comrade, enough! We do not need all the essence in Malines for a voyage that brings us back to the Café Biarde ere nightfall." On the heels of that, good English words were clearly whispered:

"Mind your eye, Mike, and take your cue from me. Here's that customs pest, Minot, with a pal."

A glance aside discovered to Conway two men in dark uniforms on the towpath, holding the bicycles from which they had just dismounted and apparently noting what was toward with deep interest. Wilde's whistle, spearing the dawn hush with the first bars of Caprice Viennois, was cut short when the musician permitted himself to see his new audience. He waved a friendly hand.

"*Bon jour, messieurs!* You are early abroad if—alas!—too late to lend us a hand with this troublesome cargo we have permitted ourselves to take on terms so poor they will hardly pay for the essence we must use. And all night we have been at work stowing it. It is a hard life, is it not?"

"But what industry, messieurs, and what brave hearts!" Minot applauded. But his companion seemed less graciously disposed. "Where are you bound then?" he demanded—"that you must load by night and be off so early."

"To Antwerp, monsieur; a long way for a few francs. But in my country we have the saying, it is the early bird catches the first snail. You know that saying, perhaps, monsieur?"

Minot's colleague, dropping his bicycle, advanced to the stringpiece which, binding the earth of the bank, made it a makeshift quay. Shrewd glances raked the huddle that was the Minnow's freight.

"What have you there? What is its nature, that those belandres must transship it by night and you be off in such haste?"

"Monsieur will not tell? But his kind face mirrors a kind heart, I know." Wilde's voice became a dramatic hiss: "It is contraband, monsieur—we have the contraband!"

This huge jest exploded a great burst of mirth in Minot. Conway managed a laugh, too, but less gracefully; the shock, in fact, all but shook him off his feet and into the water.

"Contraband!" Minot crowed. "Hein, but that is good! What contraband?"

"Cocaine. But you will keep our secret, won't you? Else we find ourselves in the black books of these enterprising messieurs of the Douane." Minot's confrere continued to nurse a dour countenance. Wilde, still smiling, picked up a heavy spanner. "Now it is for me to perform an operation of a delicate nature on this antique and find out what is the new trouble with her engine. You will excuse me, messieurs? The life of a man married to a motorboat is one of no rest, I promise you."

Pleasantries, however, were nothing to appease the inquisitive douanier. "See," he openly indicated to Minot, "the boat rides low." To Wilde he added testily, "What is it then that is of weight so great? Be good enough to show me."

Straightway the two Belgians stepped aboard, and the skeptical officer knelt over a bale of rifles and with expert fingers began to probe its blind contours.

"Ah," Wilde reproached him, "but you are one who must know everything, are you not?"

The flat of the spanner fell cunningly on the base of the man's skull, and he dropped without a moan, with hardly a kick.

As for that good Monsieur Minot, he was gazing into the muzzle of Conway's pistol, fascinated beyond stir or speech.

"Monsieur Minot," Wilde assured him, "one is desolated to have been constrained to use the measures so harsh with your colleague, but happy to see you are one of sounder understanding. Help me now with this drowsy one. He will feel more comfortable if he wakes up under cover instead of in the bottom of this seagoing sieve."

Between them they lugged the senseless body up to the bank and into the warehouse; Conway trotting along with bonds selected from the war gear of the Minnow, late C. M. B. 12, to help truss the victim of his own zeal and handcuff Minot to a length of steel chain that was made fast to an overhead beam in the loft.

"There!" Wilde said in satisfaction with a job well done. "Now, my friend, permit a parting present, a trifling souvenir of our great esteem—this so small file. With diligence you ought to be able to free yourself in about ten hours. Then you can release your friend. It is unfortunate for you that we are so far from beaten ways, or perhaps fortunate; for no one can hear your shouts, so we won't have to gag you."

He was softly whistling Gigolette when he took the wheel and held the Minnow downstream through lifting mists, whilst Lieutenant Michael Conway, late H. M. R. N., tinkered with the coupled straight-eight engines under the bonnet hatch.

Nothing in the performance tolerated, however, so much as hinted at their robust health, when the weather-worn Minnow in her gay awning and gallant bunting, for all the world like some besotted old baggage in a brand-new shawl and bonnet, hitched and staggered, with many a wheeze and cough to break the monotony of her mutterings, down Dyle and Rupel to the Scheldt, on between the bustling quays of Antwerp, and so seaward.

But night worked a magic.

Dawn saw a bare gray vessel, as lean and powerful as a wolfhound, slipping with silent ease through the swells off the Westgat, where Noordland and Zeehordenplaat obstruct the East Scheldt Channel, green water snapping at her bows with naked fangs and sweeping back to cream, grumbling in her wake. Yesterday's racket of a leaky exhaust was unheard, the copper wire that had short-circuited certain spark plugs was abolished, an unbroken purr of power in leash made undertone for the constant sizzling of twin carburetors; a proper navy compass dithered comfortably in its old binnacle before the wheel, with a chronometer whose advices were as sure as gospel, in the chart case a virgin chart turned up its unlined pale face.

The Minnow was herself once more; the capable little craft that had served its country well as C. M. B. 12 was prepared to do as well again by the N. O. at the helm who knew his job and the soldier man who lounged in its minute cabin, whistling an oratorio from a fist of dog-eared band music that was the one-time score of a marching flautist.

As the loom of the Lowlands dwindled astern, the weather smeared out the horizon and lowered the range of visibility to an approximate mile. And Capt. Peter Wilde, D. S. O., late Royal Artillery, put away his carded music and took his whistle out to the open.

"Well, young feller-me-lad, how goes it?"

Conway said salt words about fogs in general and particular.

"Don't be so stuffy with thick weather, sweetheart; it has its uses. Though," Wilde was free to admit, "unless old yellow-belly is a sound dead-reckoner, or whatever you quaint seadogs call it, we'll be playing a game of hide and seek before long, I shouldn't wonder."

"If the Villar's on time," Conway returned, consulting chart and chronometer with professional glances, "we ought to cut her course in ten minutes or less; and when we change ours this mist will let up a bit. It's thinner to east'ard."

"Meantime we seem to have the whole North Sea to ourselves, with nothing to do but eat, drink and be sick as dogs. Gun running has its dull patches."

"Do you have to have a scrap every mornin' before breakfast?"

"A bit of training can't harm a lad who's looking forward to getting spliced. I say"—Wilde innocently turned the subject—"do you suppose the good old Villar's got a piano on board?"

"Indeed, yes!" Conway grinned. "And a jazz band and a ballroom where the officers teach the crew the latest dance steps. All footy cargo boats go in for frills like that, 'specially Dago tubs. I only hope ours turns up. The giddy Portugoose ain't got much guts. He'll quiver like a rabbit at a lettuce leaf when he spots a handful of dollars; but the minute he gets windy the party's off."

"You needn't fret about the Villar's showing up, with Richards on board," Wilde confidently asserted. "Which is why we made him a passenger, ain't it? He may know nothing about ships, but he's got useful ways when it comes to dealing with bipeds. And policy's the best honesty even with a Dago."

"I hope you're right," Conway cheerily doubted. "But the game's been so blasted easy thus far, I'm thinkin' the catch in it is overdue."

"Don't be impatient; it'll roll along in good time. That's why decent bodies like you and me go mad-dogging. If Johnny Riff could get his rifles out by mail order, declared as bananas or Bibles, we'd still be walking London's paves along with the ruck of the unemployed. . . . How's her course now?"

"Not what it was," Conway replied, spinning the wheel till a few quarts of surprised water came aboard by the starboard gunwale—"if you know any more now than you did before about life on the boundin' main."

And less than half an hour after this maneuver had swung the Minnow off on the prearranged course, the fog frayed out and a gently heaving, sunlit expanse opened before the bows, deserted but for a few trawlers in the distance and a lonely steam vessel of about five hundred tons burden that was lolloping along under a vast plume of smoke perhaps two miles ahead.

"Permit me, Peetah dear, to introduce the good ship Villar Formoso."

The blue eyes narrowed in a long stare.

"Gosh!" Wilde concluded.

"What are you goshin' about? There she is, just what you asked for, a shady little sister of the seven seas, ready for anything—at a price."

"All I hope is, my people never hear I've been seen walking out with her then."

"Wait," Conway counseled. "You ain't begun to see life yet, Peetah. Wait till you've put in a week eatin' grease and garlic and sleepin' in a bunk that's a trainin' track for the cockroach Marathon."

"Well," Wilde philosophically reflected, "I suppose mad dogs can't be fussy about their kennels."

"Oh, you'll get used to it. After a bit you'll like it fine. There's Richards now"—a nod singled out a figure with a semaphoric arm at the steamer's rail—"tryin' to pick us up, the flirty beggar!"

Only when the Minnow had run in under the Villar's quarter and was waiting for a jacob's-ladder to be let down did a tardy afterthought take the sunshine out of Conway's heart.

"See here, Peetah, what about the Minnow? What in blazes are we goin' to do with her now? We can't go back to lay her up, after that brush of ours yesterday. And I've taken a fancy to the lady; I can't think it's right to scuttle her."

Wilde tersely answered, "Scuttle hell!" and caught the ladder as it was dropped

The crew of the Villar went to work transshipping the new cargo to the steamer's hold in its wonted temper of fatalistic submission to the curse of toil and the lunacy common to skippers and owners; for sea tramps fill their bottoms as casually as you like, and there was nothing really remarkable in having a consignment of agricultural implements smuggled out of Holland by small boat to save dock charges and port dues. Only the round person with the greedy black eyes in the brown face that shone with its own grease, who went by the style of Senhor el Capitan Bernadim Branco, rated the business a strange one. That two foreign senhors of no mean sort, with a manservant of personality as manifest, should see fit to journey with their cargo aboard the Villar Formoso was an event without precedent in a long tale of years misspent. Branco oozed curiosity at every unstopped pore, and went about satisfying his appetite for information in the one way he knew to make tight mouths come unstuck. While the donkey engine rumbled and spluttered and winches clattered on the after deck, he ushered the passengers into a grubby little chart room and plied them with wine of a cloying bouquet, at the same time gabbling regrets that the small saloon which he had meant to reserve for their accommodation was for the time being a storeroom for merchandise of a perishable nature.

"Monsieur le capitaine," Wilde assured him in his flawless French, "must not let a matter so small disturb his amiable self My comrade here is not unaccustomed to berthing with frail merchandise; and I, though bred to better things, am resigned to inconveniences for the sake of a long sea voyage. Your good health, monsieur."

(Continued on Page 129)

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One is certain to find himself frequently in the presence of these unusually effective, matched outfits this season. Quite as often, perhaps, as though he played the fashionable courses at Gleneagles or St. Andrews.

Your Bradley dealer is now showing the smart Bradley golf combinations with matching stockings. He offers them with pull-over, straight buttoned jackets or buttoned blouses. The colors range from the most inconspicuous shades to the gayest of Glasgow plaids. Try them on. See what a difference they make.

Bradley KNIT-WEAR

Note particularly the trim, comfortable fit, the sturdy elastic knitting, the reasonable prices—$12 to $20 per set. These are advantages always found in every Bradley-knit garment. Above all else, look for the Bradley label. For 20 years this famous label has been an unfailing index to satisfaction and genuine economy in all types of knitted outerwear.

* * *

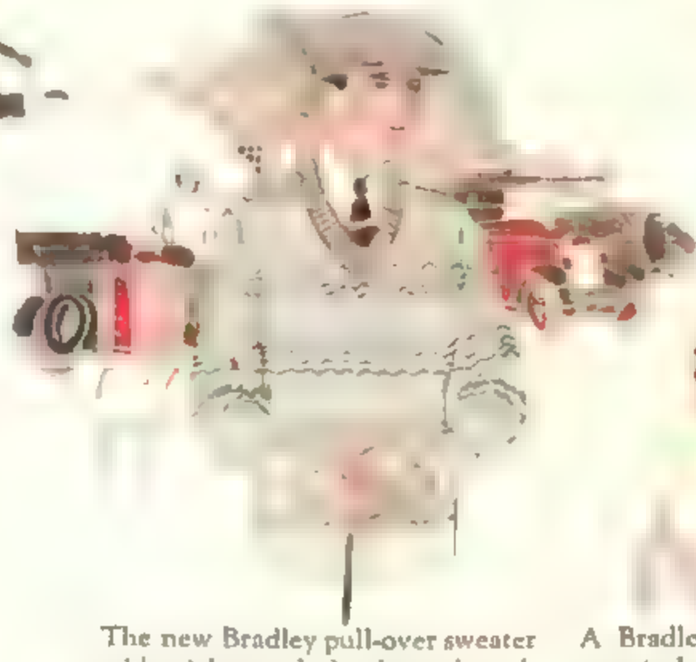
Copies of Bradley's booklets "Spring and Summer Styles" and "How to Swim" will be sent to any address, postpaid, upon request.

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY, DELAVAN, WIS.

328

MERCHANTS who carry the Bradley line are the only dealers who can offer you practically every type of knitted outer garment under one label that vouches for dependable intrinsic quality. On these pages are shown several types of knitted garments you will find decidedly useful during the months just ahead. Your Bradley dealer is now featuring these popular and durable garments in various color motifs, weights and prices. Seek out this Bradley merchant in your city. Go to him *first* whenever you need knitted outerwear of any type. You will be more likely to find exactly what you want, at the price you wish to pay.

Every man must have a knitted Tourist Sport Coat. Bradley dealers are now showing a splendid selection of these practical jackets in the soft luxurious heather blends as well as in solid colors. Some have two pockets—others have four. The prices range from $5 to $9.



The new Bradley pull-over sweater with cricket neck that hugs the collar. Supplied in a wide choice of fancy colors and patterns at $5 to $12.

A Bradley Knitted Lumber Jac—practical for all sports wear and decidedly *smart*. There are many attractive designs and colors at $7 to $14.

One has only to visit the famous play places of Europe to be convinced that the lightweight turtle neck sweater is quite the thing for the up-to-date sportswoman. Bradley dealers offer these exclusive new creations in many fancy weaves, pleasing shades and striking effects. Prices vary from $7 to $14

Every girl—and man, too—has frequent need for a Bradley pull-over or coat style shaker sweater during the Spring and Summer months. These useful knitted garments with either cricket neck or shawl collar are now being featured in many plain and fancy patterns in various plain colors and in many becoming combinations of colors at $7 to $18.

Men and women and children everywhere prefer Bradley bathing suits because *Bradleys* are the very smartest, hold their shape, fit right and wear long. The new Bradley stripes and checks are exceedingly gay and attractive and range from the most inexpensive to the finest.

Bradley knitted vests are in a class by themselves. They are furnished in the popular heather shades and in many pleasing patterns. All of them are smart—fit properly and hold their shapes. Prices range from $3.50 to $7.

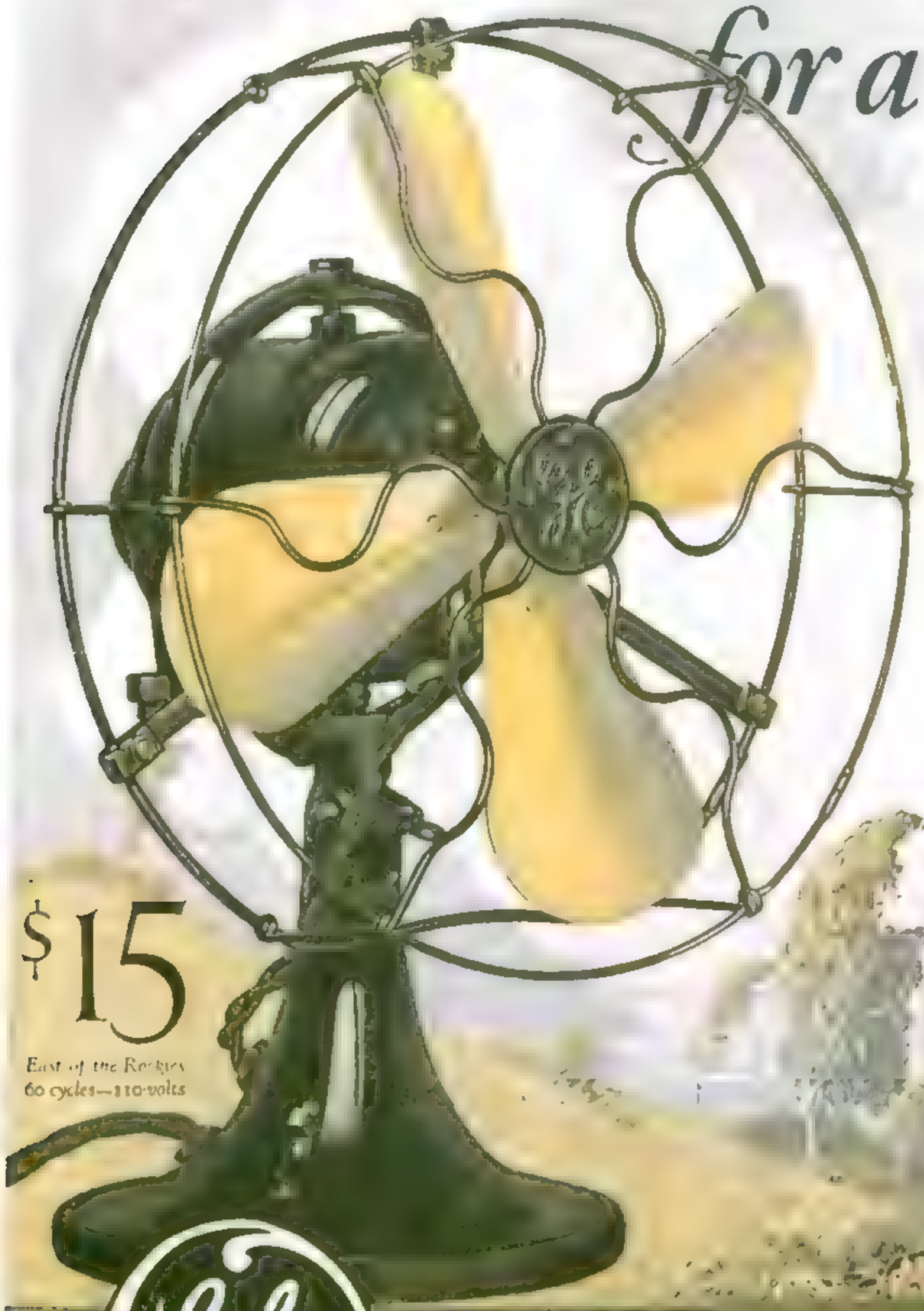
The call of the great outdoors brings to every boy the need of a Bradley pull-over with either a cricket neck or shawl collar—a sweater useful to any member of the family. They can be slipped on or off in a jiffy. Like all Bradley-knit garments, they're made sturdy, to stand abuse. Offered in many colors, weights and stitches at prices to suit: $2.50 to $8.50.

The Bradley line of fulled wool coats and jackets is exceptionally broad. They are furnished in many colors and patterns at prices ranging from $5 to $8. These wool coats are just the thing for all around utility, business, sport or house wear.

Bradley KNIT WEAR

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY, DELAVAN, WIS.

Ten cool hours *for a* nickel!



An indoor breeze—for every home—for every place of business. Cool, fresh kitchens—breezy tempting stores—offices briskly busy. Everywhere—G-E Fans!

Everywhere—the nine-inch oscillator. A $15 fan made with the same attention to detail that marks every G-E product from the tiniest switch to the mightiest motor. With it a nickel brings a breeze for ten cool hours—brings an outdoor coolness *indoors!*

$15

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60 cycles—110-volts

Look for the G-E Fan Girl in the Dealer's window—look for the G E mark on your fan

GE Fans

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 124)

Over drained glasses he flourished a wallet so fat that the pig's eyes kindled. Dirty fat hands, however, protested.

"But no, m'sieur; afterward, at our leisure—since you become my passengers."

But Wilde had more in mind than prompt discharge of his obligations under the agreement which Conway had made with Branco at Hull a week since.

"Monsieur le capitaine," he said, with round eyes for the grin which the slandered Conway was indulging, "when your crew of estimable mongrels—that is English for sailors, you comprehend—has finished transferring our sugar machinery to the hold, we desire to add another small item of personal baggage to your freight."

"M'sieur," Branco cooed to the rustle of bank notes, "has but to command."

"You speak English, of course, captain?" Wilde added in that tongue.

"Yes-sar!" Branco eagerly leered. "Me spik thank-you and getar-hell-out-of-thees pas encore."

"Admirable! Your linguistic limitations make it possible for me to remark to my friend that you are a highly repulsive shipmate because the perfume of your personality is precisely that of a polecat. Now the item to which I refer, mon capitaine," Wilde resumed in French, "is the launch we came out in."

Branco's eyes went blank.

"M'sieur is of a certainty joking."

"But to the contrary. It is a simple matter—merely to add an unexpected item to your cargo and your pocketbook. All you need do is lift aboard our so small launch and lash her in some convenient corner."

Hands of consternation made violent play.

"But it is impossible. Your little boat is of such bigness it would stave in my decks. I might arrange to tow it—for a consideration—for that, too, would be troublesome and I would be obliged to burn much extra coal. Wait; I will have another look."

"It's a brain wave, Peetah," Conway commented when the Portuguese had waddled off. "Chances are it'll save us no end of unpleasantness—not to mention the sin of scuttlin' the Minnow—because there'll be a cryin' demand for her and crew broadcast by the Belgian authorities, or I miss my guess. In fact," he added, getting up to peer distrustfully through one of the windows at the far blue line that was the Lowlands, "the quicker the Minnow's subtracted from the face of the waters, the better for us."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so much, Mike, just for the sake of listening to your own barytone. What's your cold professional opinion on this question of Branco's rotten decks?"

"It can be done all right, Peetah; though you can't toss a ten-ton launch aboard a five-hundred-ton tramp as if it was a bale of hay. The decks may need stiffening to take the strain; but that can be managed without too much trouble."

"What's the job worth?"

Conway was naming a fair rate when Branco brought back a thoughtful countenance.

"It is a good little boat, senhors," he spoke his mind, heavily lowering himself into a chair. "One now comprehends that you hesitate to part with her. It is possible then I tow her—as a favor. But if the wind should blow in the Bay of Biscay, the tow would be a peril to my ship. That, too, must be taken into consideration. How much would the senhors be agreeable to pay for the towing?"

"Nothing, mon capitaine," Wilde with entire calm replied; "not a sou." He made to put away his fascinating wallet. "What is dangerous for your ship is dangerous for my launch."

"But wait! The Bay of Biscay will perhaps be of a calmness, and the senhors are so wishful to 'ave their little boat with them ——"

"The senhors are prepared to pay to have the launch carried on deck, provided it's taken aboard without more delay."

"But my decks —— Your little ship will be quite happy at the end of a hawser."

Wilde began to thumb down thousand-franc notes on the table.

"Monsieur le capitaine will find he can buy a lot of drunks in Portugal with this sum, double what the service is worth, and yours the minute the launch is stowed on deck. The sooner you issue the necessary orders, the sooner you will finger this tidy fortune."

"But, senhors," Branco bleated, all but in tears, "upon my word it is not possible what you would have. I shall tow your little boat; it will be quite safe so. Give me the money and all shall be arranged at once." Wilde, with a bored shrug, took up the notes. An imploring gesture stayed his hand. "Trade is bad, senhors. Perhaps I do what you wish—for two thousand francs more, paid in advance. I make it the condition that you pay now, senhor."

Nothing less than incurable mulishness was to be read in those shoe-button eyes. From the window came a growl.

"He's got us by the short hairs, Peetah; all the same, I wouldn't give him a tanner before the Minnow's on board."

Wilde consulted his watch, then the shimmering spread of blue that ran to a shore where dungeons yawned for young bloods who took liberties with gentlemen of the Douane going to and fro upon their lawful occasions. The notes changed hands.

"There you are, my friend; now stir your stumps. Money in advance pays for quick work."

The Portuguese pocketed his haul with a relieved sigh and rummaged a locker for a second bottle to keep his passengers amused till the Villar should be once more under way.

"Rest assured, senhors, your little boat shall have the best of care. Now I leave you to give orders."

If Peter Wilde's education in the principles of commercial immorality was as yet embryonic, in practical application of the rules of self-preservation his experience was complete, his methods drastic. And yet, though the fortunes, even the skins, of himself, his friend and his servant hung on the good faith of Senhor el Capitan Bernadim Branco, grasping, problematic, and dog Latin, when half an hour later Conway and Richards hurried into the chart room, it was to find Wilde sitting up at table like a little man, band score in hand, lips pursed and cheeks blown out, as if he had nothing more on his mind than rehearsal of a teasing piccolo passage.

"The fat's in the fire, Peetah. This vermin that calls itself a skipper has flatly refused to get the Minnow aboard, and he's wise already to the rifles."

Wilde consented to suspend the whistle.

"What have you let him do with the Minnow?"

"Let him!" Conway raged. "I've used every argument I know, bar bootin' the brute into his own hold. The Minnow's astern, at the end of a hawser. Branco never had any idea of stickin' to his bargain."

"I'm surprised. Where's he now?"

"Sir," Richards put in, "I just watched 'im go along to the mate's cabin. An' I 'ave to report there's no enemy—I mean no other ships—in sight, sir."

"Thank you, sergeant. Convey my compliments to Captain Branco and ask him to be so gracious as to come here and see me at once."

"Very good, sir."

"How do you know Branco's on to the rifles, Mike?"

"Richards was nosin' round in the hold—your orders—and saw the mate slit open one of the bales with his clasp knife. Then he legged it to Branco. Now he's got our money, he's got our rifles, and he's got our launch, and he's got us—sittin'! He'll bag the whole show, give us the boot at the next port and be as safe as houses. We daren't squeal!"

"Don't be so chirpy. Give this brave seagoing hidalgo a chance to speak for himself. . . . Hello, Richards! Not alone?"

"Sir," Richards reported, "the captain refuses to come as requested; an' in the absence of orders, an' seein' as 'e's what you might call a officer, I did not take disciplinary measures."

"Did Captain Branco, do you think, understand my message?"

"Sir, seein' as he doesn't speak English, I gave it 'im in French. 'E understood all right."

"Repeat your actual words."

"Sir, I told 'im to allez avec ma toot sweet, an' made the regulation signs of the langwige. 'E was insubordinate and answered me in English: 'Getarhell outa thees!'"

Wilde sighed and put up his score.

"Come along, Mike. Richards, you will accompany us and wait outside to see that no interruption occurs."

The screw was beginning to thresh and the Minnow was hanging back astern like a sulky child at the end of a long and half-submerged apron string. Observing which, Captain Wilde blinked that triple blink which meant either the one thing or the other. He entered without ceremony the quarters which Richards designated as the mate's, finding there that personage, a burly Spaniard with a permanent scowl and a broken nose, lounging on the side of his berth, and Branco perched on a tin trunk with his shoulders to the forward bulkhead.

"A thousand pardons for this intrusion, senhors; but it is a necessity that I have a few words with the senhor el capitan."

The mate spat with poor aim and missed Wilde's feet; which was, perhaps, as well. Branco elaborately stretched, yawned and leered.

"The senhors have the wish to speak with me?"

"The senhors have the wish to know why you have not taken their launch aboard as agreed."

"You make too much trouble with your little boat, senhor. She does very well as she is. I take good care of her, all right."

"I am afraid I must insist on your living up to your agreement and earning the money you have been paid."

Branco laughed aloud.

"Money, senhor? What money? It is for the senhor still to pay me for the favor I do him. The senhor perhaps thinks I should risk the good name of the Villar Formoso for nothing. But the senhor will have time to think twice before he sees Lisbon."

"You swindlin' swine!" Conway broke in. "If you don't get that launch aboard at once and give us your quittance, I'll have you run in when we do make port."

"Ah!" Branco insolently smirked. "If the senhors wish to lodge a complaint with the port authorities, they will no doubt do as they think best. That might be awkward for the senhors, I think, for it would oblige me, Capitan Bernadim Branco, to tell how they took advantage of my confidence to smuggle many rifles aboard my innocent ship."

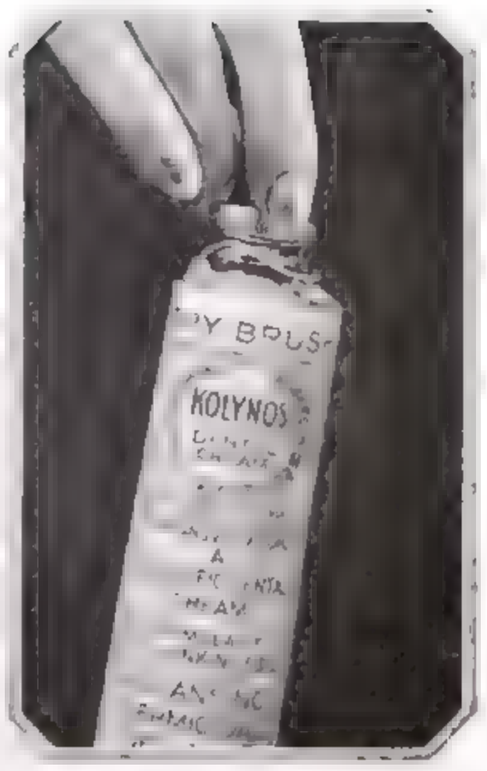
"Branco," Wilde smoothly cut in, "will you issue the necessary orders to have our launch taken aboard, or shall I?"

Branco opened wide eyes.

"Do you hear, Fernandez?" he cried to the mate in unctuous amazement. "Do you hear this mad milord? But what a droll!"

Then derision died on lips that sideslipped into a flabby slot, and eyes that had been mocking started in their orbits to find themselves looking into the grim blue mouth of Wilde's automatic. And before the hulking mate knew what was toward, powerful hands laid hold of his ankles and jerked him forward from the berth to the floor, at the same time deftly flipping him over on his face, and fourteen stone of navy muscle on the small of his back crushed out all inclination to squirm or squeak.

Then the skipper found his voice. It was high, it was indignant, it was expert in the master blasphemies they brew in the brothels and boozing kens of the water front. Wilde had to silence it with a meaning thrust of a pistol.



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"Be still!" he added, biting off each word to give it definition. "Do not move, do not shout, but listen! I don't intend to waste more time on you. Since you won't perform as you agreed voluntarily, you will do so under compulsion. Until we see the end of this affair, you will take orders from me. Got that?"

Branco's face was ghastly gray beneath its ripe brown tone; sweat rolled from it like rain.

"But this is piracy!" he stammered.

Wilde sadly nodded.

"Afraid it is, but that can't be helped. You contracted to get our launch on deck and carry it as freight to Lisbon, and I mean to see you do it with no more nonsense."

"I will not! You shall not!" Branco gibbered. "I am the captain, you —— It is piracy! The law —— This is my ship; you cannot do such thing!"

"True," wilde pensively agreed; "you have reason, mon capitaine—I cannot do such thing. And yet you see me doing it. Life is like that, I have found, and so, doubtless, have you—full of the damnedest contradictions. It is for you to say now whether or not my friend and I dispense with your services altogether. Seeing that your vessel is already grossly undermanned, we don't particularly lust to slaughter more of you than ask for it. Still, as it happens, we need a spare captain least of all."

"Madre di Dios!" Branco prayed. "Do not shoot, senhor! It was all my little joke. Everything shall be as you will henceforth. I have a wife in Lisbon, and little ones. I will get your boat on board."

"Very well, I give you one more chance. But mind, next time you start one of your little practical jokes, you won't be given grace to say a prayer. Mike, get off your perch and admit Ferdinand to this powwow. He's getting purple about the gills."

Conway got up, and Fernandez scrambled to his feet, spitting profanity like a Spanish tomcat.

"Shut up and sit down." The mate shut and sat. "I suppose you understand French too?" Wilde asked. Fernandez sullenly nodded.

"Then listen to me, both of you! From now on, nothing is going to happen on board this seagoing sty, aside from routine work, without my leave. You will both keep to your quarters and address the crew only to give orders relative to working the ship. You will speak no vessel unless first hailed, in which event you will answer only under my instruction. At the first sign of disobedience, whether on your part or the crew's, we begin shooting. Do exactly as you are bid, and command will be restored to you when we reach Lisbon. Branco, instruct your mate to get our launch aboard at once."

Chastened eyes consulted the face of the mate, whose fearful eyes consulted the face of Conway, who returned a wicked scowl and fumbled with something that bulked in the side pocket of his jacket. Whereupon Branco blurted an order and the mate, with a shrug of massive shoulders, rose and lurched out to the deck, Conway stepping on his heels with the alertness of an overgrown Airedale.

The skipper followed, and, with Wilde at his elbow, waddled forward to the bridge, where they waited, watching the Minnow come alongside and on deck to the commands of a viciously tame mate acting as mouthpiece of an able ex-naval lieutenant.

Gratification sounded in the whistled strains of Drigo's Serenade, and Branco looked on in bewilderment undisguised. Never before had he known his mate and crew to function with so much speed and precision, with such want of flurry and bawling. It confused one to try to think how madmen might be circumvented whose methods were so masterly.

"Now, Peetah old top," Conway inquired when the Villar Formoso was once more under way, "what next? The Minnow's safe, the course is right, we're making six knots, or maybe seven, and the glass is steady. But Ferdie here loves me like poison, Bernie's a twister, and there's a crew for'ard of twelve first-class cutthroats."

"Plus six murderers in the engine room," Wilde amended, "and a Greek cook and a couple of cabin boys. Well, then, let Fernandez remain your special pet and I'll make Branco mine. When duties are on, we'll work the brutes by shifts. At other times, both will be regarded as drunk and incapable and confined to quarters with Richards on guard."

Thus throughout four days and nights of smooth passage, three apprentice gun runners of personality, wit and sense of organization held the whip hand of twenty-odd able-bodied men of the sea, comprising the whole personnel of a Portuguese tramp steamer cruising a timeworn trade lane of the North Sea and the Bay of Biscay. When the captain was on the bridge, Wilde whistled and blinked at his shoulder; when Fernandez took over, Conway was always standing by. By night the boatswain and the man at the wheel carried on, in full charge, according to shiftless custom, with either the captain or the mate handy but somnolent, while their respective guardians self-elected dozed in the chart room with one eye open and Richards slept on deck, rolled up in a blanket, but with ears tuned to take alarm of the first hail.

For those first days the crew remained ignorant of the tension aft. In this there was nothing to be wondered at, for aboard such potty casuals crews are birds of passage, and the habits of skipper-owners follow eccentric orbits. Branco made no attempt to acquaint his crew with the true state of affairs; they had neither arms nor any loyalty to him, and unquestionably would be found to share his respect for men who made their wishes known with lethal weapons in their hands. But at Lisbon, he privately swore, there would be another tale to tell.

Less privately, he said much to this effect to Fernandez, but in an argot of Spanish, which he assumed to be no part of the accomplishments of the senhor who sat near by in the chart room that night, whistling over band scores, but listening, had Branco only known, in five languages.

Fernandez was unmoved by his captain's logic, unable to ape his philosophic patience. He was Spanish and sensitive in the seat of his honor. To be juggled about like a sack of potatoes by that one whose eyes were the eyes of a fish and whose laugh was the bray of an Andalusian ass, to be poked forcibly in the ribs ever and anon by a pocket with a hard-nosed pistol in it, was treatment to outrage the holiest personal sentiments of any man whose father had, quite possibly, been a hidalgo. Fernandez favored disemboweling his custodian as the one thorough means of cleansing his honor. While as for that one there, with the face of a baby and the soft skin of a woman, whose everlasting whistle tortured one's ears from dawn to dark, Fernandez was darkly persuaded that he had a fine fat neck for a knife. All things come to him who waits, he reminded Branco, and God was good; there was no moon, the nights on deck were dark.

Even a level-headed gun runner has his human points, and one of Peter Wilde's was touchiness about his cherubic cast of features. His pianissimo rendering of the overture to Semiramide ran on without a falter; but what his hearing disentangled from that hash of Spanish slang made his heart to burn within him and was responsible for most of the tribulations that subsequently afflicted the gentry of the Villar Formoso. For in the dawn of the day that followed he had somewhat to say to Conway.

"Mike, me lad, laziness plays the devil with discipline. What's more, the whole darn ship smells to heaven of its skipper. I move we have a spring cleaning."

"I should think so!" Conway chimed with professional enthusiasm.

Forthwith the Villar Formoso began to sizzle with hot water and hum with friction of soap and holystones like a battleship preparing for admiral's inspection.

(Continued on Page 132)

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(Continued from Page 130)

If what had gone before had been piracy on the high seas pure and simple, this high-handed sequel was unexpurgated hell in the rating of the officers and crew. Mutiny began to ferment straightway in every bosom. Branco offered polyglot expostulation and Fernandez obstruction to the extent of his intelligence and within the limits of prudence; but the pitiless eye of Peter Wilde sapped all resistance in the skipper, and his whistle hounded the unhappy man like the very voice of conscience; while Conway's pistol continued to be the pivot of the mate's existence. Withal, a furtive white began to peer through the crusted grime on rails and bulkheads, an ancient yellow was bared on masts and spars, decks discovered their seams again, and brasswork grinned anew through the green of years uncounted.

"'Strewth, Peetah," Conway crowed over this rebirth of a right ship, "this is the first bit of fun I've had since the war!"

But in this life, self-indulgence has always to be paid for.

In the forecastle, reaction took the form of questions concerning the mental health of a captain and mate who manifested all of a sudden such unheard-of fastidiousness in respect of honest squalor and in defiance of time-old coastal tradition. There was a mystery festering somewhere, and the nostrils of the crew were affronted. Pedro, the one-eyed, who bossed the forecastle by right of brawn and ill repute, expressed himself as satisfied that steps should be taken. Picking his fangs with the point of a long clasp knife, as was his ruminative habit, he mentioned that in all the course of a checkered history he had never before used water for anything but cooking and transportation, and declared that he would be Maria'd if he was going to go on rupturing his red-corpuscled inwards to provide indecent amusement for a demented skipper and a pair of illegitimate English imbeciles. Saying which, he spoke the collective mind.

By the time she rounded Cape Finisterre the steamship was as sweet and clean as a private yacht; but Wilde of the blink and whistle, Conway with his beard and his passion for a life of bounce and bustle, and Richards with his temper of a drill sergeant, were the focus of sufficient unpopularity to unseat the Bolshevik régime in Russia.

The light of a dawn that silvered the umber hills which embosom the port of Lisbon found the Villar Formoso with Cabo da Roca off the port beam, trudging a placid sea that a raft of assorted steam vessels littered, with a fleet of fishermen working the offshore currents added for round measure. The lashings of the Minnow had been cast off and the consignment of contraband lay under open hatches. Wilde, whistling Grieg—the Morning of the Peer Gynt Suite—was keeping Branco company on the bridge, Richards was giving the boatswain at the wheel the boon of his society, and Conway, on the foredeck below, was teaching Fernandez his last lesson in the way to handle a crew of cross-grained lubbers.

As the Villar opened up the harbor course, Branco's shifty eyes traveled from familiar shore marks to the bows of his command and back again, and a furtive smile, not unlike phosphorescence of decomposition, lighted his swart features. Without warning, he took one step aside and barked a command to the helmsman—a single stride, because, in the same breath, one of Wilde's arms hooked him back.

"Senhor el capitaine of my heart, it is forbidden to gossip with the man at the wheel. Promise to be good and you may go. There! Affection is a beautiful thing, is it not?—but expensive at cost of asphyxiation."

"But it is here we must change our course!" Branco sputtered. "It is the northern channel we take to make port."

He opened his mouth again to instruct the boatswain, but forbore in deference to the powerful grip that tightened on his arm.

"Shut up!" Wilde snapped. "And don't move!"

Branco's free arm shot out to the engine-room telegraph and switched the signal to STOP. Wilde thrust him aside, leaped to the machine, switched it back to FULL SPEED AHEAD. Branco profited by this moment of liberty to shriek something down over the rail. Silence simultaneously was, where the unresting rumor of engines for so many days had been. The Villar began to lose way.

"It is of no use, senhor. This piracy finds here its end. Again I command my ship. The engines, they do not run again till I myself tell them to. That is understood, eh?"

Wilde's vision snapshotted a tug fussing toward the Villar less than a thousand yards away and a sizable schooner coming about on a tack into the wind that would bring her close under the stern. He blinked at Branco and, on the third blink, jumped. The skipper, falling back in panic, stumbled over his own heels, and before he could recover had been caught and flung bodily into the chart room, whose door was slammed on him immediately and its key turned in the lock and withdrawn.

Richards, Wilde saw, had the boatswain well in hand; but strange noises from the foredeck called him to the rail. Down there, between the open hatchway and the superstructure, Conway was floundering in a tangle of rope, with four deck hands seeking to pin his threshing limbs, and Pedro of the evil eye circling the group like a great cat, the rays of the climbing sun wickedly glimpsing on his long knife.

Without hesitation, Wilde vaulted the rail and dropped feet first. He landed on the round of Pedro's back, and as he bounded off, one of his heels lashed into the face of a man who looked up from the pack that had Conway. The fellow shrieked and the group instantly resolved into units. Wilde, regaining his feet, planted a fist under the ear of another seaman, and the crack of the blow was that of an ax biting into hardwood. Then a hand nipped him by an ankle, he flopped over on a hatch grating, and Pedro and a deck hand piled down upon him.

Conway, struggling to a stand with blood from a broken scalp half blinding him, saw a third thug pounce upon the heaving body of his friend, and an instant later Pedro's knife as it lifted and viciously fell. A wild scream galvanized the navy man into action, and Pedro rolled away, howling with a broken rib and leaving his knife in the back of the deck hand whom Wilde had used as a shield. A final heave threw the other off, and Wilde was up again, timely to prevent Conway's shooting the fellow down. This last lost half a second recognizing how God's wrath had dealt with his comrades, then made for cover in the forecastle as a cur dog flees a stricken field.

Wilde's blink swiftly took in the stage of the combat and its souvenirs—Pedro hors de combat with his caved-in side; a ruffian at the port rail uttering teeth and curses to the smiling sea; another coming convulsively out of the coma into which Wilde's knuckles had dispatched him; and the fellow whom Pedro had stabbed flapping about like a decapitated chicken.

"Put up that pistol," he ordered, and guided Conway's hand with its weapon to the pocket that was its home. "We'll do without manslaughter as long as we can."

"My aunt"—Conway feebly grinned—"but that was a scrap."

"Where's Fernandez?"

"Search me." Conway's hand went to his broken head. "He dotted me one with God knows what when the engines stopped. So I sort of lost sight of him."

"Let's have a squint at that cut."

"Hell to that! We've got to get a move on. We can't clutter up the fairway like this; it ain't done."

"Stop yapping and bend over."

Conway's handkerchief did well enough for a swab, and the square of bright silk from Wilde's breast pocket made an ample bandage for a bleeding head.

"Now then, look alive!" Wilde advised the crippled contingent in fluent waterfront Portuguese. "Get to your quarters pronto—and take that corpse along with you."

A kick sent Pedro's crimsoned knife spinning through the rails, and Wilde, fondling the grip of the weapon that protruded from his pocket, watched three cowed men shuffle forward with their wounded comrade, while Pedro limped after like a winged rook.

Educated vision, sweeping the shoreward waters, rested briefly on the far mouth of the estuary, from which two smart launches flying port flags were standing out, bows on to the Villar Formoso.

"Peetah dear," Conway announced, "we've got to clear out of this and be quick about it. There's a brace of important-lookin' craft to port that might get nosey enough to fuss up and ask questions. It's either get way on this tub again or over the side with the Minnow and hop it."

"Hop nothing!" Wilde blinked. "What? And old Abdel squatting on the beach only a few hundred miles farther south with paper in his hands for us that reads six thousand quid? Besides, I never cut an appointment. Stand by there, old boy, and see that those thugs stick in their bolt-hole. I'm going to be busy a few minutes."

His advent in the engine room was entirely unheralded and, by the same token, unanticipated. Fernandez was there, releasing a long-pent store of gesticulation and oratory for the information of the engineer and two helpers. The mate never knew what happened, and the others seemed rather in the dark about it when the show was over. They must have heard somebody nimbly descending the steel ladders, and presumably were looking to see the tubby shape of the skipper come round the belly of the big boiler behind which the lowermost ladder met the bottom grating. What they did see was a compact dark object that all at once dropped from the steel grid overhead, lightly rebounded, and with machinelike precision caught Fernandez a terrific blow on the point of his jaw—all in silence but for the double thump of feet, in one continuous stream of movement, and with demoralizing thoroughness of execution.

Fernandez subsided with no more struggle than a poled steer, resigning his head to the lap of an astounded fireman who was sitting on an iron transverse balk. The engineer and his greaser held poses of petrified wonder, their very souls in thrall to a pair of steady blue eyes that covered them from behind a third—the round black eye of a pistol.

Wilde's unemployed hand called attention to the telegraph dial.

"Full speed ahead is the standing order," he remarked. "Anybody here got anything to say to that?"

The seated man promptly consigned Fernandez to the pool of oil at his feet and tried to blend his person in with the smooth face of a cross plate. The greaser mechanically smeared a beaded forehead with a handful of waste. The engineer breathed heavily through slackened fat lips. The eyes behind the pistol narrowed.

"Full speed ahead!" Wilde barked. "Jump, senhors!"

The greaser jumped, his goal the stokehold. A bullet, aimed wide, winged his heels. He went to cover like a rabbit. The fear of God quickened in the bosom beneath the engineer's singlet; he likewise jumped, but directly to the controls. The big lever went over with a thump, the pistons began slowly to function, life once more rumbled in the bowels of the Villar Formoso.

One stride took Wilde to the side of the engineer.

"Mark what I say, senhor! You will be answerable to me for keeping the engines going full speed ahead till I give the word to stop them. Savvy?"

The engineer blankly nodded. His was a mind of an inquiring turn, but this was no time to give it play.

(Continued on Page 135)

Find hidden treasures in your home

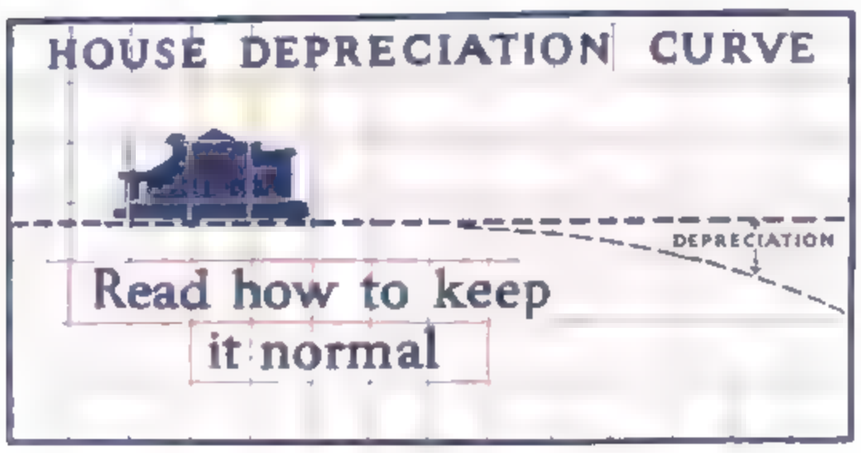
Some facts to guide your search

You will surely find treasures when once you own your home. There is the joy of possession, the pride of having things just as you wish them, the satisfaction of adding to and developing as you yourself plan. But there is more even than this.

One of the greatest treasures is hidden—the jewel of permanent satisfaction. It is sought by all home owners, and found by those who look below the surface when buying or building. Its discovery means greater freedom from repair bills, lessening of depreciation—preservation of original value.

The following facts are suggested by the Lehigh Portland Cement Company as a guide to help *you* discover permanent satisfaction. When you buy or build a home it is often easy to be captivated by pretentious designs and showy details. [OVER]

Continued from preceding page



But unless these features are founded on *solid* construction, they soon lose their ability to please. Satisfaction is short-lived when you find yourself paying out $50 here, $100 there, for repairs that might have been avoided. And the joy of home ownership gets a hard blow when you find your home depreciating at a rapid instead of a normal rate.

When a builder puts a dependable material into a place where it will count for long-time strength, even though it may not be noticed at the start, you can reasonably expect that he has put satisfactory quality throughout the building. Have more confidence in the builder who uses Lehigh Cement in his concrete and stucco. He is offered many special inducements to be "penny wise" with "pound foolish" substitutes for dependable materials. The one sure road to permanent satisfaction is to make sure of (1) Dependable Materials and (2) Competent Workmanship.

Increase in profits and resale value easily secured

Are there hidden treasures in your home already built, new satisfaction you can secure? Have you property that needs improvements to add to the resale value and to the income it brings you?

Many old houses are of excellent construction, with strong foundations and good walls, factors which make it worth-while to remodel and rejuvenate. Also there is satisfaction in taking a home which others have passed by as hopeless, and refashioning it into something attractive and creditable.

If you own an unsatisfactory piece of property it will pay you to see an architect, a contractor and a Lehigh dealer and get expert advice. In all your improvements keep one principle in mind—permanent satisfaction depends on:

(1) Dependable Materials.
(2) Competent Workmanship.

Assuring low maintenance cost for your business building

Concrete has long since proved its economy for office and industrial building because of its freedom from depreciation and repair and painting expense, as well as for its low insurance rates and fire safety.

This latter fact was very well stated by Ernest Van Vleck of Starrett & Van Vleck, the New York architects, when he said, "Cement is the most economical material for office floors, and if properly laid is favored by the underwriters with a minimum rate."

Large factories, office buildings and other great well-built construction projects made of Lehigh Cement, instead of showing wear, actually grow stronger year by year.

Put the same kind of strength into whatever you build. You can do it by securing

(1) Dependable Materials.
(2) Competent Workmanship.

How to get Permanent Satisfaction, whatever you build

[1] Get Dependable Materials

Reputation for dependability has made Lehigh Cement the largest-selling cement in the world. Last year, contractors, engineers, architects and owners used over 68 million sacks.

In buying building materials remember this point:

The dealer who insists on carrying Lehigh for you, often does so in the face of constant pressure to offer you the "just as good" brand. Is it not reasonable to expect such a dealer to protect your interests in other ways also by handling a line of thoroughly dependable materials? Let the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign guide you to a reliable dealer.

[2] Get Competent Workmanship

Even with the best materials you can get poor results unless you secure competent workmanship.

A good contractor will save you money through skillful building economies. He will put quality both where it can be seen at the start and also where it will be noticed for its low repair expenses in the years to come.

A point to remember in choosing a contractor:

The contractor who insists on dependable materials is likely to hire competent help and to put skill and dependability into all that he does.

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Cellar floors—*to keep dry, clean*
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Clothespole posts—*to prevent rot*
Coal pockers and storage elevators—*for low upkeep and insurance*
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Garage floors—*for highest utility*
Gate posts—*to avoid repairs*
Gutters—*for better drainage*
Highways—*for permanent, low upkeep*
Homes—*(ask for our special home book)*
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Pavilions and bandstands—*for permanence*
Pergolas—*for ornamentation*
Porches and porch posts—*for economy*
Poultry houses—*for permanent, sanitary floors*
Roofs(tile)—*for beauty and low upkeep*
Schools—*to protect children's lives*
Septic tanks—*to prevent sickness*
Sidewalks—*to keep houses clean*
Stairs and steps—*for permanence*
Stucco—*for beauty and low upkeep*
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(Continued from Page 132

"Now don't forget," Wilde pursued, bluffing his bloodthirstiest. "The first man-jack of you who shows his nose on deck will be the first in hell. And if this tub slows down by the fraction of a knot, I'll call in again and feed the lot of you to the furnace."

He rounded on a heel and went forward to the stokehold. The pistol preceded his stooping body through the doorway in the steel bulkhead. In natural sequence, he found the three stokers stoking with passionate enthusiasm and the fugitive greaser trying to burrow into the coal.

"Come here!"

They ranked themselves before him like as many schoolboys and paid religious heed to a succinct statement of their duty to themselves, the neglect of which, they were free to infer, would be equivalent to a particularly painful form of suicide.

"Now come with me, you and you"—the pistol singled out the greaser and the chief stoker—"I've got a job for you."

Perspiring anxiety to please made quick work of the task in question—Fernandez, appropriately hog-tied, was lugged to his cabin and locked in, the key remaining in Wilde's keeping. So did the key to the padlock on the door to the engine-room companionway, when the impressed transport had returned to its posts below. And Wilde, whistling a benediction on the knavish ways of Continental dock labor that forbid the extravagance of lockless doors even to engine rooms, strutted off to see what Conway was up to, and found him with Richards on the bridge, supervising the boatswain's trick at the wheel. For the Villar Formoso now lived again, and breathed and moved and had her being upon the face of the waters.

"Merely a little matter of doing away with a short in the self-starter," Wilde reported.

"Bless your black heart!" Conway beamed beneath his gay bandage. "You managed it just in time." A flirt of one arm picked out a launch gay with the bunting of the port authorities that was standing broadside to the Villar Formoso about midway between her and the shore. "That little lady was makin' a dead set for us till you got way on us again. The Lord knows why she sheered off then; but if you're at all keen about seein' the insides of a Portuguese jail, Peetah, my advice to you is to make some suspicious move on the assumption she ain't keepin' an eye on us."

"We'd better carry on till nightfall then."

"Question is, how to run a steamship without a crew, and how to launch the Minnow and lade her without labor. What about havin' a chin with Bernie and Ferdie and seein' if we can't talk a little horse sense into them?"

"Sometimes—d' you know, ducky—I am visited by a creepy notion that perhaps you ain't quite bright," Wilde obliquely replied. "Fernandez is in a fix he won't get out of in time to make himself useful or otherwise so long as we stop aboard this man-o'-war; and as for my fragrant pal —— If you can trust Richards to keep the boson minding his eye, you come along with me."

So they called on the recluse of the chart room and brightened the day for him with persiflage.

"Senhor el Capitan Bernadim Branco!" Wilde saluted. "In my country we have a saying that warns the wise against putting themselves in the way of being bitten twice by the same dog. Let that be the text of your meditations till we come to kiss you good-by."

And they bound the man with bonds and trundled him under the table and promised him a nice big cud of yellow soap to chew if he permitted himself to become vocal at any time when they were within earshot, and so left him.

Irons from the brig insured the boatswain's dutiful attendance at the wheel. And the cook and the cabin boys, being interviewed, professed all the good will in the world for the new government. They had signed on for feeding not fighting, and with nothing but appetites to gain by bolting to the forecastle, which the crew was busily barricading against further attentions on the part of the mad dogs, these three mean creatures were, Wilde believed, to be trusted with their jobs as long as somebody kept an eye on them.

To Richards that duty was delegated. It suffered through no dereliction on his part. The cook retired to his galley and cooked. The cabin boys stuck to Richards' heels and jumped whenever he breathed hard. He herded them twice to the engine room with food for the staff below and saw to it that they served the senhors in command as they required to be served. And that day waxed to its meridian and waned in peace, whilst the Villar Formoso put her best foot foremost for Cape St. Vincent and the Straits. Toward sunset she lay to off Villa Nova de Milfontes, where the Mira dawdles into the Atlantic, some sixty miles to the north of St. Vincent and the Gulf of Cadiz.

The waters thereabouts were clear at that hour of all other keels bar the inevitable fishing craft, from which nothing was to be expected but apathy. Wilde marched forward to the forecastle barricade and there delivered a brief address, in the general sense that any individual of the skulking crew who might think to venture forth till given leave would, beyond peradventure of fair doubt, taste hell-fire before his time. Then he did away with the padlock on the engine-room companionway, called up the staff and turned it over to help launch the Minnow and work cargo under Conway and Richards. Nightfall was coming on apace, and he tarried to lend a hand with the preparations for putting over the small boat till the donkey engine began to cough and spit, winches to clatter, blocks to squeal. Whereupon, telling himself that any devilment might be set afoot under cover of that racket he withdrew to patrol the decks and deal with interference according to its deserts, were any to show its nose.

The deserted bridge he found somehow disconcerting with its unwonted quiet; and it occurred to him that the skipper, too, might feel just a wee bit slighted when he learned that he had been left out of the working party.

But the chart room was untenanted. The litter beneath the table that had been Branco's bonds told a plain tale of the manner of his escape, since a keen knife had manifestly been at work on them.

So was the mate's cabin empty, its door swinging idly with a jimmied look. Wilde did not trouble to look inside, but made his way in studious haste to the galley, arriving in time to nab by the nape of a skinny neck one of the cabin boys when he made to bolt from that poor retreat. Little pressure was needed to screw a yarn out of that one. It was the cook who had given him the knife with which to set the captain free, when they were about to thread that fishing fleet which had been busy off Sines. The virtue of his mother and his mother's mother was invoked to lend force to protestations that they were not his hands that had dabbled in treason to the noble senhors. But, to the contrary, he had been afraid, he had passed the knife on to his fellow. Of what had happened after that he was innocent as a babe unborn.

The cook and the second cabin boy, being rounded up, called the Holy Virgin to witness that the tale Wilde had been told was a tissue of lies. But to his mind the truth just then was no matter. What did most damnably matter was the fact that the skipper and the mate were again at large, vessels of potential mischief to his plans as dangerous as so many perambulatory cases of TNT. He drove the three forward and gave them in charge to Richards to be used as he willed.

The Minnow was just then over the side and, under the masterly management of Conway, taking the water with an even keel. Wilde lingered, whistling while he looked on, till something fluttered against that quarter of the cooling sky which the corners of his eyes commanded; and he spun about to see pennants running up on one of the signal halyards.

Less than sixty seconds later Fernandez had occasion to let that halyard run, being called to fly for his life or stand and fight for it. He chose the latter course and met Wilde's onslaught with a charge, at the same time throwing out before him a tangled web of cords and flags caught up from the locker. A rope's end whipped round the barrel of the pistol and tore it from Wilde's hold. The two men closed with a shock that shook Wilde to his very toes.

In weight and inches, in native blood lust and the technic of ungloved manhandling, in all ways but one the Spaniard was Wilde's master—the deadly coolness that England forges into the mettle of her fighting men no disciplining could ever have taught that Latin temper. Fernandez, when he fought, quite literally saw red. Wilde was never less color-blind. Disarmed and taken at a disadvantage before he could throw off that blinding cloud of bunting and kick clear of its snarled lines, caught in a hug a gorilla might have been vain of, he went of a sudden limp in every limb, as his heart might have failed him and his sinews turned to water—and profited by the mere instant the mate needed to get over the surprise and take up the slack of his arms, to work his own down and clamp them tight just below the waist of his adversary. Then he dug his chin lovingly into the mate's breastbone and slowly but inexorably stiffened his spine till the other had to give or be broken. With a grunt, Fernandez unwound one arm and groped for the knife in his belt; simultaneously, Wilde's right hand slipped up under his shoulder blade, his freed forearm planted itself beneath the mate's chin, his body straightened with a violent jerk. And Fernandez, for all his heft, fairly lifted off his feet, shot backward to the rail, met it head on and ended his flight to the sound of a slapstick crack. Then he heavily sighed, walled his eyes and lay him down, taking no interest in the fact that the irons from which the boatswain had lately been disembarrassed were being utilized to make one ankle and one wrist fast to stanchions. And Captain Wilde, when he had refound his pistol and made good the disarray of his attire, left Fernandez to think things over and took up a strategic position on the bridge.

The skipper was still to be accounted for.

The End of a Perfect Day, rendered by a whistler of heart, tinctured the quiet of nightfall like a sentimental sirup. Conway, busy on the deck below with his cargo passers, found time to grin and wave a hand at the compact figure stenciled upon darkling heavens. Wilde made no acknowledgment; his farseeing eyes were narrowed in attention to the rocky coast that lay off to port and astern. A second glance aloft, some minutes later, showed the lookout bringing binoculars to bear upon the far twilight reaches of the sea.

And the next thing Conway knew Wilde was at his elbow.

"Patience, dear soul!" Conway gayly greeted him. "Half an hour and we'll be croolly showin' our tails to this barge of broken hearts, with nothin' more to do but collect the diba from Abdel the Philanthropist. In a fortnight we'll be buyin' Piccadilly in chunks."

"Better make it a quarter of an hour, because there's something boiling down the street in a devil of a hurry, and it might be a policeman."

"Damnation! Where? Our blasted luck—to get pinched just as we're through. What's it? A gunboat?"

"Too dark to see—some craft that's not counting the cost of coal; but she's got a long way to come still. Pass Richards the word to ginger those slackers a bit."

"But it can't be us they're after!" Conway expostulated. "Bernie and Ferdie are the coves that want our blood, and we'll be well on our way to Morocco before they come to and start broadcastin'. . . . Hey, there! You God-forsaken farrier, don't you know yet how to bend a sling?"

He jumped for a stoker whose fumblings were threatening to block the game.

But the utmost a genius for slave driving could wangle out of that awkward squad resulted in cutting down the stipulated thirty minutes by a bare five. Then, with the last bale of rifles transferred from the hold of the Villar Formoso to the Minnow's, Conway dropped down the jacob's-ladder and into the engine pit of the launch to hot up the motors, while Richards stowed away a reserve supply of petrol in tins; leaving to Wilde the job of bullyragging the pressed crew of cargo passers back into the steamer's engine room and locking it up there that it might not prematurely help to spread the alarm.

The Minnow was roaring like an airplane ready to rise when Wilde got back to the rail; and a steam launch, showing no lights and with engines dead, like a great gray ghost in the thick of nightfall, was slipping noiselessly in from seaward, under the bows of the Villar Formoso and toward the launch of the gun runners with its preoccupied crew of two.

Nobody but Wilde, indeed, saw her; and his whistle was wiped from his lips by the sight.

No mistaking the fact that this stranger was on legitimate business bent; the rare plenitude of white paint and bright work with which she was dressed, the smartness with which she was being handled by wraithlike shapes in white duck, the small rapid-fire gun mounted in her bows, all proved that.

For the first time since that sad morning in his London chambers, the Funeral March of a Marionette, unbidden, puckered the lips of Peter Wilde. The best mad dogs might hope for now, at least in respect of their immediate future, was a cozy home in a Portuguese pound.

Conway throttled the war song of the Minnow down to a silken growl, hopped out of the engine pit and peered up through the mirk at the lonely head that jutted over the rail.

"All ready, sir! Runnin' sweet as a gramophone and good for the Riff beach inside ten hours, and nothing in these waters to give us a real run for our money."

Wilde's reply, if he made any, must have been lost in the abrupt clash of waters as the screw of the naval launch started to thresh for steerageway.

"Hell, Peetah! What's this?" Conway went about as if stung by a wasp. "It's a rat catcher!"

"Mike"—a guarded call, but clear, dropped through the shadows—"stand by and don't turn a hand till you hear from me!"

"Strike me pink! It's no good doin' anything but stand by. She'd ram us before we could cast off. We're copped! . . . Hi, there! Look out where you're headin' with that blasted barge!"

In ominous silence, the steam launch nosed up under the Villar Formoso till her bow chaser was trained point-blank on the Minnow. A searchlight licked out from close behind the mounted gun, raked the Minnow and lifted to a steady focus on Wilde's head and shoulders. Immediately, a shrill voice of rage identified him.

"There he is, senhors! The English pirate himself!"

It was the voice of Senhor el Capitan Bernadim Branco, and it lifted out of the glooms beyond the staring eye of the searchlight.

That one, then, it appeared, had gone over the side while the Villar Formoso had been in the thick of that fishing fleet off Sines.

A second voice, whose authority drowned down the yelps with which the first cried on for Wilde's blood, shouted, "You, senhor up there! I am Lieutenant Dom Laredo, of the Portuguese Navy, and you and your confederates are under arrest. Have the goodness to drop the accommodation ladder for me at once."

(Continued on Page 138)

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This very different battery is insulated with Willard Threaded Rubber, the insulation that lasts for the entire life of the plates, or is replaced by any one of us *without charge*. Saves you the usual re-insulation bill.

It's an o-v-e-r-s-i-z-e battery, too, with the kick of an army mule, another quality you'll appreciate if you put up in an unheated garage, or park for long hours in winter.

We'd like to show you a close-up of the original the next time you are passing one of our Service Stations—like to tell you something about our service, too.

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Charged bone dry

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

This battery leaves the factory with insulation dry—and plates bone dry but *charged*. Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation made possible this revolution in battery handling. No chemical action (shelf wear) before you buy the battery. Full battery life therefore after you buy it—and full value in uninterrupted battery performance.

Battery men

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Name
Address

(Continued from Page 135)

"Senhor," the man overhead coolly retorted, "I am Admiral Dam Spratt of the Bohemian Ass Marines. And if you want an accommodation ladder dropped, you will have the goodness to come aboard and find one for yourself. What the devil do you think this is—a cargo tramp or the Leviathan?"

Dignified words of command were uttered down there. Fenders dropped over the side of the launch to shield it from scraping against the rusty flanks of the steamer; boathooks, thrust out from the bows, fastened on the Minnow's tail.

"Senhor, be advised: I have an armed crew and a quick-firer. Have the goodness to comply with my instructions without more insolence."

"Then you've got the advantage of me," Wilde complained. "I haven't got any armed crew or quick-firer to be swanky about."

"Senhor Contrabandista, you shall drop your accommodation ladder without delay and I shall board you. After that—we shall see."

"Oh, all right, old top; if you won't be reasonable, I'll see what I can do to humor you. Half a minute! Below there! Richards, come up here!"

The inevitable "Sir!" answered, and the searchlight showed Richards laying hold of the foot of the Jacob's ladder.

As he swarmed up, more orders couched in Portuguese sent two seamen in what was equivalent to one bound from the bows of the steam launch to the Minnow's overhang.

This maneuver left a single figure standing by the bow chaser.

"Steady, Mike!" Wilde cautioned. "Show your hospitality—let 'em come!"

And he turned to lend Richards a hand, shifting the Jacob's ladder along the rail toward the Portuguese launch.

"Halt, there, senhors!" the lieutenant sharply hailed. "Leave that ladder as it is. We shall come aboard by it. I did not see it before."

"No, no, Senhor Lieutenant!" Wilde politely remonstrated, in clownish haste causing the Jacob's ladder to swing like an unwieldy pendulum between the two small craft. "It takes but one moment to shift this. . . . Madre di Dios!" he bawled in a rage. "You clumsy fool, now you've done it!"

The ladder tore from his clutches and with a great splash lost itself in black water down the side.

For a few moments the curses of the lieutenant below and the abuse which Wilde above hurled at the grinning head of Richards were a chant antiphonal, playing hob with the holy hush of night; the vocabulary of the lieutenant filling in the lulls and covering the guarded instructions which Wilde was giving Richards in English. Then his contrite heart became articulate.

"A thousand pardons, Senhor Lieutenant! This dolt of a fellow has hands all thumbs. But one more minute of your patience, and another ladder shall be found."

Richards vanished from above, pursued by an unexpurgated account of the esteem in which the Portuguese Navy held him.

"Pray do not distress yourself, senhor." The face that Wilde hung over the rail, if anxious, was as guileless as a child's in the glare of the searchlight. "Accidents are the will of the good God. My man has gone to fetch the spare ladder. And there is no hurry, you know. You have the armed crew and the quick-firer, surely you can also have the patience ——"

He interrupted himself to bend an ear to a hail from Richards, which reached the ears of those aboard the steam launch only as an apologetic murmur

"Alas, senhor!" Wilde interpreted, clambering up on the rail and seizing the hoisting tackle which still dangled over the side. "The other ladder is not where it should be. Whilst it is being found, I will come down to you, senhor, seeing that you cannot for the time being come up to me. You can then give me to understand, perhaps, what this is you want with me."

The Portuguese barked an objection, but already the Englishman had swung himself out on the cables and was coming down hand under hand with the agility of a monkey—with, if anything, too much confidence, since it was his misfortune, on the face of it, to miss his hold when still several feet above the launch and land all in a heap on the searchlight.

The impact dislocated the lamp from its swivels and sent it crashing to the deck. Darkness followed instantly, with a tempest of maledictions from aft on the launch. Wilde, picking himself up, saw the figure of the sailor in the bows bearing down on him, thoughtfully stumbled, and dropped a shoulder which stopped the man's rush and, when its owner side-stepped, left him to flounder wildly over the gunwale. The splash was followed by hoarse screams of "Man overboard!" and ring buoys were thrown and the fellow fished out with boat hooks, while Wilde, clinging to the hoisting tackle, swung forward at apparent random till stopped by the gun; after which he could be heard scrambling about in the dark, and cursing and yanking impatiently at cables and chains.

Too soon for his liking, the searchlight, caught up by a Portuguese sailor, blazed again and picked out Wilde's figure in the bows, steadying himself with one hand on the mounted gun while the other clutched the steel cable that ran up into the night.

He gave an amiable if witless series of blinks to the flooding blaze.

"Pardon, senhors!" he meekly said. "It is a mode of transport to which I am not accustomed. I hope very truly no great damage has been done to your beautiful launch. And that poor lad who went over the side—please assure him of my profound regrets."

"Silence, you donkey!" the lieutenant raged. "Hold your jabbering tongue! You are under arrest. Come aft at once."

Wilde made no offer to obey. "But, Senhor Lieutenant of my soul ——" he began in honeyed accents.

Sharp orders in series started two men clambering forward. Wilde's left hand whipped a gleaming black object from the point of his jacket and swung it overhead with the action that was too well known of a man in the trenches preparing to throw a hand grenade.

"Stop where you are, senhors! I have here a bomb. It will make a sad hash of us all if any mischance should cause me to drop it."

Apart from the fact that the searchlight in the hold of the sailor quaked violently, no movement of any sort answered on board the steam launch.

"Mike," Wilde crisply called over shoulder, "stand by for the last word!"

And deliberately the lunatic rounded his lips of a Cupid and delivered to the stilly night the opening bars of his regimental march.

Overhead, the donkey engine began to wheeze and cough and winches rattled. The slack cables of the hoisting tackle grew taut. Wilde stepped back from the gun, in whose mounting the great steel hook of the gear had somehow become entangled. As if nipped by a giant's thumb and finger, the bows of the launch began to lift.

Somebody in the stern let off a pistol at Wilde, but its bullet winged wide, while his poised left arm described a sudden semicircle and the dark object left his hand in a deadly parabola.

The searchlight, dropped, went out for the second time, a confusion of mad cries and oaths arose upon the after deck, where the lieutenant and his command were trying to find, as one man, the comparative security of a cabin whose companionway was wide enough to let only one man pass at a time.

Beneath Wilde's feet the bows continued to lift. He swung about, made a flying leap for the stern of the Minnow, landed in the arms of one of the Portuguese, and disowned his warm reception with a shove that toppled him overboard to join his fellow, whose body Conway's boot had sent on ahead by the merest fraction of an instant.

Richards, sliding down a length of rope from the rail with the skill of a man well trained in scaling work, dropped to the deck and turned as he dropped to cast off the lines which still held the Minnow moored to the Villar Formoso. Conway tumbled back into the cockpit. The purring of the motors swelled to the full-throated volume of their war chant. Wilde sprang to the wheel.

The steam launch astern, already lifted half out of water by tackle which the donkey engine overhead, left running, continued to wind in, was vomiting dark shapes to the darker sea. With a rending crack, a sonorous twanging of steel cables and a crash, the gun and its mounting were torn from the bows and the vessel fell back to its element to the sound of a splash like a spank dealt the sea by a mighty palm.

Richards, being so requested, took command of the Minnow's searchlight and trained its beam over the stern.

It showed the naval launch, if disabled, riding with an even keel, and its crew like rats swarming up over its sides to get in out of the cold wet water. That was all right then.

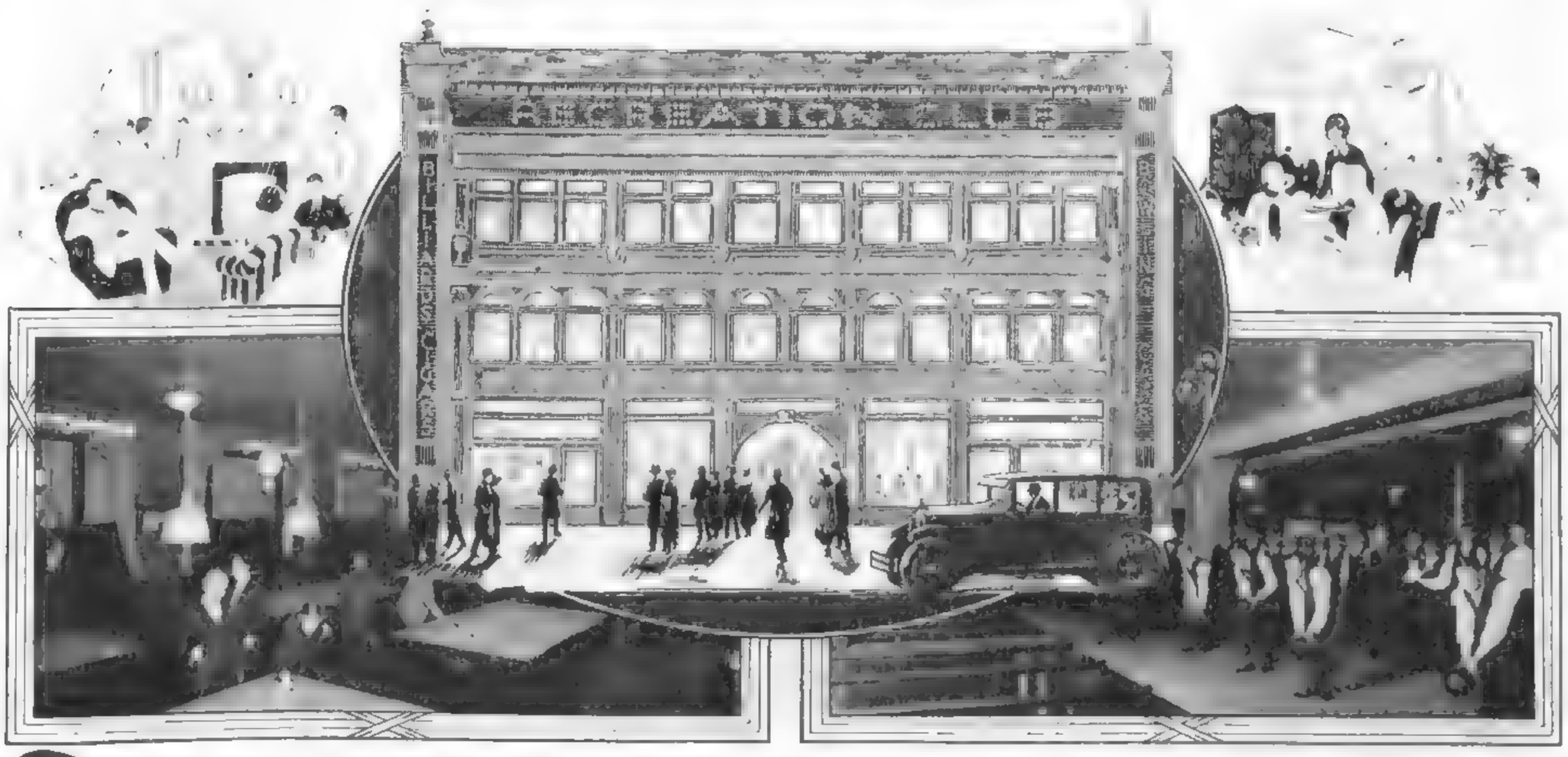
When, after a bit, Conway felt free to leave his engines and go aft to take over the wheel, he found Wilde whistling a quaint little martial air that for the moment his memory couldn't place.

"My sainted aunt!" he cried. "But you do cop the trophy for a cool hand, Peetah! Mind tellin' where you managed to raise that bomb?"

"Bomb?" Capt. Peter Wilde parroted in a tone that matched a mystified boy's face. "Bomb! You're a trustful youth, Mike. Wouldn't like to turn you loose in Oxford Street with a pot of money to find me an engagement ring. I'd be afraid to look at what they'd sell you for a pukka diamond in a platinum setting."

He went forward after a while and squatted in the bows, relishing the strong clean draft in his face and blinking into the darkness that massed the far horizon. Somewhere down that unseen line, only a little way, Morocco lay, and six thousand useful pounds.

Presently the man at the wheel identified the giggling little march tune that the wind was bearing back to him—the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.



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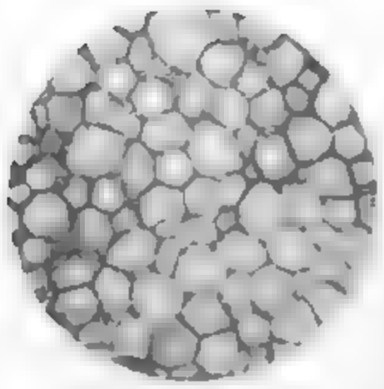
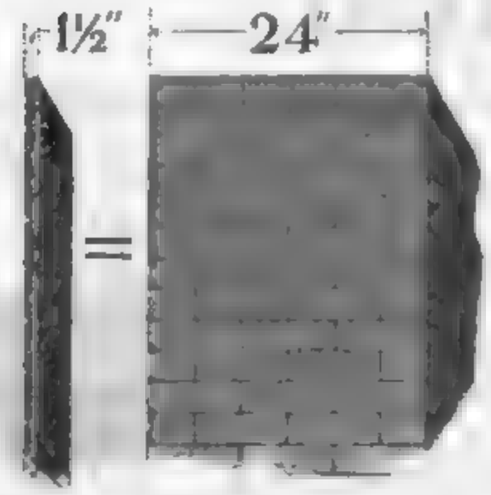


Cork is made up of millions of microscopic cells, each one containing a bit of air. These cells are so small and are so tightly sealed that the air in them is "dead," i. e., it cannot circulate. "Dead" air is the best heat insulation known except a vacuum.

Armstrong's Corkboard is strong, light and easy to handle. It is sawed like lumber. It is nailed against frame construction or put up in Portland cement mortar against brick, stone, concrete or hollow tile.



One and one-half inches of Armstrong's Corkboard is equal in insulating value to a 24-inch brick wall. Yet it costs no more than good lumber. No expenditure will buy more comfort and economy than the investment in Armstrong's Corkboard Insulation.

The upstairs is just as comfortable as the downstairs in a house insulated with Armstrong's Corkboard. Insulation makes the attic liveable in hot or cold weather and adds one or more rooms to your house. A warm upstairs in winter means fewer drafts, too.

Armstrong's Corkboard is made of pure cork, the outer bark of the cork oak tree, a native of Spain, Portugal and northern Africa. Covering trunk and branches, it prevents the sun's rays and parching winds from drying the sap and killing the tree.

Made in boards 12 inches by 32 or 36 inches—from 1 inch to 3 inches thick

Line Your House with Cork

Cork insulated houses are cool in summer—warm and easy to heat in winter—upstairs rooms are as comfortable as downstairs the year round

BRICK, tile, stone, wood, slate and shingles are not heat insulators. They are conductors; heat goes right through them. That is why most houses are warm in summer and require so much fuel in winter. They need to be insulated (like refrigerators and fireless cookers) to keep the heat outside in summer and inside in winter.

Armstrong's Corkboard Insulation has 16 times the heat-retarding value of brick. A house insulated with cork is cooler in summer. It is more easily and uniformly heated in winter with a smaller plant and with a fourth to a third less fuel. It is a more comfortable, healthful and economical house to live in and has a higher resale value.

Armstrong's Corkboard is by no means a new material. On the contrary, it has been used in the industries for over twenty years and has proved to be the most efficient, practical insulation known for keeping heat where it belongs.

Armstrong's Corkboard costs no more than good lumber. It is easily put up against frame or masonry construction. It takes and holds plaster permanently without lath or furring strips.

A house lined with Armstrong's Corkboard is a house insulated against summer heat and winter cold at a cost so small that *fuel saving alone* will pay it all back.

Write for further information. The 40-page book, "Insulation of Dwellings with Armstrong's Corkboard," will be sent free to all who are building or remodeling houses or apartments. Armstrong Cork & Insulation Company *(Division of Armstrong Cork Company)*, 194 Twenty-Fourth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., or McGill Building, Montreal.

Armstrong's Nonpareil Corkboard Insulation

for Residential, Commercial and Industrial Buildings

THE FOUR-IN-HAND AND THE OLD FOUR HUNDRED

Continued from Page 17

station wagons, and dominating all these, a road coach. The owner, paradoxically, was getting rid of these appurtenances of display because he was establishing his home in the country, on the outer rim of the New York commuting zone. That is, he was selling these objects which he had not used in some years because their uselessness had been brought home to him by the act of moving. Hence the dispersal sale. Most of his horses had gone long before. Those parading the ring were hired props.

Half a dozen men, at the auctioneer's command, tugged at the heavy towering coach until they set it rolling. It was a gorgeous thing built by Brewster and its owner had paid $3000 for it. That had been in a day when the ability to drive a four-in-hand was a coveted accomplishment in New York society, and in those places where New York society was aped, as New York society in turn aped British and Continental society.

Driving a four-in-hand team was something that many farm boys could do effectively, if not correctly. The Michigan and Wisconsin woods, twenty years ago, were filled with teamsters who would have told you that such driving was just a necessary part of the work in a lumber camp. Every circus in the land had companies of rough-voiced, tobacco-chewing drivers who were regarded as only a few degrees better than unskilled labor, even if they could get every ounce of energy out of teams of six and eight horses. But for rich young men who longed to display their wealth and power, and who had a saving grace in their love of horses, the fashion of road coaching was an unparalleled opportunity. It was a means of attracting attention; it had the glamour of kingly pomp; it was hideously expensive and it was fun.

The New York Coaching Club

In 1875, when the New York Coaching Club was formed, stagecoaches were still the principal mode of transportation on Western highways; Buffalo Bill Cody was a young man and Indians and their mischief were the subject of newspaper headlines and endless talk in Congress. In the fall of 1912, when the New York Coaching Club made its last drive, from New York to Newport, Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, was campaigning successfully against Theodore Roosevelt and President William Howard Taft. It was a prize relic of amateur road coaching, of that period when New York's fashionable young men fancied themselves as Van Bibbers, that was put up for auction on this day not so many months ago.

The fat auctioneer cleared his throat, and then cleared it again. Finally he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is a work of art on wheels. Romance has ridden here, and will ride again."

He paused, not for want of breath but because of a pathetic lack of selling arguments. Resuming, he called attention to the complete set of tools, the extra pole and bars, the robes that were to be given, gratis, to the purchaser of the coach. He spoke with fervor about the upholstery, the unscratched surface of the paint, and then he called for bids. There was one of five dollars.

The auctioneer then used one of the overworked pleas of the salesmen of used automobiles. Thousands and thousands of miles of travel had been built into this coach, he said, and yet it had been used hardly at all except for a few circuits of Madison Square Garden at horse shows.

Prizes for Bargain Hunters

The bidding mounted to fifty, seventy-five, a hundred dollars, and hung there. The auctioneer cannily suggested that the robes, quite suitable for motoring, were worth more than $100. Then there were a few more boosts until there came an offer of $120. That was the limit, and when the auctioneer said "Sold" an upstate hotel man claimed the prize. It was as good as new; it could not be rebuilt today for the original price of $3000; and yet there was an amused buzz of gossip as the sale was made from those who felt that a foolishly high price had been paid for a worthless vehicle.

It had not been worthless, even though it stood idly in the stable, when its owner had been campaigning for admission to New York society. Then the mere possession of it had marked him and his family as persons with a due regard for social position. It was something to talk about. Its presence in his stable brought some of that solace that must ease the heart of the King of Siam as he O.K.'s a feed bill for his sacred white elephants. Not everybody could have one.

There were a few Americans, though, whose road coaches were a source of thrill and happiness as well as pride. One of these was Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. Enthusiasm for coaching infected him with the suddenness of a disease in 1901, although as a boy he had been instructed in tandem and

The Ardsley Coach in Front of the Holland House

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Don't you think a remark like that could have a lot to do with the price of your Blue Serge Suit?

THERE isn't anyone too big to sit up and take notice when a million dollar order is in sight

So when the concern that makes Middishade Blue Serge Suits came along and coolly asked for prices on a million dollars' worth of blue serge--you may be sure they got attention.

. . .

They got a price, too! And that resulted in a retail price that is of first importance to every man who is thinking of buying a blue serge suit, because what he pays depends on what his clothier pays!

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Middishade Blue Serge Suits guaranteed Sunproof.

Middishade Blue Serge was tested 50 hours in the Fade-Ometer--the approximate equivalent of 150 hours of summer sunlight. "The color was unchanged by this exposure" reads the official report. Middishade is not only guaranteed for color--but for everything else.

A Better Blue Serge for your money.

Now in Middishade you can buy a better serge than you ever bought before at the surprisingly low figure that comes from doing one thing, doing it well, and doing it in big quantities.

Variety--we should say!

You'll get a brand new idea of the possibilities of blue serge when you see what variety there is among the 20 different models the Middishade clothier can show you. See them--and get the surprise price.

Send for Sample of Middishade Blue Serge---

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four-in-hand driving by his father's coachman, and later had been given finer instructions as a four-in-hand whip by Edwin Howlett, who was called the father of coaching in France.

Morris Howlett, son of Edwin, had come to New York from Paris and established himself as the champion four-in-hand whip in a contest at Madison Square Garden. That was in 1900. It was the following year that Howlett proposed to Mr. Vanderbilt, James Hazen Hyde and Robert L. Gerry that jointly they should undertake to make a long record coaching trip, one that would stir the interest of all Americans in road coaching as a sport.

Hyde and Vanderbilt expressed deep interest and enthusiasm. Gerry had other *divertissements* at the moment. Howlett's plan was to drive to Newport and return, using such good horses and such skillful driving as to set a record for the distance. It was the year of the Buffalo Exposition. Twenty coach horses had been promised for the test and the young millionaires were eager to complete arrangements, when President McKinley, at Buffalo, was persuaded to shake hands with some of his fellow citizens at the exposition. One of those who pressed forward in that line was a crazy anarchist in whose foggy brain was an idea that he could improve the world by killing that kindly faced veteran of the Civil War. His revolver shot killed Mr. McKinley and made a member of New York society President, but interfered with the plans of Vanderbilt and Hyde. They postponed their stunt.

A little later these two, with Howlett, held an all-night meeting at Hyde's New York home. Howlett suggested that they make a run to Albany.

"But who cares about a coach record in Albany?" protested young Vanderbilt. "Why not go to Philadelphia and return the following day? There is a coaching club there and the members are sure to turn out and give us a welcome."

"It is only about 100 miles to Philadelphia," said Howlett. "Why not go there and back in a day?"

Planning a Record Run

The rich young patrons of coaching feared such a test would kill some of their horses. Howlett, the professional, assured them that if enough horses were used the run could be made without injuring any animal; so they began, and the newspapers once more used their biggest display heads to recount the progress of Alfred G. Vanderbilt from New York, across New Jersey to Philadelphia and back again. As far as the general public's knowledge went, that was a Vanderbilt exploit. It was news because Vanderbilt did it, not because it was especially worth doing, for already coaching was a moribund sport in America.

The chubby-faced Howlett went over the road between New York and Philadelphia in an automobile to plan the relays—likely enough in a Hyde car, for there were not so very many of them in 1901. He left Jersey City at eight o'clock one morning and he arrived in Philadelphia the following afternoon at two, his normally genial temper somewhat strained by a dozen breakdowns, caused sometimes by a failure of the gasoline supply, sometimes by the inability of the engine to thrust the car out of the mud of New Jersey roads.

The coach used was the Tantivy. Hyde furnished sixteen horses, their harness and grooms to handle them; Vanderbilt furnished three full teams, one of them rather light for road work, with their harness and two pairs of leaders—a total of sixteen horses; but as many more were needed.

In offering those horses to Hyde, Vanderbilt at Newport wrote:

"Am very enthusiastic about the drive and would have been willing to take an active part in the preparation. I said I would do what I could with the N. Y. Cab Co., as they have always loaned me an extra horse or carriage, and have always done my family's cab business. As to whether they would loan a large number I know nothing, and I did not imagine we would need anywhere like the amount you state—40."

An Early Start

The cab company had refused to supply the horses requested in Vanderbilt's name by Hyde and Howlett. It was not forty horses they were seeking for this trial, but seventy-two; and in spite of doleful predictions that most of the animals used would be driven to death, they did manage to assemble the required number. Howlett estimated that the relays should be spaced an hour apart.

They started from the Holland House, with the slender dark young Vanderbilt on the box, at five minutes to six on the morning of October ninth, and their schedule called for their return in sixteen hours and thirty-five minutes; but they did not realize how adhesive was the muck of those New Jersey roads.

It was a gray morning that growled a threat of rain at these two young millionaires who were striving so hard for the thrill that most men get from the effort to earn a living. Sleepy bell boys, porters, bartenders in white waistcoats, sleeve garters and carefully rolled hair, were out on the curb to watch the start and moodily wonder what circumstance would get them out of bed at that time of day if they had only

(Continued on Page 145)

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt and Miss Gladys Vanderbilt

Tater-Flakes

"They're Smackin' Good"

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Every Tater-Flake is a beautiful, golden brown, wafer-thin flake of potato perfection. Tater-Flakes are made from choice white potatoes in the wonderful Tater-Flakes machine. Untouched by human hands, the razor sharp steel blades automatically slice the potato to a uniform thinness.

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(Continued from Page 142)

a bushel or so of the fortunes those young men controlled.

Down Fifth Avenue at a trot, and then through the tangle of wagons piled high with garden truck before the commission houses of the lower West Side and at Desbrosses Street, aboard a waiting ferry that, out of respect to the railroad millions of Vanderbilt, almost cut in half the time of crossing the Hudson to Jersey City. From Jersey City to Newark their route was a slippery plank road laid through the marsh grass, where the hoofs of four horses and the heavy steel-tired wheels of the Tantivy were resented by thick squirtings of oozy foul mud. Watery black gobs that shot from between the weighted planks rudely slapped the faces of millionaire and groom, daubed the tan of their long coats, marred the creaminess of their top hats and obscured the smartness of the glistening maroon panels of the coach.

A balky horse delayed them at Metuchen, and at New Brunswick, where they arrived at 9:27, six horses were hooked to the coach in anticipation of the hub-deep mud of the next ten miles. William C. Gulliver, secretary of the New York Coaching Club, Bradish Johnson, Jr., and Fred Davies, the guests of the three whips, were down on the ground at every relay ready to lend a capable hand in making the changes whenever the waiting grooms seemed slow and not sufficiently alive to the worth of the five-dollar prize that Hyde had pledged himself to give the stablemen that made the quickest change of horses.

The Record

They were on time at Princeton, but at Cornwells they were forty-four minutes late.

In Philadelphia, Cornelius Vanderbilt had luncheon at the Hotel Bellevue with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Widener; and others in the fashionable throng that waited there for the arrival of the Tantivy were Penn Smith, Edward Browning, president of the Philadelphia Four-in-Hand Driving Club, Edward Brinton Smith, the vice president, Colonel and Mrs. Clayton McMichael. It was almost half past three in the afternoon when the crowd in front of the hotel sighted the 3000-pound coach rolling along behind the trotting bay wheelers and chestnut leaders through a lane in a mass of people where almost every man wore a derby hat.

A huge silver loving cup filled with an appropriate fluid was proffered by Mr. Browning. There was time for a few hasty gulps, a few words of felicitation; and then, within six minutes, the Tantivy, with Morris Howlett on the box, was being skillfully turned in the street choked with people. The run to Philadelphia had been made in nine hours and twenty-six minutes. When they passed through Princeton on the way back swarms of students were out to greet them, and what with their collegiate yelling, tooting of horns and possibly their clothing, the frightened horses rushed through there at a four-beat gallop, the coach swaying and bounding to the fullest extent of the springs. It was an hour and thirty-four minutes after midnight when the Tantivy drew up before the Holland House again. The round trip had been made in nineteen hours and twenty-nine minutes.

Breakfasting in bed and nursing aching hands and wrists, at his home a few hours later, Hyde, eating delicately so as to keep his toast from dripping butter into his pointed brown beard, said:

"The remarkable thing about this trip is that we made it back with the same horses. Some of the papers said we had an accident We did not. It was also said that Miss Helen Gould loaned us four horses, which is not so."

Miss Gould was not the only person who thought too well of her horses to risk them on such an undertaking; but Hyde, Howlett and Vanderbilt all expressed pride in the fact that they had not slaughtered any horses. One did go lame and a mounted policeman in New Jersey loaned his horse as a substitute, riding inside the coach with the provisions to the next relay.

Howlett at that time was still at the peak of his vogue, which had begun in New York a year earlier when he did some sensational four-in-hand driving at the horse show in Madison Square Garden. Americans who had made coaching trips out of Paris with young Howlett on the box had spread stories in New York of his amazing skill. Consequently when he arrived in November, 1900, a great fuss was made over him. James Hazen Hyde, who had been a coaching pupil of this genial, rosy-cheeked person, who was Parisian in everything but his h-less English, had offered a $500 prize for the person who would give the best exhibition of four-in-hand driving at the horse show.

Howlett made his appearance as a whip in Central Park, going there in a break with a four-in-hand team from John Arthur's stables in West Fifty-fifth Street. In the park, Howlett turned his team around, backed them, cut figure eights and cut his near front wheel almost within a hairbreadth of a lead pencil that had been thrown down to measure the degree of his control. His forearms were muscled more powerfully than the upper arms of most men; his wrists seemed delicate because of the hourglass swelling of hand into thewy arms. At all times he had his horses in their collars and bits, with traces taut as a fiddle string, but that left arm that spoke delicately to each horse through its tender mouth never moved perceptibly, although, as needed, the whip in the right hand shot out silently, accurately, and bit a near leader as neatly as an eighteen-foot snake might have struck.

It was not a mere figure of speech when four-in-hand drivers were referred to as whips. The making of coach whips was a profession in itself. They were as carefully balanced as a fly rod, and the five-foot stick of holly, yew, blackthorn, lancewood or white hickory was given a careful seasoning—in some instances as long as five years Its quill and thong were tenderly cared for. In well-appointed stables there was a spool from which the whip was hung. No artillerist studying ballistics ever worked any harder over tables than did some of the serious-minded four-in-hand drivers in learning the deflections of their instruments. Some of the grandmothers of this year's debutantes spent hours and hours afoot casting the lash of whips at targets devised for them by their family coachmen, and deep was their shame if they could not strike and recover silently. One of the high crimes of coaching was to permit the whip to whistle or crack. The punishment administered had to be a secret between the coachman and the horse he reached for. The three that were behaving properly were not to be annoyed by any whistling menace from an ineptly wielded whip.

With a whip, Morris Howlett was a marvel. His entire life had been spent in an atmosphere where four-in-hand driving was almost a religion. His father had started running a coach between Paris and Versailles in 1863, in the days of the Second Empire. The grandfather taught driving to the fashionable Parisians of that day. The coach operated by the Howlett family was stopped by the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, and again in 1871 by the Commune. The communists, indeed, nearly deprived Morris Howlett of existence by killing his father. They were going to overthrow the coach when someone in the mob cried, "They're English, the English have helped us." Papa Howlett was spared, and in due time Morris was born. When he was five years old he was driving a team tandem down the Champs-Élysées. When he was seven, William C. Tiffany, of New York, attending the Paris Horse Show at the Palais de l'Industrie, was amazed by the sight of the tiny French lad, strapped to the seat of a coach and with his feet braced on a lemon crate to give him leverage, piloting four horses in a fashion that was envied by many an older horseman.

"I remember who was one of the first American girls to study four-in-hand coaching in Paris," recalled Morris Howlett recently. "She was Miss Lulu Eustis, now Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock. It was the first Tuesday in the month of May, 1889. I remember because I was fifteen and it was my first run on the coach as a guard. We went from the Paris office of the New York Herald to Versailles, fifteen miles, with one relay. Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany rode outside and so did Miss Eustis, an aunt of her who drove. I remember that it fell to my lot to tie on with a piece of string the picture hat of one of the ladies."

Alfred Vanderbilt, Who Was on the Box During the New York-Philadelphia Run

A First Try

"Miss Eustis had been practicing with my father in the Bois de Boulogne, doing fancy turns, but this was her first experience on a public coach. Arriving at the Croix Catalan, she had been accustomed to drive around it. On this day she attempted to do that same thing, but we were going too fast and one of the wheelers—a blind one—tangled in a sweeper's wheelbarrow.

"The sweeper was making a great outcry, but the Baron Lejeune, one of the coaching enthusiasts of Paris, lifting his hat, stepped into the mess, tipped the sweeper into silence and waved us on. That was the true coaching spirit—nothing must delay the coach."

It was not long after that initial experience of Miss Lulu Eustis in driving a public coach that Morris Howlett became the regular whip of the Magnet coach, and then in a few years he was a teacher, spelling his father with his pupils, young Hyde, Rodman Wanamaker and other rich Americans who found Europe a delightful playground. Howlett's idea of form differed in various respects from that of the older members of the American Coaching Club.

Some of them were disdainful at first when his name was mentioned and inclined to stare over the heads of anyone who told them Howlett was the best whip on the Continent.

Five years before Howlett came to America he had handled the details of a coaching trip made by Rodman Wanamaker from Paris to London, when a brother of the then Khedive of Egypt was a member of his party. On another occasion he had escorted young Hyde all over France and even across the Alps in quest of amusement. That was a really daring achievement, for the coach was heavy and in turn they were beset by flood and snowstorms. On such

(Continued on Page 149)

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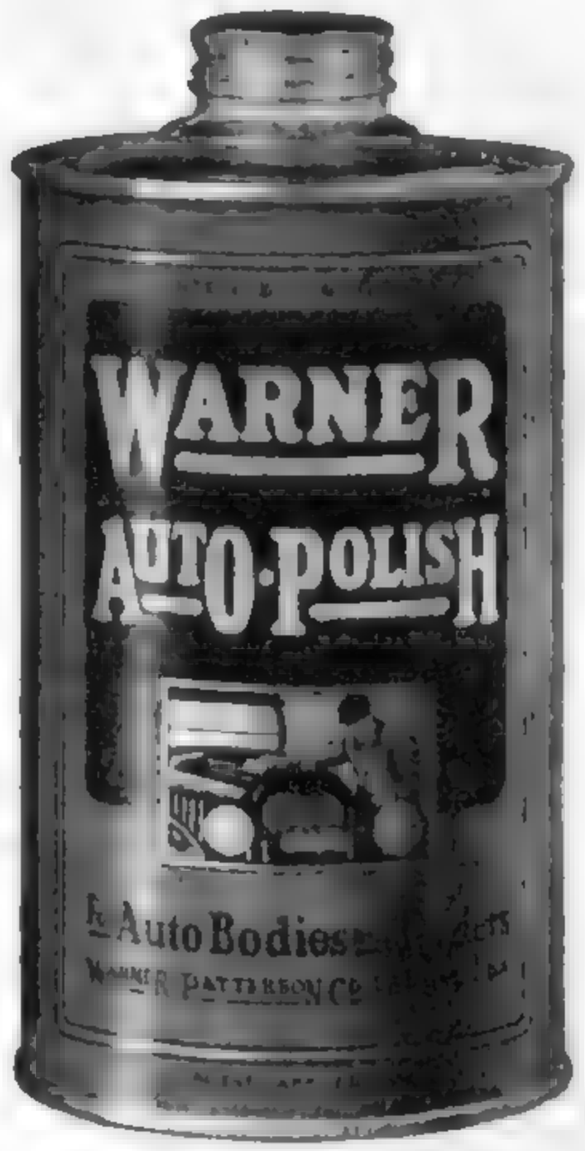

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It's a White Truck salesman talking to a buyer.

"They don't look as heavy as some of the other trucks," the buyer says.

"They're not as heavy," says the salesman, "and that means dollars and cents to you. The less chassis weight you have to haul around the more pay load you can carry. White design and construction methods eliminate unnecessary chassis weight and assure maximum strength."

"But a heavier truck ought to be more durable, oughtn't it?" the buyer asks.

"No," the salesman replies. "Weight does not necessarily mean durability. The proof of White durability is in the records of Whites which have run 100,000 to 300,000 miles and more. I've shown you the owners' records of 4,251 Whites that have run those mileages. No other truck manufacturer has ever published such a volume of evidence of durability, dependability and economy. No other truck manufacturer can."

"Not so fast," says the buyer. "We're talking about dump trucks. It's a big year when a dump truck knocks out 10,000 miles."

"Yes, but a lot of White dump trucks are still at work after ten and twelve years," says the salesman. "That's what makes those owners' records the most convincing proof of performance. You know no truck operator will operate a truck long enough to run 100,000 miles unless those miles are *money-earning miles*. And those records have been made by all models of White Trucks in all lines of business."

"Well," says the buyer, "I'm going to buy two 5-tons from you. I've been checking up on your statements, talking to owners and drivers. Then last month I had to hire a couple of Whites in a pinch. I'm sold. Have you got all the specifications there as we went over them?"

"They're all in the order," the salesman says. "We'll deliver the trucks tomorrow morning."

"I'm expecting a real return on this investment," the buyer says.

"You'll get it—in uninterrupted service and *money-earning miles* long after you have written those Whites off your books."

Let a White Truck salesman show you how White owners get the most money-earning miles in your own line of business. Let him explain our terms. There is a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Truck chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Model 50-A Bus chassis, $4,950—f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 145

expeditions it was customary for Papa Howlett to horse his millionaire clients with three teams. So, as a tractor lays its own tracks, the four-horse relays were fed, rested and moved ahead on the railroads of the Continent, to be hooked up to the coach with restored energy at intervals the fixing of which was one of the important duties of Morris Howlett. When some economical American of less spectacular wealth happened along and desired to coach slowly, using the same four horses for the entire journey, Morris usually sought to evade the assignment. He enjoyed the splendor of the very rich ones, reveled in their praise of his competence—and he was exceedingly competent—shared their delicious meals and their gossip and chance adventures on ancient roads. That was what these Americans meant by coaching when they sought to create interest in it on this side.

When Howlett first appeared at Madison Square Garden it was several days before the competition for Hyde's $500, but someone persuaded the young Frenchman to take the reins over W. H. Barnard's prize-winning team, Kitchener and Kopelia, wheelers, and Whirl of the Town and Sporting Life, leaders, and show them.

Entered in the same class was a smart four-in-hand, a trifle small, owned by Mrs. John Gerken. Aurel Batonyi, who later married Mrs. Burke-Roche, was driving them. He was usually referred to in the Sunday supplements of that day as a riding master. He was a professional who had been teaching New York society people some of his own splendid horsemanship. He was whip of the coach Good Times that ran between the Waldorf-Astoria and Westchester County. In 1900, in fact, at the very time he drove Mrs. Gerken's team into the oval of tanbark at the Garden, any social-climbing mother in New York felt that she was doing the right thing by her daughter if she had retained Batonyi to instruct her in horsemanship. Richard F. Carman was a competitor that day and he also was entered in the competition to come later for Hyde's prize. Charles Pfizer was driving the fourth team.

Rise of Howlett's Star

Howlett brought the Barnard team into the ring with a smartness that earned a burst of handclapping. He circled the arena and brought them up neatly beside the other contenders. The judges looked the Frenchman over. They let their gaze rove over the sixteen horses before them. Then they issued an order and grooms hurried to the heads of Sporting Life and Whirl of the Town. The judges were said to have ordered the removal of burs from the bits of the leaders. Burs are small leather disks that fit as washers over the ends of a bit so as to press against that part of a horse's lip where the bit enters the mouth. The inner side of the leather is as prickly with metal points as a chestnut bur, so that the slightest pressure comes as a telegram to the horse warning him to be good. Soonthereafter Whirl of the Town began to kick and plunge and then to buck jump as vigorously as any mean broncosaddled for the first time. Sporting Life was infected quickly, and even Kitchener and Kopelia forgot themselves. For a time it seemed as if they might kick one another and the Barnard coach to pieces.

"Stop them, stop them!" called Howlett, and grooms stepping warily with outstretched arms succeeded in catching the bridles and coaxing the frothing team into line before the judges. Batonyi tried to appear unconcerned as blue rosettes were hung on his team; Carman's team was given the red and Pfizer received the yellow. Even the customary H. C. ribbon was withheld from the discredited Barnard team. A sad day for Howlett, agreed the railbirds. These Frenchmen might be all right with French horses, but American horses, now, were a different matter.

A tremendous controversy arose then concerning the propriety of using burs. Interviews were cabled from London and Paris supporting Howlett. His old admirer, William C. Tiffany, defended the use of burs or anything else that might make a horse behave as desired.

Thomas Hilliard, manager of the Waldorf-Astoria, from which each day during the coaching season Batonyi drove a coach and four, let it be known that wealthy backers of Batonyi were willing to wager $10,000 that the Austrian was a better whip than the Frenchman. Batonyi, however, did not attempt to enter the Hyde competition.

There were eight contestants. It had been arranged that they should drive the same team harnessed to the coach Monmouth. In the drawing, Howlett pulled seventh place and R. F. Carman, who had wagered about $2000 on himself, had to start. The other contestants were Henry Pellew, Harry J. Thomas, Walter Lea, Everett B. Webster and John L. Conoway.

Although it was in the forenoon, so great was the interest that there were more than 5000 persons in the Garden and the society boxes were filled.

Carman had the misfortune of having to start his team cold. Several of the others in their performances ripped off portions of the judges' stand as they tooled the heavy coach through an opening designed to represent a gateway where the clearance was seven and a half inches on each side of the hubs—if they drove truly. When Howlett's turn came he started the horses off at an eight-mile clip, the maximum speed allowed under the rules, and held them to it. He drove in figure eights, drove through the gateways, described circles and always had his four horses under perfect control with a minimum use of his hands. On top of that, he was the first of the four-in-hand drivers to discover that the pole chains had been fastened incorrectly. He won, and won sensationally.

No prize fighter winning a championship with a punch or desert prospector finding gold or beach comber stumbling on a lump of ambergris ever ran into fortune more quickly than Morris Howlett did that morning driving a coach and four around the arena in Madison Square Garden.

Four-in-hand driving became the fashionable thing and Howlett the correct person to teach it. Until he sailed in December he was kept busy from early morning until dark giving lessons at $20 an hour, and when he left he had booked three months of teaching engagements at Newport. Frank J. Gould was one of his pupils. James Hazen Hyde, who had been instrumental in bringing him to New York, was frequently seen on the box with him. Henry J. Smith, a rich broker, also accepted dutifully the young Frenchman's advice. Besides, there were any number of fashionable women who thought themselves lucky to be seen getting their driving lesson on the box of a coach beside Morris Howlett; but when Col. William Jay, president of the New York Coaching Club, mounted the box with him, then M. Howlett really was made.

In some ways it seems incredible, but no more so than lessons in mah-jongg. Then, however, the girl of fashion spent her day taking lessons. She was drilled in an array of fairly useless accomplishments all focused on the goal of an assured place in smart society.

If slack-wire performing had grown fashionable, she would have sought out the correct coach—first getting the correct costume, of course—and gone to work. It is just a blessing that human-fly climbing on the façades of the skyscrapers that were mushrooming on Manhattan did not become fashionable. The death rate would have been horrible.

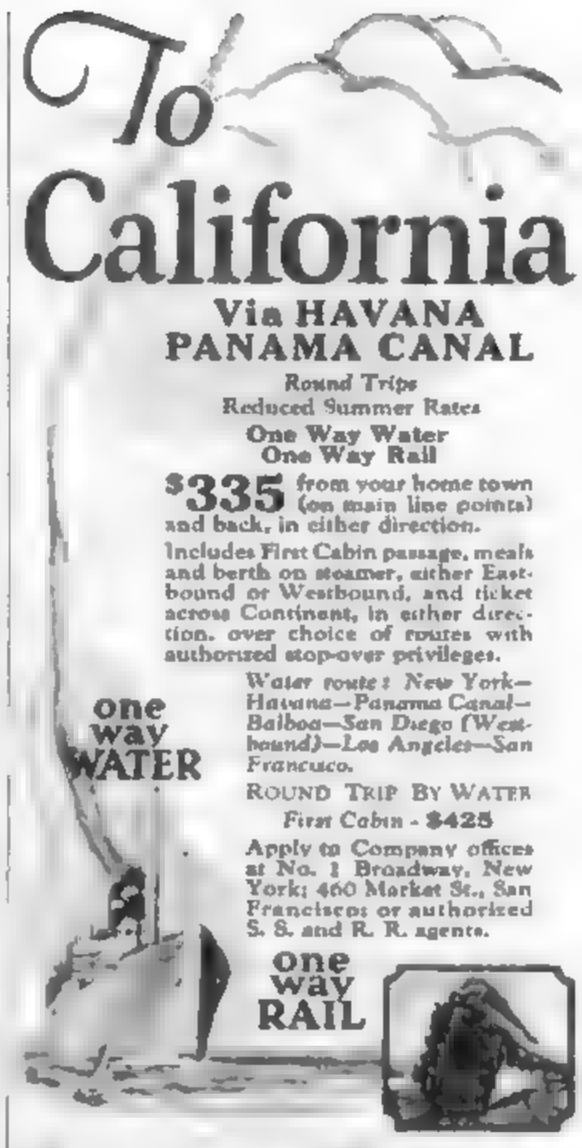
The Uniform for Coaching

Colonel Jay's approval of Howlett was considerably more than a fad gesture. As the president of the coaching club, the colonel was leader of a band of what had been true coaching enthusiasts, although some plague seemed at times to be gnawing at the vitals where that enthusiasm was generated.

The Coaching Club, organized in 1875, had for charter members James Gordon Bennett, Frederic Bronson, William P. Douglas, Leonard W. Jerome, William Jay, DeLancey A. Kane, S. Nicholson Kane, Thomas Newbold and A. Thorndike Rice. The rules provided that none was eligible for membership unless he was able to drive four horses and possessed ownership to the extent of at least one-quarter of a drag. The membership was limited to sixty.

One of the first things the new organization did was to devise a uniform. This was a dark green cutaway coat with a yellow-striped waistcoat. The evening dress uniform was conventional in cut, but made of green cloth with a black velvet collar faced and lined with black satin or silk. In winter the prescribed waistcoat was of buff cloth, but in summer a white material was worn. Trousers were of black cloth. It hardly seems possible that such a costume was designed for men to wear outside of a minstrel show, and yet the members were required to appear in it at all meets and they were fined ten dollars if they were not in line fifteen minutes

Mrs. Arthur Iselin (Whip)—Daughter of Colonel William Jay. Behind are Miss Evelyn Parsons and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt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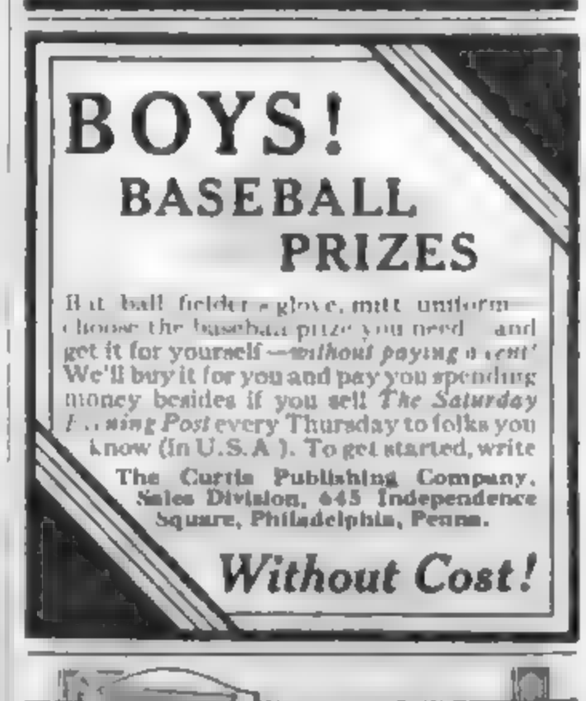
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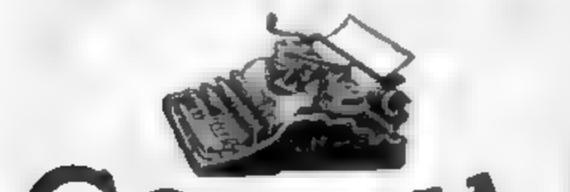


CORONA

THE WHITE TUBE PATCH THAT NEVER FAILS

Without gasoline, without fire, you can mend a 17 inch blowout or a pinhole in a few moments. A Las-Stik repair becomes *self* vulcanized (cured, welded fused) by the heat developed while driving. It cannot then be torn off with a pair of pliers without tearing the tube itself. Strong, elastic, safe, sure, simple, inexpensive. Complete standard outfit 50 cents at dealers'.

Las-Stik TUBE PATCH

Dealers write for successful Las-Stik merchandising plan.

Las-Stik Patch Mfg Co Hamilton Ohio U S A
or British Piston Ring Co Toronto Canada

after the time appointed for the annual meet. Maybe James Gordon Bennett thought out the scheme of that uniform.

There were monthly dinners at which no more than three guests were permitted, except that the president could invite distinguished strangers and foreigners; and how they did love to ensnare a nobleman!

The charter members were constantly annoyed with the younger amateur coachmen of New York, but these youngsters ascribed that emotion to jealousy. Nevertheless there were a number of the younger men in the organization when Howlett's method of driving was accepted as the correct form.

In 1902 the membership included J. D. Romain Baldwin, August Belmont, O. H. P. Belmont, Perry Belmont, A. S. Bigelow, G. L. Boissevain, Edward Browning, Alexander J. Cassatt, Tracy Dows, George P. Eustis, Robert Livingston Gerry, Theodore A. Havemeyer, George Griswold Haven, Jr., Eugene Higgins, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., James Hazen Hyde, C. Oliver Iselin, Richard McCreery, Clarence H. Mackay, George Von L. Meyer, Ogden Mills, Edwin Morgan, William Forbes Morgan, Edward Morrell, Richard Mortimer, Stanley Mortimer, George R. Read, Reginald W. Rives, J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, W. Watts Sherman, F. K. Sturgis, William K. Vanderbilt and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Harry Payne Whitney, William C. Whitney, Fairman Rogers, Nathaniel Thayer, George Peabody Wetmore and a few others.

A host of employes trembled, doubtless, at the frown of many of those gentlemen, but it is unlikely that any feared them as much as they feared committing such a coaching *faux pas* as being seen on their coaches with the coachman's apron, when not in use, folded inside out. The club rules prescribed that it be folded outside out, for an obvious reason and a good one. The rules of coaching devised by them were almost as involved as the United States cavalry drill regulations. It was a complex ritual and some of the faithful ones studied it as an Indian medicine man might have studied magic.

Pomp and Circumstance

It was necessary in harnessing a four-in-hand team to a park drag that the pole chains be burnished and have spring hooks. On a road coach these chains were black or unburnished. The trimming of the outside seats of a coach had to be carpet or some similar material; for a park drag, pigskin or cloth. The use of a crest or monogram on a road coach was vulgar, but a special device might properly be placed on the winkers. Artificial flowers at the throat-latch of each horse's bridle were as important as martingales. There were pages and pages that were as familiar to the members as his manual is to a Boy Scout. A few of them were as skillful with a four-in-hand as any mail-coach driver, but there were many who were accused, even by their fellow members, of being afraid to chance the traffic of the streets. Their coaches were rolled out of the stables sometimes, the wheelers harnessed and forced to pull the heavy vehicle to the park, where grooms would hook up the leaders; and then there would be a brave blare of music from the horn that had to be carried mouthpiece up in the umbrella basket. Half notes were not possible on that instrument, which unfailingly was referred to as a yard of brass, but there were rare individuals who could play Pop Goes the Weasel and certain signals that never were understood.

The real trouble with coaching in America seems to have been the lack of good roads over which a coach might roll, a lack of places to go, as well as an inscrutable hostility from folks who did not ride in coaches. Some of that feeling, though, was born of the arrogant attitude of certain of the amateur coachmen who felt, apparently, that they had the right of way over all other wheeled traffic, behaving as if they really had been driving mail coaches instead of merely pretending. The revenge of the people on the sidewalks was frightful. They insisted on calling every road coach and park drag a tallyho, which was the name of one of the first coaches to be imported.

Right of the Road

There was one farmer who stood out for rights of man against James Hazen Hyde in 1903 when he was running his Liberty coach—bought from James Gordon Bennett—as a public conveyance between the Holland House and Lakewood, New Jersey. The Ladies' Four-in-Hand Driving Club had booked the coach for the day. It really was not so frightfully public, you know. A short distance beyond Freehold the road narrowed as it crossed a stream on a bridge. The Jersey farmer, approaching with a team and a wagon piled high with barrels, reached the bridge when the coach did. With a gesture of his whip, the vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society waved the teamster out of his path.

"I got all day," said the farmer, yawning and not moving anything but his bristly lower jaw. After a minute Hyde climbed down and gave orders to his grooms to unhook his team. Then the quite game members of the Ladies' Four-in-Hand Driving Club put their shoulders to the wheels and trundled the heavy coach back far enough to give the stubborn teamster passageway, which he accepted with a grin, but no thanks. Mr. Hyde merely held two of the horses, so that his was not an unconditional surrender.

It was an eighty-two mile run to Lakewood and it cost Hyde $30,000 to establish his relays. He had the pride in that public coach that a poorer, younger boy might have taken in a glittering new bicycle. It was his custom to drive down Broadway to South Ferry instead of crossing the river farther uptown.

"You must not do this, Hyde," objected the directors of the Equitable. "It won't do to have people see you coaching downtown. They'll begin to criticize: 'There goes our money in a coach and four,' and all that sort of thing. You simply can't afford to do it."

But Hyde continued through an entire season, and when he ended this service his horses were sold at a profit of $140 on each. Even so, of course, he spent what most men would have regarded as a fortune amusing himself in that fashion. The fare for a single passenger was ten dollars on the Liberty. For the entire coach it was $100. Every passenger was carried at a loss.

The Ladies' Four-in-Hand Driving Club which reserved his coach for the Lakewood trips from time to time had been organized during that revival of interest in coaching that was predicated on the Hyde competition at Madison Square Garden. In the same year that Hyde was running the coach to Lakewood, George E. Dodge was operating a public coach from the Plaza Hotel to the Westchester County Country Club, and the members of this women's coaching organization began to take turns tooling that lumbering vehicle. Then they decided they would have to operate their own coach, and purchased the Arrow. For days Howlett coached them on practice drives, taking them through the twisting, crowded streets of Chinatown, where Orientals who still wore pigtails and slant-eyed expressions of disrespect for Occidental women who made them quicken their shuffling stride, spoke a singsong of contempt.

The women grew far more enthusiastic about coaching than any of the New York men. If it was raining, they kept to their schedule as earnestly as if their livelihood depended upon it. From 1904 until 1914 they operated their Arrow coach between the Colony Club and the restaurant at the Bronx Zoo. During those years Henry Ford became a rich man and one of the world's greatest enemies of coaching.

Nothing could have been devised by man, probably, that was more capable of making a coach and four seem utterly futile than the flivver. The roads that had always been cursed as the deterrent of coaching in America grew better as if there were magic properties in the rubber caress of the tread of countless automobiles. But as the roads improved as to surface they grew more crowded with gas-engined traffic. Still, it was possible to hear in Fifth Avenue through the days of summer the music of the yard of brass foretelling the approach of a coach and four, music that was sweet to those that rode with it but which had an insolent flavor for those on the ground and seemed to trumpet, "I am it! Ta-ta-ta! Get out of the way, we are coming! Ta-ta-ta!"

The Last Parade

Four years before the Ladies' Four-in-Hand Driving Club retired their Arrow coach from service with a war in Europe as a perfectly good excuse, if they desired to use it, the New York Coaching Club had held its last parade, a feeble likeness of its old self in which ten coaches, practically all horsed by livery animals, were drawn about a forty-five-cent taxicab journey up Riverside Drive, where luncheon was eaten in a restaurant. Some of the members, pleading business engagements, abandoned their coaches there and went to that business in automobiles.

For some years Mr. Vanderbilt operated a public coach in England, a vehicle richly horsed. Among those teams was a quartet of grays that were in his stables in America when he went down with the Lusitania. When America declared war, those grays had been pensioned and had nothing more to do than eat their fill. Then they were given a chance to avenge their master. As a publicity scheme in 1918, to boost a Liberty Loan, the old Liberty coach was greased and polished and shipped to Buffalo. Eleven teams were recruited by Morris Howlett to horse it. Among them were the four Vanderbilt grays that had been foaled before the Spanish-American War. They helped to draw the coach 445 miles across the state. Much of the driving was done by Miss Marion Hollins, who had been the most faithful of the whips of the Ladies' Four-in-Hand Driving Club. But that was not a revival of coaching It was a play on the word "Liberty." Coaching, long before 1918, was dead.

MONARCH

For the
MONARCH
PANTRY

Coffee
Tea
Cocoa
Catsup
Chili Sauce
Sweet Gherkins
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Chow
Sweet Onions
Mayonnaise Dressing
Thousand Island Dressing
Salad Mustard
Peanut Butter
Preserves
Jelly
Apple Butter
Pork and Beans
Green Olives
Ripe Olives
Olive Oil
Corn
Early June Peas
Sweet Peas
Tomatoes
Spinach
Asparagus
Red Kidney Beans
Green Beans
Wax Beans
Lima Beans
Hominy
Beets
Okra
Sweet Potatoes
Tomato Puree
Evaporated Milk
Pears
Apricots
Apple Sauce
Egg Plums

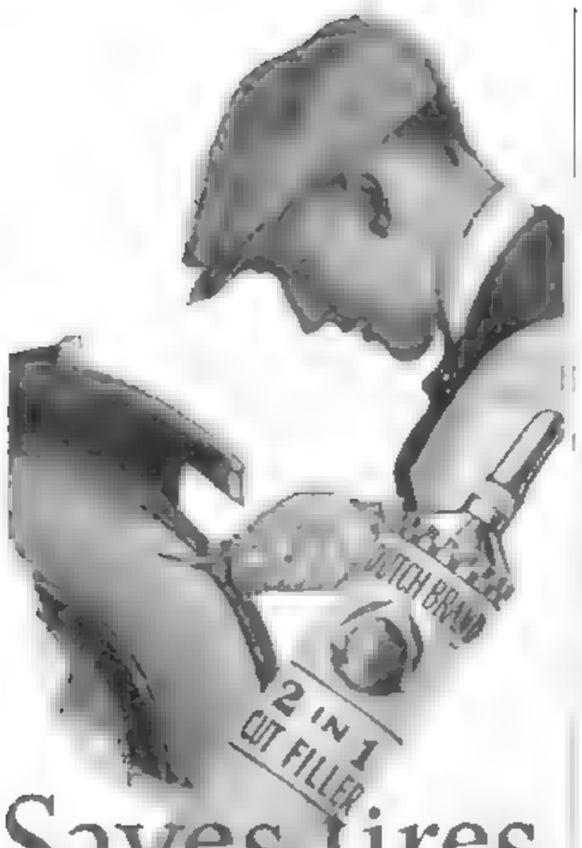
For the
MONARCH
PANTRY

Green Gage Plums
Fruit Salad
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Yellow Cling Peaches
Loganberries
Blueberries
Red Raspberries
Blackberries
Black Raspberries
Red Pitted Cherries
Royal Anne Cherries
Salmon
Lobster
Shrimps
Sardines
Tuna Fish
Cod Fish
Clams
Crab Meat
Sliced Beef
Boned Chicken
Spices
Tomato Soup
Vegetable Soup
Clam Chowder
Pimentos
Prepared Mustard
Grape Juice
Maple Syrup
Jelly Powder
Cocoanut
Preserved Figs
Evaporated Fruits
Seedless Raisins
Currants
Food of Wheat
Cake Flour
Rolled Oats
Corn Flakes
Corn Meal

"THE YOUNG GARDENER"

QUALITY
for 70 years

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Established 1853
Chicago • Boston • Pittsburgh • New York



Saves tires from the junk pile!

LOOK over your casings—you'll find any number of small cuts and gouges. They let in the water, oil and sand—sure signs of coming blow-outs. Dutch Brand 2-in-1 Tire Cut Filler will seal those cuts and actually save your casings for hundreds and perhaps thousands of additional miles of travel.

Dutch Brand 2-in-1 Cut Filler requires no kneading or cement. Simply shoot it into the cut. Quick, clean and easy to use. Stays there, tough and resilient. Nothing else like it for convenience and efficiency.

Generous tube for 50c at your motor supply dealer's. Look for the orange-and-blue label with the checker border and the Dutch Girl's head. If not yet in your dealer's stock, sent direct from factory on receipt of price and dealer's name.

National distribution through jobbing channels.

VAN CLEEF BROS., Chicago
Manufacturers
Rubber and Chemical Products
Established 1910

Three others of the 15 high quality Dutch Brand

THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS

(Continued from Page 33)

young Traver, for instance, with whom I think you were inclined to fancy yourself in love."

"You knew about ——"

"It wasn't very difficult to guess."

"Paul is wonderful," said Jacqueline. Her heart went out to Paul.

"Exactly," answered her stepmother. "He is honest and hard-working and very egotistical, but you don't know the dangers of that. If you had come and said you wanted to marry him, there would have been no conceivable objection to be made, because you can't really say to the young man that you oppose his marrying your daughter because you know he will bore her to death. And yet I should have known perfectly clearly, Jacqueline, that if you had married him now you would have run away with somebody else within five years. At thirty, I believe you would make an excellent choice. But life won't give you time to grow up. You will think you are in love with the first man who asks you to be ——"

Jacqueline interrupted.

"And is not Dormier a fortune hunter and an adventurer?" she asked.

"No," said the other. "Dormier is simply a young man in a position to ask that his wife should have everything—beauty, virtue, character and money. A dukedom is like a kingdom; the heir has an obligation to it as well as to himself. Dormier must marry a girl with money. There are plenty of them in England. But he wanted one he could love, and he has found one."

"Indeed!" said Jacqueline. "He knew last August that he was going to be able to love me! How convenient!"

"If he were unattractive and if you were my daughter, I should still advise you to do it, for the truth is—though everyone tries to keep it a secret—that all marriages, whether with a duke or a laborer, whether made from love or from ambition, become tiresome and domestic and unromantic. You won't escape being bored and disenchanted whatever you do. But in a marriage like this, when the disenchantment comes, you will have something left—a great position, an interesting outside life, rather important duties, a part in an old and respected institution—the British Empire. And if in after life you and Dormier decide to go your different ways, there is no country in the world where a woman can be so free as among the upper classes in England. So if Dormier were unattractive, I should still advise you to do it; but he isn't unattractive—he's charming—and you find him so."

"Yes, I do," answered the girl. "But if you and he are banking on that, you've made a mistake. That will make it all the worse—to love him—good heavens! All alone in England, married to a man you love who doesn't want anything but your money—oh, no! I should suspect that he had said to one of those beauties we see in the magazines with coronets and big eyes and little pointed chins—in their photographs, I mean—I should think of every girl I saw that she was the one to whom he said, 'Now I'll just run over and marry this little American and get her fortune, and then you and I, my darling, will be free.' You can break the engagement in any way that you and my father think best, but make up your mind that I will not marry him."

"I shall *not* break the engagement." Mrs. McMannis looked at the girl with unshakable resolution in her face; then added, "Of course, it would not be possible to do anything until Dormier gets back."

Jacqueline knew that much her stepmother said was true—probably at forty she would be as happy having married the duke as having married somebody like Paul. But what no one seemed to understand was that she had been betrayed, unforgivably wounded. She had loved him and trusted him and he had deceived her—how completely only she herself knew. She could not marry him, because every second of time she spent with him would now be an agony.

During the two days that elapsed before his return the preparations for the wedding went on as if nothing had occurred. Jacqueline felt as if she were speaking into a dead telephone. She saw her stepmother, sitting hour after hour, with a pencil in her hand and the Social Register before her, checking off the names to whom the announcements of the wedding were to be sent. The ceremony itself was to be attended only by members of the two families. The second afternoon she heard herself called from Mrs. McMannis' room; and going in, she saw the pale-blue sofa was draped under yards of old point lace, like an early snowfall, like the trimming of an old-fashioned valentine delicate morning-glories and roses, lily buds and acanthus, alternating with cobwebs—the color something between ivory and mother-of-pearl. It seemed to Jacqueline the most delicately beautiful object she had ever seen.

"Your wedding veil," said Mrs. McMannis quite sweetly and calmly, as if there had never been any doubt about the matter.

Jacqueline simply turned on her heel and walked out of the room—hearing a cluck-cluck behind Miss Salisbury's teeth as she went. Miss Salisbury, too, was in the powerful conspiracy against her. For, oh, it was powerful—this steady subconscious suggestion that nothing had changed, that everything was moving satisfactorily forward! She began to be frightened; not so much of these formidable, determined, grown-up foes of hers as of her own weakness. She had accomplished nothing and the great peril was still ahead of her—the interview with Dormier. If he said this—if he said that—if he just took her in his arms ——

He would be back early the next morning, and all that last night she lay awake thinking of mad schemes of escape—to run away, to sell her jewelry, to steal her father's pocketbook, to work in a shop, to ask Mr. Winters to take her away —— But, as Mrs. McMannis had said, she was essentially intelligent, and a certain innate dignity of character made her shrink from silly, flighty action.

As it began to be dawn—as pale objects in her room began to start out of the darkness with a faint glimmer of their own, as forlorn town-bred sparrows began to chirp and milk cans to rattle and early sweepers of sidewalks to whistle, as the cold autumn air filled the room, air as pure and fresh as on some distant mountain top, Jacqueline decided on a better and to her mind perfectly practical way out.

Dormier's train was late. It did not arrive at the Grand Central until half past nine. As he and Heccles walked down the platform—Heccles bearing two of those bags which have made the name of a great statesman famous—Dormier felt himself touched on the arm. He recognized the young man's profession—those quick penetrating eyes, that brisk confident manner which says that hundreds of thousands of readers are waiting for your report.

"Oh, no, my dear fellow," said the duke. "Your sleeping cars are bad enough without superimposing your press. On, Heccles, on! I'm not going to be interviewed before I have a decent cup of tea. Anglo-American relations can go hang." The duke had had a cup of tea in the train; but as it had been brewed in a pot recently filled with coffee, it had partaken disadvantageously of the nature of both beverages.

The young man smiled, indicating that he was going to allow the duke to come to a full stop by himself, and not interrupt him.

"The funny part of it is," he said, "it isn't an interview."

"It's not going to be," said the duke. They were now all three moving briskly along the platform, the young man on one side of the duke and Heccles, sallower than ever, on the other.

"I'm doing you a favor," said the reporter; "only, of course, you can never get anyone to believe the papers ever do anyone a favor—because I know something you'd want to know. A young lady came into the office about three-quarters of an hour ago, alleging that she was Miss McMannis and that she had come to tell us that the engagement was off."

"Really?" said Dormier, without the slightest interest.

"Well, you know, I suppose, that there isn't anybody round at that hour to handle a story like that properly. Still, they did call up the McMannis residence, and were told that Miss McMannis was in bed and asleep."

"Well, there you are," said Dormier.

They were passing through the gates now, and veering toward the taxicab stand.

"One of our society reporters saw her and said it was the girl herself."

"If my engagement were broken," said Dormier, not too friendly in manner, "don't you think I might be among the first to know of it? Certain to get to me in time, don't you know."

"Now look here, duke," said the young man, "it was the girl. I know that. I killed the story for the time, but we can't keep it out very long. She came to our office and told us the engagement was off. That will be in the first edition of tomorrow's papers—unless you can give us some proof it isn't true."

Heccles had procured a taxi, piled on the bags and was holding open the door, calmly indifferent to the long line he was keeping waiting.

"I'm going straight to the McMannises' now," said the duke.

"Well, that isn't where she went," said the reporter. "She hopped a taxi and went to this number in Nassau Street." He gave the duke a scrap of paper.

Dormier began to be impressed by the young man. He took the paper.

"That's very decent of you—to tell me," he said, ignoring the starter, who was urging him to get into his cab.

"Sure it's decent of me," said the young man with a very pleasant, sad, wise smile. "The press is decent. We gotta print the news; but gee, when we can we take care of some of you fellars like you were babies." He took off his hat and disappeared.

"Say," said the starter, "are you going to take this cab or are you going to let somebody else have a chance at it?"

"As a matter of fact—neither," said the duke, thinking it out. He sent Heccles home with his bags and he himself made his way to the Subway.

Everybody, in moments of excitement, forms mental pictures instead of thinking. Dormier had been downtown often enough to know that a number in Nassau Street would be the number of a large office building containing the population of a village, or even of a small town. But he had formed a picture of one of those low, broad, four-story houses in the city at home, in which a slender, blue-eyed, long-throated girl could be so easily identified. Therefore it was a shock to him to find himself in front of a twenty-story building with at least two entrances, circular doors whirling steadily and elevators going up crowded every few seconds.

Dormier knew that McMannis' offices were many blocks away in Broadway, but it seemed possible there might be some connection—some minor company in this building. He joined the group before the directory of names and read them slowly over, beginning with the first A. He was growing discouraged before, among the W's, the remembered name of Winters flashed before his eyes. Of course he had heard a great deal about Winters; and

(Continued on Page 157)

Van Kent

THE NEW VAN HEUSEN
FOR SPRING

As time passes men's faces change but little. The difference between our "quaint" ancestors and our smart contemporaries is most visible in the cut of the collars we see them wear. A symbol of the modern note of smooth smartness is the Van Heusen collar. It is comfortable beyond all other collars. By its general adoption, dressing well has developed into the art of ease in attire.

The Van Heusen will not wilt

The Van Heusen is made of just one single piece of smooth, strong, multi-ply fabric. Nothing sewed together—no need for starch. The loom has woven the fold in, woven a faultless curve in, woven comfort and smartness in. For all occasions it is the World's Smartest, most comfortable, and most economical collar.

Ask your dealer for VAN CRAFT, the new shirt with the VAN HEUSEN Collar attached

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

the World's Smartest COLLAR

12 STYLES PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK CITY 50-CENTS EACH

THE NEW SEIBERLING

Seiberling Again Leads in Development

The Seiberling Tireshape Tube represents a step in advance in tube-making. It is not a mere improvement, but, like the SEIBERLING ALL-TREAD, is a new product, anticipating the changing conditions of motoring.

The stout sidebars and one-piece tread and sidewall of the All-Tread represented a new type of construction. So well adapted was it to meet the conditions of faster commercial

Tireshape TUBE

A Necessary and Most Important Contribution to Balloon Tire Success!

The advent of balloon tires—and the resulting tendency of motorists, *whether using balloons or not*, to ride on less air—has made this better tube a necessity.

Molded to fit the casing— Stretching practically eliminated!

The ordinary, cylindrical tube is round in cross section; the casing of the tire is not round. Inflation forces the tube to expand to fill the casing and the space between the beads, causing excessive and uneven stretching and also increasing friction between tube and casing, causing overheating. The Seiberling Tireshape Tube, on the contrary, is almost exactly the shape of the inside of the tire, so that stretching under inflation is virtually nil, as against 20 per cent to 30 per cent in the ordinary tube.

No flap required!

It's a great thing to get rid of the flap—always an item of expense, generally a nuisance, and frequently, if not inserted with care, a trouble maker. With a Seiberling Tireshape Tube you need no flap. If one should be inserted (with or without your knowledge) it will do less harm than to an ordinary tube.

No seam or joint anywhere— no lumps, humps or weak places!

The ordinary tube, made on a straight mandrel, must be bent around into a circle and spliced. This bending, of course, forces the outer side of the tube to become longer than the side next the rim. The rubber must stretch more in some places than in others in order to assume a smooth, circular form and fill the casing under inflation. But the Seiberling Tireshape Tube has the right shape to begin with—being molded, it is all in one piece without seam or joint, and not being under stretch, heating is negligible.

All vulcanizing in one operation with valve stem in place!

The value of this is less obvious to a motorist—though every dealer will see it instantly. It means uniform "cure" of the rubber—uniform strength at every spot, and a union of the valve stem with the tube that is tight and lasting, instead of a common point of air leakage.

Punctures tend to close up instead of growing bigger!

Stretch a thin piece of rubber and prick it with a pin. See how the rubber pulls away from the hole, making it bigger! That's what happens when a nail pierces the ordinary tube, until escape of air lessens the tension. The Seiberling Tireshape Tube being never under such tension, a puncture tends to close up when a nail is withdrawn.

Last—but NOT LEAST— less air leakage!

Stretch a piece of rubber—the pores open and the air slowly seeps through, even with the low air pressures now in use. It requires no argument to show that a tube not under stretch is going to hold the air longer and be much less in danger of that collapse which so often means a new casing as well as a new tube.

The new Seiberling Tireshape Tube is now offered for sale by all Seiberling dealers.

haulage, longer-lived passenger cars, thinner and less inflated balloon tires, and greatly increased winter-driving, that in less than three years it has already made the most spectacular sales record ever achieved by a new brand of tire.

The Seiberling Tireshape Tube is, like the All-Tread, a definite contribution to the industry. Others will follow us, for the molded tube is a better product, better adapted to present-day motoring—and as such will be demanded by car owners. With a Tireshape Tube in an All-Tread tire, you have the latest and best assurance of long mileage without tire trouble.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO

free—

to one lucky reader of this advertisement—free tooth brushes for the rest of his or her life.

You brush your teeth—but do you clean them *All?*

This tooth brush reaches every *tooth* every *time you brush*

THERE isn't a part of a tooth *this* brush can't reach. With it, you keep *all* your teeth clean, and keep *all* your teeth.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs. Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth—to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

You can see that the mouths of that man and woman are not as wide as they look. The tooth brush has to curve around the jaw or it won't reach those back teeth. The diagram shows how the curved handle and the curved bristle-surface help.

Any brush with a flat surface—but your teeth are not flat. Every tooth has five sides. The saw-tooth, cone-shaped bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic clean between teeth. The diagram shows you

Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage they need. Brush your gums. They will soon take on a hard and firm appearance, with a light, coral pink color which shows that they are healthy. Healthy gums mean healthier teeth. Science designed the Pro-phy-lac-tic to keep gums healthy.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

Made in America by Americans

free Tooth brushes for life to the reader [illegible] the George Batten Company, Inc. Advertising Agents. This offer expires [illegible] 1925

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. [illegible] Mass. Dept. J P L

[illegible]

Name

How many in family

Address

© 1925, P. B. Co.

(Continued from Page 152)

though he had as yet not met him, he knew that a luncheon engagement was arranged for the near future.

The office was very shabby and respectable. Although, of course, it was not in a court built in the early days of the eighteenth century, although it did not contain a blazing open fire of sea coal, it did remind Dormier a little of the office of his own solicitor in London. The woodwork was of a sort of mustard yellow streaked with purplish brown in imitation of no known wood, and through the open door of the library he could see thick calf-bound volumes.

An erect gray-haired woman with a peculiar pronunciation of the letter "a" which Dormier had not yet learned to recognize as the badge of the New Englander, said, when he inquired for Mr. Winter, "May I ask your name?"

"The Duke of Dormier," he answered, and if the lady had been—as very likely she was—a reader of Mrs. Browning, she would have thought that he said his name as if "it meant not much indeed, but something."

True to the race that bred them both, she betrayed not a flicker of interest, but, rising, murmured in a discouraging tone, "I'll see if Mr. Winters can see you." Presently she came back, and without glancing in his direction, she said "Mr. Winters will see you," as if she never knew what strange thing her employer would do next.

Entering Winters' room, Dormier was still further struck by its English flavor, for here a soft-coal fire was actually burning in a grate, a steel engraving of Wedderburn in wig and robes was over the mantelpiece, and the tall, white-haired, blue-eyed man who rose to meet him was, as Dormier said to himself, a thoroughly English type.

"Ah, your grace," he said, pleasant but not very cordial, "sit down. You made us wait forty minutes for dinner the other evening, and yet I'm glad to see you, although," he added—and Dormier observed that each time he himself was ready to speak the older man's sentence got into action again—"although a lawyer never knows how glad he ought to be to see his friends, for it usually means they are in some sort of trouble from which they need to be rescued; not that a young man as fortunately situated as you are ——"

"I have come to ask, sir ——" said the duke.

"Old men don't like to be interrupted," said Mr. Winters, smiling a fine meaningless smile at the duke. "I was about to ask you who your English solicitors are. Something seems to tell me it's Sir Mordred Guiles. . . . It is? I knew it. I remember him very well. When I was in London in 1908 on a shipping case, I dined with Guiles; he was against us, but very agreeable. He told me ——"

"Is Miss McMannis here, Mr. Winters?"

"You are interrupting me again, your grace—and a very good story too."

"No doubt," said the duke. "But I am anxious about Jacqueline. Is she here?"

There was a pause.

Winters studied the young man, and then dropping all further effort to distract his attention, he said, "Before I answer your question, I want to ask you one—do you love her?"

"I have reason to be a little anxious about her and should be glad to know that she is here and safe."

There was no suggestion in the duke's manner that he had even heard the question.

"You have not answered my question."

"It isn't the sort of question one does answer, is it?" said the duke. "Because if one takes the trouble to analyze it, it's rather an insulting one."

"Merciful powers!" said Winters. "You're an irritating nation—you British!"

"Really?" said the duke, shutting his eyes.

Winters stared at his blank face—stared with an expression between anger and amusement.

"Well," he observed at last, "I'll meet you halfway. I'll tell you why I asked my question. Jacqueline McMannis, with whom, if I were young, I should be passionately in love, and with whom, being seventy-one, I'm only this much in love—that I think her the sweetest, loveliest, most honest and most desirable woman I ever saw, and I'd about as lief as not kill anybody who gave her a moment's sorrow, and having been almost fifty years at the bar, I could probably do it and get away with it—Jacqueline has the idea, with some serious evidence behind it, that you do not love her, but are marrying her for her money."

The faintest flush rose to Dormier's pale face.

"I should prefer to discuss that with Jacqueline," he said.

"Very possibly you would," said Winters. "But you've got to discuss it with me."

"Afraid I can't see it," said Dormier.

"It's pretty simple," returned Winters in a slightly higher voice that he adopted when imperative, a voice suggesting a long ancestry of New England farmers. "Jacqueline has come to me ——"

"Oh, she's here then?" said the duke, as if now everything was comfortably arranged.

The tone annoyed Winters enough to make him say something he had meant to put off saying till the last possible moment. He pointed to a door.

"She's in that room. No," he added as the duke promptly rose to his feet; "no, don't go in. I promised her that she should not be interrupted."

"That you would do your best," corrected Dormier. He continued to move toward the door, but Winters had merely to rise in order to stand between him and it. Dormier looked at him. "Interrupted," he said reflectively. "She isn't alone then?"

"No," answered Winters. He had the situation well in hand now.

"Who is there?"

"A young lawyer by the name of Traver—a very fine type of young American."

"I'm not in the least interested in Mr. Traver's type," said the duke. "I must speak to Jacqueline."

"Well, now," said Winters, "I'm not at all sure you wouldn't be interested in Traver. For Jacqueline, it seems, intends to marry him. She's putting it to him at this very moment."

It never crossed Winters' mind, for he was a privileged being in his own circle, that anyone would venture to lay hands upon him; it never occurred to him that when he stepped between Dormier and the door of the inner office, that door was not absolutely protected.

He was utterly unprepared when Dormier took hold of him by the shoulders and with a somewhat dilatory "So sorry," opened the door.

There was Jacqueline, facing them. She was kneeling with one knee on the seat of a broad old black leather chair, her elbows on the back of it and her hands stretched out in the direction of the young man, who was turned toward her and away from the opened door.

She looked first at Dormier, and for a second her face seemed to break up, the way a great musician's will sometimes seem to dissolve and remake itself as he plays. Then, glancing past the duke, to Winters, she spoke to him.

"Oh," she wailed, "he won't do it!"

"What?" cried Winters.

"He doesn't really want to."

"The young lout!" said Winters, surprised at his own selection of this particular word.

"You're unjust, Mr. Winters," said Traver sulkily.

"I repeat—a lout!" replied Winters; "yes, a lout!"

"There are things a man puts before his own wishes—honor—a man must think of how the world will interpret his conduct," said Traver.

"A prig must," answered the older man. "Ah, that was what I meant! I withdraw 'lout' and substitute 'prig.'"

"Would you be so good as to tell me what all this is about?" said Dormier. No one answered him, and he walked over to Jacqueline and took her hand. She, supposing that this was a caress, struggled to pull it away, and then seeing that it was only a method of asserting his right to her attention, she left it in his. "No," he went on, "I must have an explanation. You promised to marry me. If you have changed your mind, the first information ought to come to me."

Jacqueline had stepped down from the chair, and with her wrist still awkwardly but firmly held by the duke, was attempting a cold dry exposition of facts.

"I will not marry you—that's all. You plotted it months ago, before you even saw me."

He wasn't at all staggered by the indictment. He said, with a slight outward gesture of his free hand, "Leaving all that aside—the business between us—why must you ask another man to marry you? Couldn't you break your engagement to me without running off with someone else?"

She knew it would be wiser not to answer questions, but she was still so young as to feel the pressure of a direct question.

"No," she said; "no, it was the only way. My family would not even cable your mother to delay her sailing. While I was telling them I would not marry you, they were checking the lists of names for the announcements."

"But why not wait a day or two until I got back? You owed me that, Jacqueline," said Dormier sternly.

"No, I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

This was a difficult question to answer truthfully, and Jacqueline did not know any other way to answer. She looked desperately at her old friend, but he gave her no help. It was Travers who unexpectedly came to the rescue.

"I think I can answer that, if you will allow me," he began, but Dormier very quietly interrupted.

"I will not allow you," he said. He said it so gently that Traver did not seem to take it in, but drove on along the lines he had decided upon.

"I think I can speak for Miss McMannis ——"

"Not to me," said the duke.

This was really insolent, and Traver was not slow to take it in, but hesitated an instant for an answer; and Mr. Winters seeing trouble ahead, said, "If I were you, Traver, I'd withdraw from the picture. You've had the center of the stage, but now your scene is over."

"I will not go, sir," replied Traver, "because it seems to me that this is a time when everyone who loves Jacqueline should stand by her."

"Quite, quite," said the duke; "but you hardly qualify, do you?"

"I really don't know what you can know about my feelings," retorted Traver.

"I know your actions—or lack of them," said Dormier. "I know, as every man knows, that if you love a woman you marry her when you have the chance—whether she's a queen or a charwoman."

"Ah," exclaimed Traver bitterly, "if she had only been a charwoman I'd have jumped at the chance!"

"Ah?" said Dormier, really insolently.

Winters intervened.

"If a charwoman is all you've been waiting for, Paul, I dare say you'd find a lot of them about the building at this very moment."

"Have you turned against me, sir?" said Traver.

"Paul, my boy," said Mr. Winters, putting his hand on his clerk's shoulder, "to be honest, I was never exactly for you. I gave you a chance, that's all. To tell the truth, your outlook has always been a little too elderly to suit a man of seventy-one. I like a man who has some what we used to call

(Continued on Page 159)

Laugh!

when you lose your pocket money

That's the thing to do. Generally it's the *only* thing to do. If someone has "lifted" it, they certainly are not going to give it back.

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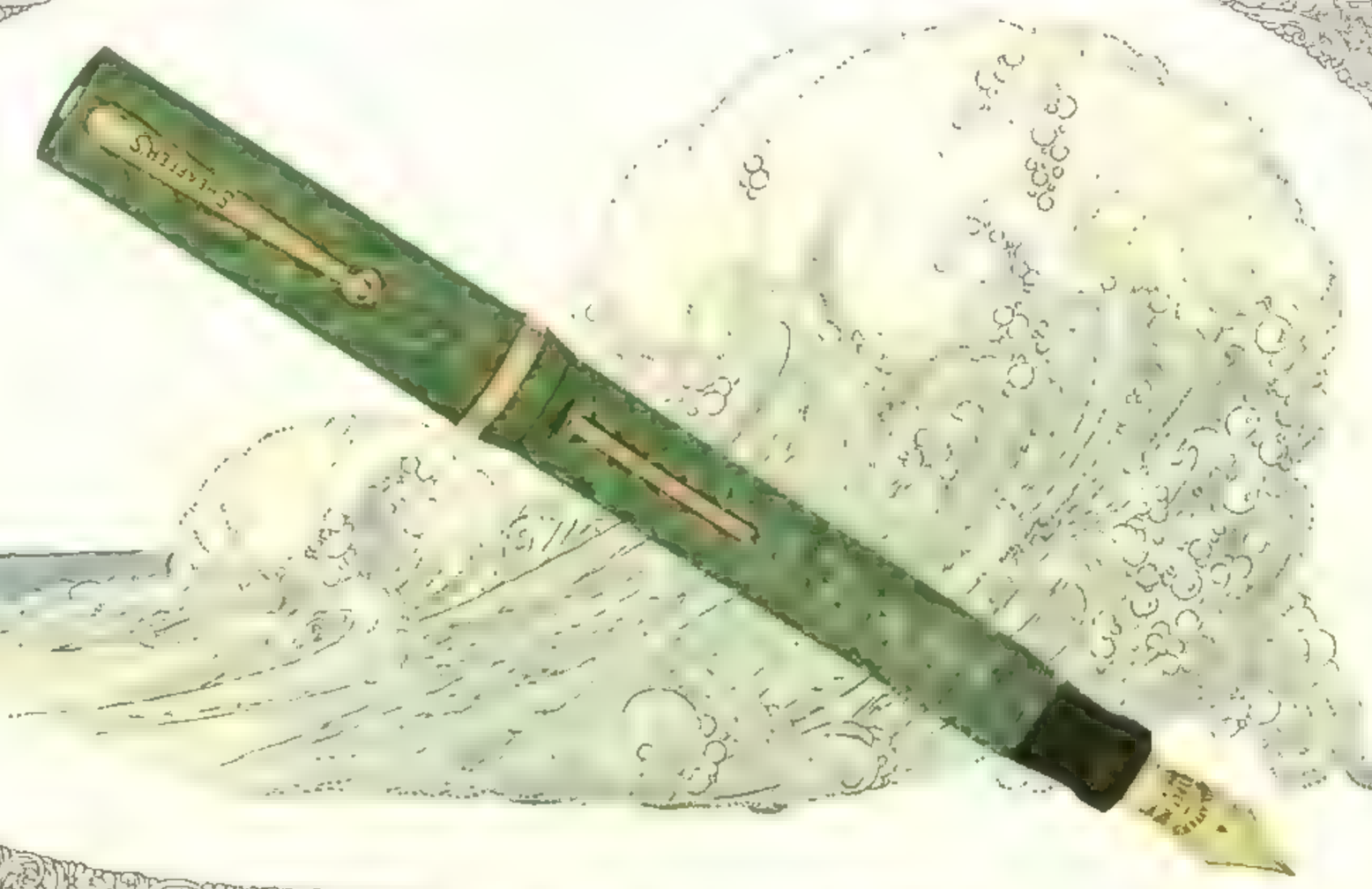

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(Continued from Page 157)

at home get-up-and-git about him. I like this other fellow's technic. He's insolent, but he knows what he's after."

Jacqueline went up to Traver and held out her hand.

"It was my fault, Paul," she said, "and I know why you did it as you did. Thank you." They shook hands and she did not go on speaking until after he had shut the door behind him. "Don't be horrid to him, Mr. Winters," she said then; "he doesn't really want to marry me, and he thought it made it a little easier for me if he pretended it was on account of money. It was my fault." She sighed. "I don't seem to be a very good judge of people's feelings."

Winters' heart went out to her in pity, but Dormier's face betrayed nothing but determination.

"Now, Jacqueline," he said, "as between you and me. Here it is: I do need money. I could not—or, if you prefer it, I will not marry a girl without it. My mother has had a dozen ideas and suggestions. I couldn't go any of them. Mrs. Mac is a very wise woman. What she said I listened to; what she said about you seemed to me about perfect. Yes, I came out here to marry you, if when I saw you I liked you; and not such a dirty business, either, for I should have been on the square with you. But when I saw you, instead of liking you, I fell in love with you."

As he spoke Jacqueline had retreated nearer and nearer to Winters, and now she was actually shrinking back against him so that she spoke as from a guarded tent, when she said, "Loved me? Easy to say!"

"Not so frightfully easy in the circumstances," answered the duke.

Jacqueline turned her head up toward Winters' great height, as a bird does.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said. "Advise me."

He shook his head.

"You don't need any advice, my dear."

"I do, I do!"

"You don't need it, and you wouldn't take it."

"I would, I would!" she returned eagerly. "I will do whatever you advise me to do."

He looked serious, almost severe.

"Do you really mean that?" She nodded, setting her teeth. "Then," he said, "I advise you not to marry this man—not to consider it for a moment."

"Oh," cried Jacqueline, "I never thought you were going to say that!"

Winters laughed.

"Ah," he said, "that's the very best way in the world of finding out what a person means to do—advise them the other way." He stooped toward her. "May I kiss your duchess?"

"I let her settle that sort of thing for herself," answered the duke, "at least as far as other people are concerned; but I may tell you I mean to do it myself."

And they did—in the order named.

"You see," said Dormier to Winters, "all the trouble has come from my trying to be too noble. Frightful mistake to be too noble, as that pers—that young—that chap Jacqueline called Paul has so clearly shown us. But the fact is that Jacqueline is so young and so frightfully ——"

"Exactly," agreed Winters.

"—— that I've been afraid of her."

"Oh, Tac," exclaimed Jacqueline, "afraid of me! That's the nicest thing anyone ever said to me!"

Dormier looked at her and smiled.

"Afraid to make love to you, I mean."

This astonished her even more.

"Don't you think you've made love to me?"

He shook his head slowly, and Mr. Winters said, "*Nous allons changer tout ça.*"

She allowed herself to look silly and round-eyed, but she knew perfectly what they meant.

It was after eleven o'clock and Winters suggested that they should wait about and have luncheon with him; but Dormier insisted that they ought to be going back to the McMannises'. So presently they were in a taxi on their way uptown. But they had not gone very far when Dormier stuck his stick up and pushed back the front window and told the driver to go to Gerardin's.

"I haven't had any breakfast," he explained. Thus reminded, Jacqueline recalled that she hadn't either.

Of course she had never been to a restaurant with a man before—hardly ever with anyone. It was all new to her. The slender, dark, impenetrable head waiter knew perfectly who they were, for it was his profession to know; but he was far too polite to let them know he knew, and called them monsieur, madame.

They were the only occupants of the great, quiet, shaded room at that hour of the morning. Yet even so, they were directed to a table in the center of the room, and Dormier said "Certainly not," and walked to one in the corner where they could both sit on cushioned sofas against the wall.

The head waiter hovered with his pencil and the menu. He made Jacqueline horribly nervous.

"You order for me," she whispered to Dormier, and he and the head waiter took it up as if the whole problem of the world was to get her just what she would like.

Jacqueline had never been called madame before, and it made her feel almost faint with excitement, especially when Dormier fell in with it as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"*Omelette aux fines herbes pour madame* ——"

How beautifully he spoke French! She imagined their entering a restaurant in Paris, in Nice, all over the world, for from now on they would eat together. And everywhere they went, she thought, Dormier would know what to do.

"Tea or coffee, Jacqueline?" All action suspended for her reply.

"I suppose I'd better begin to learn to drink tea," said Jacqueline.

"*Et du thé aussi pour madame,*" said the duke.

It was almost the betrothal service.

(THE END)

AN AMERICAN IMMIGRANT IN JAPAN

(Continued from Page 41)

the New Year's Fair was a sight not to be missed. At night it was a veritable fairyland, if we went down the long line of booths, elbowing past the smiling throng of purchasers and venders, to the open square on the bank of the dark river. There were rank upon rank of wooden trestles, where were set tiny trees in china pots of green, gray or blue glaze; pine trees, maple trees, cherry trees and plum trees in blossom, their flowers gleaming stars upon the leafless bark. Some of the trees were a hundred years old; all were trained into picturesque shapes; none of them was a foot in height. On the shelves between the pots were hundreds of paper lanterns to light the wares. The effect was simply magical.

Servants' Social Duties

Native business was abandoned while the populace thronged the street in holiday attire; men in their best black silk, with white family crests on sleeves and backs of their kimonos and derby hats for ultimate elegance; women in sumptuous kimonos of rich dark hues, with gold brocade obis and coiffures gleaming from the hairdressers' hands. And the little girls—they were like lovely butterflies! Adoring mothers dressed them up in silk crêpe kimonos of bright purple, red, green or pink, with designs of cherry blossoms or storks. Their long sleeves floated behind them as they trotted along on scarlet-lacquered clogs, holding the hands of their proud papas.

New Year's was the housekeepers' bane, for each servant must have two or three days off duty to make the ceremonial calls; so the foreigners generally went away for the whole of Christmas week, to Kamakura or Atami or Miyanoshita, where the hotels seemed to be more successful than the Okusans at persuading servants to continue their duties. The husbands and useful bachelors were free to join the exodus, as it was vain to try to transact any business with the Japanese at New Year's.

However, one New Year's I and my family were in no mood for merrymaking. A bombshell exploded in our household that changed the whole tenor of our life, and instead of figuring on a pleasant trip to the mountains, left us doing long sums to see if we could satisfy the hungry horde of black crows waiting in the back yard.

While we tea-ed and tennised, bridged and made merry in our little water-tight compartment in Japan, back in New York the war baby that paid our salary was evaporating into thin air. We received one day, like a bolt from the blue, a typewritten bit of yellow paper covered with the meaningless words of commercial codes, which, when translated, informed us that we were stranded five thousand miles from home.

Excellent discipline for the character; wonderful material for a story; but not the kind of thing one wants to experience every day. In fact, once in a lifetime will suffice. The event held a deeper significance for us than a mere change of jobs and letterheads. Hitherto, though living in Japan, we had not been of it. Our funds were sent to us from America; our lives still patterned as much as possible on home standards. Clothes, furniture, food we had sent to us or copied from home models; our friends were of our own kind; the red brick church around the corner kept us in touch with our national deity; the red brick theater down the road catered to our national preferences in amusements; at the various clubs we indulged in our national sports; even our children were educated in our purely national ideals at our own school on the Bluff.

Every avenue which might lead to an interchange of customs or viewpoints between us and the Japanese was barricaded with the exception of the business approach; unless we were making money out of the Japanese or they out of us, we practically had no intercourse with them.

It really appalls me, looking back on my first years in Japan, to perceive my own insularity; it makes me feel that the dream of a universal brotherhood and world-wide citizenship must be long delayed by the barriers of alien civilizations.

After living for only six months in Arkansas one winter, I came back to New England with an unconscious Southern accent that caused many gibes from my family; yet I lived in Japan for years, and I defy anyone to note even a trace of a Japanese accent in my speech. Far less would they see any changes in my habits of life adopted in imitation of the Japanese ways, even though intellectually I admire vastly certain traits which I observed in Nippon, and honestly believe that we Americans might profitably borrow in many particulars from our Oriental kin.

A New Venture

This appreciation of good points in Japanese character and manners, I must confess, was not sought by me in humility of spirit or earnest desire to learn; it was forced upon me by the change in circumstances that caused us to leave the foreign colony and make our home in a Japanese house among Japanese people.

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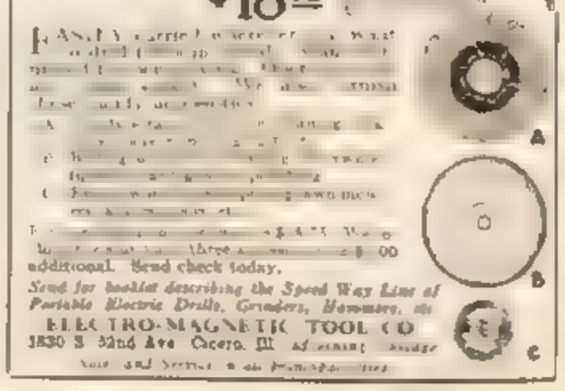

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Japan had been given decent interment. Dana San announced that he intended to go into business in Japan, incorporating under Japanese law; and to do this, we must cut our living expenses while the new business was getting under way.

Disposing of our house on the Bluff, with most of the furniture, we started the New Year by moving down to a small village on the shore, five miles from town, where we had a little Japanese house in which we had camped out in the hot summer months of previous years. Like most delightful things I enjoyed in Japan, this house had been found for me by the invaluable Usui.

Moving is simple in Japan; no haughty packers in possession of your house; no gigantic van into which everything is loaded with a precision and finality that defy your efforts at the other end to have the baby's crib or the kitchen utensils unloaded before the drawing-room furniture.

Instead, on the morning we intended to fold our tent and flit, faithful Usui brought up a convoy of two-wheeled carts drawn by jolly brown-legged coobes. Busy feet ran in and out, bearing our household gods to be laid tenderly in the carts; the servants, carrying their few belongings tied up in gay-colored squares of cloth, pattered away on their *geta* to ride down to the new house in the *densha*, a funny little tram which burrowed under the Bluff and ran across the plain to the *Shuten*, or terminal, a mile from our new house; and when everything was loaded, the babies and I climbed into our ricksha to be whirled down the hill by Usui.

Although so near the city, Honmoku was a typical small village, whose inhabitants soon hailed me cheerfully in neighborly fashion as I walked through the narrow streets teeming with everyday life.

The vicinity of the shore was populated by fishermen and their families, living six or seven strong in two-room thatched cottages. On the sand through the day lay the sampans which at night cruised back and forth in the bay with flaming cressets in the bows, setting the great nets. They were propelled by giant sweeps, twenty feet long, shipped at the stern, which the men, standing on platforms, shoved back and forth with a sinuous motion, bending forward with one leg outthrust and pulling back with a powerful sweep. When speed was essential or waves ran high, five or six men, swaying in unison to the rhythm of a weird chant, would grasp the oar together.

Native Weather Lore

That chant was as reliable as radio reports from a weather bureau at home. After a spell of bad weather, before I could see even a rift in the clouds, suddenly down the wind would come a high-pitched ringing chorus, and looking out, I would see the entire flotilla sweeping past, filled with brown men in straw raincoats with blue cotton towels twisted pirate-wise about their black heads; and I would know the storm would soon be over. The fishermen's knowledge of weather lore was remarkable, but it was dearly bought wisdom, for the open sampans are poor craft in a seaway, and every year hundreds of unwary fishermen are swept out to sea to death.

Our house faced east, directly upon the ocean, fifty feet away, and it was my habit to wake at dawn to watch the sun come booming up out of the water. In the rosy light, off to the east, taking shape out of the mist and darkness, would appear the fishing fleet, low-laden with the night's haul, the men crouching chilled and weary, the oblong sails set to run before the landward breeze. The sails were of white canvas, but each boat had a different design of brown patches. In the pearly light, wreathed with curling mists, the fleet homeward bound was a picture to remember

The catch had to be preserved alive, since so much of Japan's fish is eaten raw; so off the beach floated a number of large baskets, moored to booms, in which the fish were imprisoned until wanted. These baskets, washed ashore at times, were about eight feet high, with narrow mouths, to prevent the escape of the fish. I never saw one without thinking of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves and wishing I were ten years old, to play at the game on the beach in the baskets.

A long stretch of mud flats near our point ran out into shoals that often brought large vessels to disaster, and here the fishermen had a seaweed farm. Seaweed being a staple article of diet in Japan, its drying and shipping form a large industry. In some places choice varieties are plucked from the rocky bottom by divers, but at Honmoku the weed was cultivated like any other crop.

After the typhoon season had blown over, about the middle of October, women began to trudge through the village with great loads of young trees stripped of their leaves, but with the brushy branches left intact. These were driven down into the mud, acres of them arranged in long parallel rows where the tide ebbed over them twice daily, while the green fernlike seaweed collected on the branches and flourished until the farmers waded out to pick it off.

It did not seem a pleasant occupation, this wading in icy water up to the armpits for hours, but the work was undertaken cheerfully and regularly by the old men and women who could not share in more strenuous activities.

The Kindly Iceman

All through the winter and spring, on sunny days, every little back yard blossomed with rows of wooden frames on which the seaweed, carefully picked over and arranged in layers on straw mats, was dried, looking like six-inch-square doilies of green lace. This form of seaweed was wrapped around boluses of cooked rice and considered a great delicacy. Certainly the Japanese have no need to fear goiter, for their diet of fish and seaweed is rich in iodine content.

Among the residents of the village there were one or two other foreigners, drawn thither by various necessities even as we. I passed one day a house so small, so poor, that it had no garden or hedge to hide its bareness. Its open *shoji* revealed four straight chairs and a wooden table set starkly on the *tatami*. On the table burned two lighted tapers stuck in bottles, one at either end of a small wooden box draped in a coarse sheet, and on one of the chairs sat a girl with the high cheek bones and wide face of a Russian. Her dark hair was clipped close; she wore a dress of white silk, yellow and creased, in the style of evening gowns ten years before. In the garish morning light she sat alone in her queerly ornate dress, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her head bowed beside the wooden box with the two burning tapers. Poverty, tribulation, tragedy breathed from the room.

I stopped, with that common impulse we feel in strange lands for one with whom we can talk a common language, but there was nothing I could do for her then in her sorrow. Later I knew her better, as another victim of the Russian revolution. She came to borrow avidly all my books and showed me a photograph of a lovely young girl whom I should never have recognized as herself.

Walking through the village with my babies, I scraped acquaintance with the busy little housewives cooking their rice or making clothes in the sun at the door of their houses while their children played around. The children, of course, were the basis of our mutual introduction, for, as the mother of three little boys of my own, I measured up satisfactorily to the standards of the gentle little women.

Koriya San, the iceman, was one of the substantial citizens of our village. Artificial ice has taken Japan by storm, so Koriya San was a successful merchant, reputed to be worth a million yen. He had earned it by hard work, and his wealth had not altered his scale of living. My first acquaintance with him came one day on the beach, when I encountered him thriftily picking up the bottles that had washed ashore from passing liners.

"Okusan, would you be so good as to read these labels and tell me what is good to eat? I should be sorry to poison my family, but I cannot read English."

I recommended a bottle half full of tomato catchup and saved him from eating brown shoe polish on his evening rice; so after that we were fast friends. Koriya San was always worried lest I should not be perfectly comfortable in my Japanese house, for the old man had journeyed to Yokohama, where he saw the large houses foreigners built for themselves.

"Okusan," he would say, "you must use my telephone. Give the number to your friends and come up whenever you feel like telephoning yourself."

Being a true patriot, Koriya San had presented his country with five sons, not to mention four daughters, so he inaugurated a messenger service for my benefit. Any time of day or night, I might hear a clatter of *geta* down the road and a shrill little voice at my door:

"*Okusan, Denwa yo!*"—"Telephone, lady."

Many a time I have sprung from my bed or the bathtub to fling on a kimono, with my amah tugging to knot the obi securely around my waist, stuck my feet into a pair of *geta* and shuffled up the lane after the flying tails of my messenger.

I inquired of Usui whether I ought not to remunerate the messenger at least, if not Koriya San, for their trouble.

"Oh, no, Okusan," said he. "That would be very rude; you would offend Koriya San. One does not reward courtesy with money."

And certainly the courtesy never flagged, so I judged that Usui had gauged Koriya San's spirit with more nicety than I.

Toward evening the bath was ready at the public bathhouse down the street, as the pool had been emptied, scrubbed, refilled and heated through the day, and in the evening all the people of the village went strolling past, clean clothes in one hand, towel and soap in the other, for a gentle soak and a good gossip. It is no longer the custom in Japan for the sexes to bathe together, and there were separate entrances marked *Otoko* and *Onna*—male and female—but modesty is not one of the Western customs adopted by the Japanese. In the summer, men generally wore a cool costume of scarlet *fundoshi*—loin cloth—while women dropped their kimonos to the waist and kilted them to the knees with absolute unconcern.

Living Like Natives

Koriya San, being such a friend of mine, always stopped when he met me on the street for a little chat; and in the summer it seemed as if I were always meeting him on his way home from the bath. He had been steaming himself for an hour in water at one hundred and twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit, so naturally he did not feel like putting on his clothes just for the quarter-mile walk home. I used to wonder what my friends in New England would say if they could see a snapshot of me standing in idle converse in the street with the village Croesus clad in his birthday suit!

Our house at Honmoku had been built by a wealthy old gentleman of Yokohama, Nakamura by name, as a summer home where he could enjoy the society of his little grandchildren. Just at the time when we wanted the house the grandchildren had all reached the age where they were in business, unable to have a long summer vacation with grandfather, so the invaluable Usui discovered that the house could be rented.

When we made our hegira to Honmoku we had already spent three summers there, living the first year in pure Japanese style, with not one stick of foreign furniture in the house. But two months of sitting upon our heels by day and sleeping at night on the same *tatami* convinced us that foreign muscles are not made for such Spartan simplicity. Half an hour of sitting motionless upon one's legs produces pins and needles; an hour brings agonizing cramps, and a whole day leaves one stretched prostrate in complete flaccidity. It being rather difficult to eat or write or sew lying at full length, when we betook ourselves to Honmoku as permanent residents we sacrificed the beautiful bareness of our Japanese rooms to a little sordid comfort in the shape of chairs and table downstairs and a great divan in the room above, where we could lounge at ease, looking out over the water.

We learned the comfort of Japanese clothing in our house at Honmoku, though we never had the courage to wear it anywhere else. A kimono is delightfully cool in summer, though there is a knack in wearing it skillfully, so that its folds remain decorously in place as you move about, for there are no pins or buttons, nothing by way of mooring but the obi about your waist. Of course, by Japanese standards, they had to be washed frequently and then the little amahs ripped each garment apart and pasted the pieces, when washed, on a long planed board which dried them as smoothly as though ironed. Afterward they had to be run up again, with the long basting stitches used by Japanese women, for Blue Monday is not only wash day in Japan but tailor day as well.

Woman's Badge of Servitude

Once I had my hair done up in Japanese style by a regular *Kamiyui San*—hairdresser—who mourned because she was obliged to do it in the sober style of a married woman instead of the gay abandon of a young girl.

"Do it like an *O Jo San*"—young girl—"anyway," I suggested, and was properly rebuked by the horror of my attending amahs at such levity.

In Japan a woman's coiffure is her badge of servitude; I think the custom was inaugurated to keep you from making the mistake of saluting a geisha attendant at a party as the mistress, but of course that is only my own opinion. At any rate, the geisha fares best, for she can wear all the gorgeous bits of colored crêpe and silver tinsel and long hairpins of jade or gold, while the mistress of the house has three sober puffs at the back of the head and her daughter can only twist her back hair like a folded fan, with a bit of colored ribbon in it.

The *Kamiyui San*, after shampooing and drying my hair, seized each long strand and rubbed it till it squeaked with a cake of camellia wax, precisely as a musician rosins his bow. Japanese women always submit to this form of torture because it disposes the hair to stay in place for a week at a time, thereby doing away with hats and such expensive frivolities; but it took me three weeks and unlimited shampoos to get the wax out of my hair, so I never repeated the experience.

The babies, of course, ran around in delicious freedom in the little kimonos the amahs made for them. One day some guests at tea criticized me unfavorably for allowing the children to wear the *geta*, but the American naval doctor happened to come by.

"Nonsense!" said he, with quarter-deck authority in his tone. "Nothing more sensible. Everyone ought to wear them. *Geta* do not pinch the toes or break down the arch of the foot; they leave the skin open to air and sunshine, and they encourage a natural gait, with the weight on the ball of the foot.

"Do you ladies happen to know that in the Navy we prescribe an exercise for flat-foot which consists of picking up pebbles with the toes? It is precisely the same thing as holding the *geta* on with the toes."

Thereafter the babies wore their *geta* unmolested, and I rejoiced, for a pair of *geta* can be bought for thirty-five sen, which is seventeen and a half cents in American money. *(Continued on Page 165)*

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

the *Spiral Stripe* on every length of Byers pipe

AVERY plain spiral stripe now distinguishes all Byers Pipe from other pipe.

The spiral stripe, in red, yellow or other color, fills a long felt need for a conspicuous identifying mark, preventing mistakes and substitution of cheaper pipe. It affords purchasers a ready means of making sure that they actually receive the kind of pipe they specify and pay for.

Name and Year Also

As heretofore, the Byers name and two figures indicating year of manufacture, will be rolled in the pipe metal. The presence of these roll marks will, in all cases of doubt, furnish indisputable evidence of identity.

Double Life, Manifold Economy

Byers genuine wrought iron pipe has a decided advantage in being highly resistant to corrosion. But because it looks exactly like cheaper pipe made of steel, substitution always has to be guarded against.

In water, gas and steam lines, laid underground or installed in buildings, Byers Pipe is invariably found in good condition after generations of service.

Literature on Request

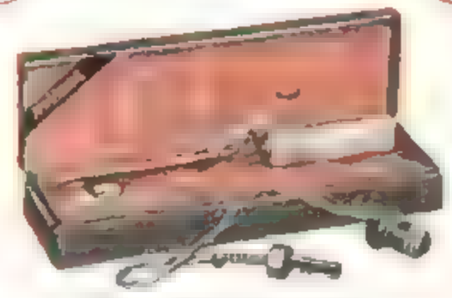
A. M. BYERS COMPANY

PITTSBURGH, PA. Established 1864

Distributors in all Jobbing Centers

THE SPIRAL STRIPE ON BYERS PIPE *also look for name and year rolled in metal*

HOTPOINT LUNCHEON SET



Hotpoint De Luxe Curling Iron

Only iron with Shield opening parallel to Curling Rod. Has tapered up ivory finish handle, gray silk cord. In grain-finished case, silk lined. An excellent graduation gift. Price,

$7.50

Hotpoint Traveling Iron

A beautiful 3-pound Hotpoint Iron, all nickel finish, with white enameled wood handle and pearl gray silk cord. Ideal for the tourist friend. Complete, packed snugly in durable, pebble-grain case. Price,

$7.50

Enduring Gifts That

There's always a thrill in buying for one's self. But how much greater the thrill when the something is for someone else—when it is to be used as a gift, as a token of fond friendship, love or esteem.

And how much greater the responsibility falling upon such an article. How essential it is that it measures up to the highest standard, is worthy of the spirit that goes forth with it.

It is with a full realization of this responsibility that millions are looking for the name "Hotpoint" on electrical appliances selected as gifts for weddings, anniversaries, birthdays and graduations.

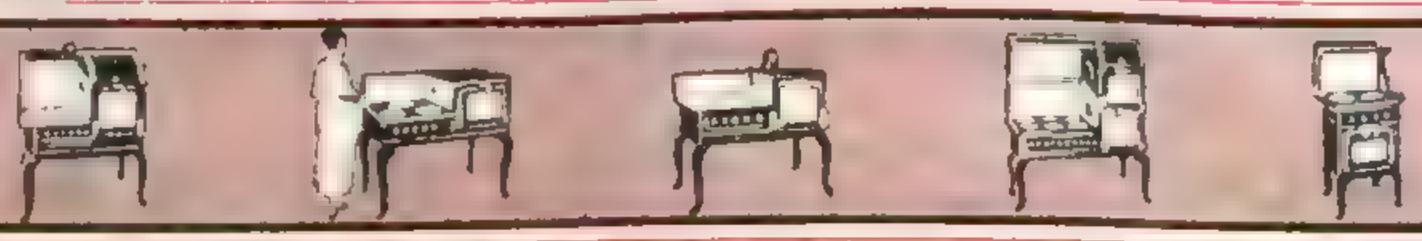
For Hotpoint worthiness is an established

Luncheon Set

shown above embodies our famous Toast-Over Toaster and Dolly Madison Percolator Urn Set in satin silver or nickel finish. Many other attractive set combinations. Units may be purchased separately

Hotpoint

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES



HOTPOINT BREAKFAST SET

Typify Enduring Friendship

fact. Its reputation as the leader in quality and in that enduring service which makes any gift worth while, is known all over the world.

Think of the daily pleasures the recipient would derive and the growing appreciation of your thoughtfulness in selecting as a gift one of the complete Hotpoint Breakfast or Luncheon Sets. If you choose to give one piece at a time, remember additional pieces can be had, all harmonizing in design and finish.

And if you need electric appliances for your own use, you'll naturally make sure that they are Hotpoints, too! Dealers everywhere have them.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.

Chicago · Boston · New York · Atlanta · Cleveland · St Louis · Ontario, Cal. · Salt Lake City

Canadian General Electric Company, Ltd., *Head Office:* Toronto

Breakfast Set

shown above embodies our new Triplex Grill—three cooking operations at once, our new Ornamental Waffle Iron and 6-cup percolator. Coffee Set. Sets priced from $[illegible] to $[illegible]. Units may be purchased separately

Hotpoint Electric Cooker

Light weight, portable, one-unit electric range—bakes, roasts, boils—affords drudgeless electric cookery to every family. Attractive, enduring, gray lacquer finish. An ideal anniversary or birthday gift. Price, complete as shown.

$27.75

The Famous Hotpoint With Improvements

Has the large red Thumb Rest and all other famous Hotpoint features, including attached Heel stand, hinged plug and the *Hot Point*. Weight 6 lbs. The finest iron money can buy! Price,

$6.00

SERVANTS

THERE'S A HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

Ripe Raspberries

Fresh plucked, red and firm, because they're just ripe—oh, man! You'd like to eat the whole pail of 'em.

"It's Ripe Tobacco!"

There's a Bayuk Cigar to delight your taste and please your purse. Consider these five famous Bayuk Brands. Among them you will find the cigar you will want to smoke for keeps.

THE ripe tobacco that goes into all Bayuk Cigars comes from only the finest fields. There is double inspection always, for both quality and ripeness. This is because Bayuk has proved that ripe tobacco is the best. See the man who features Bayuk Ripe Tobacco Cigars. He's a good fellow to tie to, for good smoking.

Practically every dealer can supply you with Bayuk Cigars. If he hasn't the brand you desire, write for Trial Package, but try your dealer first. Dealers desiring name of nearest wholesale distributor, please write us.

This cigar is an outstanding proof of the resourcefulness and initiative of Bayuk Cigars, Inc. It is evidence of the Bayuk policy of making the best possible cigars for the money. This new Charles Thomson is guaranteed ripe long filler and genuine imported Sumatra wrapper. It is pre-war quality in every respect.

CHARLES THOMSON
5c
Trial Package—25 for $1.25

This is Bayuk's first cigar brand of 29 years ago. On this cheery smoke this business was founded and, around it, grew to great size and national importance. It personifies Bayuk vision. An exclusive blend of ripe domestic tobaccos with ripe imported Sumatra wrapper, in likeable sizes.

HAVANA RIBBON
2 *for* 15c
Trial Package—10 for 75c

Here is the largest selling strictly 10c cigar in the world. That's worth thinking about! Uniformity is the keynote of its popularity. Its goodness is unchanging, one cigar or a million. Smooth, mild, yet satisfying always. It has a ripe imported Sumatra wrapper, with ripe domestic filler, grown under Bayuk supervision.

BAYUK PHILADELPHIA HAND MADE
10c
Trial Package—10 for $1.00

There are millions of smokers to whom this cigar has a particular appeal. Men who favor a flavor of Havana, mellowed by the smooth taste of choice, ripe domestic tobaccos. Liberal sizes, without sacrifice of quality. Rolled in superior selections of Sumatra wrapper.

MAPACUBA
10c 2 *for* 25c
and 15c sizes
Trial Package—10 for $1.25

The richness of its imported filler and its exquisite, peaceful mildness combine to make this a princely smoke. In a variety of sizes. Money can buy no better cigar. It is guaranteed Full Havana Filler.

PRINCE HAMLET
3 *for* 50c
15c also 2 *for* 25c
and 10c sizes
Trial Package—10 for $1.50

BAYUK CIGARS INC.

PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 160)

Our house at Honmoku, like all the other houses of the village, had electric light and running cold water, with a Japanese bathtub made of wood, four feet long, three wide and four deep. It had a tight-fitting cover and an iron stove at one end, mercifully hedged off from bare feet by a wooden grating. After the tub was filled with cold water and the stove with ignited charcoal, the cover was put on and in a couple of hours the water reached the boiling point.

Our servants, of course, went every evening to the public bathhouse; but as there were three babies, Dana San and myself, and as life is not supportable in Japan unless one has a hot bath at least once—sometimes twice—a day, our tub was perpetually being heated, used and renewed.

Oddly enough, it was our bathtub which gained us admittance to the good graces of the villagers. We moved down in January, when the weather was bitterly cold, and that winter we had had a light fall of snow, which was rather unusual. One morning, just as we were getting up at eight o'clock, which was three hours after the rest of the village was astir, Toku San summoned me in my kimono to see a caller.

At the door stood a tiny Japanese woman, rosy-cheeked, with snapping black eyes, scanty gray hair and the commanding manner of a Napoleon. Behind her, my garden seemed filled with brawny fishermen, bare-legged but wrapped in short wadded coats of blue burlap, gabbling in excited tones that suggested either a fire or a riot.

"Okusan," said O Baa San, plunging straight to the heart of the matter, "my son-in-law was capsized in his sampan. Having been long in the cold water, and the bathhouse being in process of cleaning, I am desirous of putting my son-in-law in your bath."

Two fishermen, with bobs and bows and muttered apologies, carried the poor fellow in and immersed him in my scalding bath. An hour later O Baa San brought him dry clothes and led him home quite restored.

It was a very small thing to have done on our part; but as things turned out, it helped me in a grave emergency which developed a fortnight later, when a series of misfortunes broke out in the house. First the cook was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, retiring to his father's house, and when I came to take his place at preparing the family meals I did not wonder he had been smitten.

A Trying Emergency

Our kitchen was a lean-to shed, with no wall at either end; the cooking was done over a row of charcoal braziers set on the ground, and as I knelt in front of them, stirring soup, the icy January gales whistled through till my teeth chattered. Each morning I walked a mile each way to the end of the tram line to do the marketing, carving my steaks and chops myself from carcasses with the hide still on.

The day after Cook San went home, the baby amah, Haru San, complained of a sore throat, so I isolated her in her tiny room and sent for a doctor. He assured me it was nothing but tonsillitis, recommending that I paint her throat with a disinfectant; but as it seemed to me I had never seen such a bad throat as poor Haru San's, I asked him point-blank if he thought it might be diphtheria, telling him I would send the girl to a hospital and pay her bills in that case. Yet he insisted it was nothing but a slight attack of tonsillitis.

The next few days were a nightmare of unaccustomed tasks and inconvenient facilities. Shivering in the outdoor kitchen, or tending feverish Haru San, I was conscious that I felt rather ill myself. Suddenly something overwhelmed me; I could not move, I could not breathe; my throat seemed paralyzed.

The American surgeon came posthaste, and in an hour he had grimly packed me off to the isolation ward at the hospital, suffering with diphtheria, while Haru San was sent to a Japanese hospital. Vainly I tried to remonstrate that I could not go; that I must stay home to look after the babies. It was six weeks before I returned.

With Cook San, Haru San and me thus summarily removed, the only servant left to look after the house, care for the three babies and feed Dana San was eighteen-year-old Toku San, a willing, cheerful little country girl. Just before we moved down to Honmoku, Toku San had been married amid many tears—for she was in love with the grocer's boy—to a bald old man of sixty-five who was cook in another foreign house. Toku San he left with us, thriftily collecting her wages, and moved his bag and baggage down to live with her in our servant quarters. Of course, it had to be while I was in the hospital that the old devil came home drunk one night and began to beat Toku San. Her screams aroused Dana San, who went down with a revolver, thinking a burglar was causing the disturbance; so the old cook was much disgruntled at American interference in his domestic affairs, and the next morning forced Toku San to accompany him elsewhere under threat of divorcing her if she refused, thus disgracing her for life.

Dana San's chivalry was ill repaid, for he was now left with a house and three babies on his hands and no servant at all.

The Goodness of O Baa San

O Baa San in some way heard of the affair—I have a suspicion she was peering through the fence during the fracas, for she never missed any excitement in the village—and the next morning she turned the affairs of her own household over to her daughter-in-law, commandeered Ume San, her sixteen-year-old granddaughter, and moved into my house to take the helm—entirely on her own initiative as far as I could find out subsequently.

Everything went like clockwork after that. The house shone like a new pin, the babies throve, Dana San was plied with all sorts of Japanese delicacies in the way of diet, and when I returned I found O Baa San capably sweeping the *tatami*, with the youngest baby strapped on her back, as contented as though he had been born a Japanese. Even my diamonds and odds and ends of jewelry, which in my hurried departure had been left on my dressing table, were in their place, though they had been carefully dusted every day.

There could be no question of O Baa San moving back across the street; she adopted us all, and as long as we stayed in Honmoku, O Baa San ruled us body and soul. Her real name was Uchiyama Fuki, but to everyone in the village she was invariably O Baa San, which means "grandmother."

She scolded the two girls by the hour in the kitchen, chevying them around at their tasks; she strapped the baby on her back and trotted out for a walk in the sunshine with the two toddlers; she interviewed all my tradesmen and reprimanded me for extravagance; she even, to the horror of the young girls, took Dana San himself to task for opening a window which she thought would make a draft upon me, whom she coddled shamefully because I had been ill.

In fact, O Baa San installed herself as the mother-in-law of our ménage, and in Japan the mother-in-law is supreme mistress of the household.

When I returned from the hospital, to find that Dana San, wearied of a Japanese menu, had taken to eating at the club in self-defense, Usui came to the rescue by sending a telegram to Tokio with much ado, promising us mysteriously that all would be well in twenty-four hours; we should have a number-one cook. The next day he appeared triumphantly, having in tow Shinzo, his nephew, who had been a bookkeeper in Tokio till Usui's telegram summoned him peremptorily to become our chef.

Tactfully I intimated that I feared he lacked experience in foreign cooking, but Usui insisted that his nephew would soon be expert under such a talented teacher as Okusan; and anyway, here he was, his job thrown to the winds for our sake; what was to be done?

For once I murmured "*Shigata ga nai*," myself, as I took up the task of instructing Shinzo in culinary mysteries.

I do not like to be unfair to Shinzo, but having trained five other Japanese cooks with good success, I do not feel that I have to impute to my own limitations Shinzo's failure. He took readily to a white coat and cap, and with his ex-cavalryman's mustache was quite a striking figure—especially when, after receiving the day's orders, he drew himself up to salute me in military style.

However, he was utterly incapable of remembering directions from one day to the next, and even when given a recipe written out in Japanese he could not follow it accurately.

Shinzo's place was filled by Ume San, O Baa San's granddaughter, who in three months picked up cooking admirably. Her corn fritters and fried chicken won the hearts of all the young foreign bachelors who trooped down to Honmoku on Sundays to swim and hand up a record of fourteen fritters at a sitting.

Ume San, always smiling, quick, deft and willing, was a delightful sample of Japanese women. Obedient to her elders, well versed and industrious in all household affairs at sixteen, she will make a perfect wife for some young fisherman, will become the mother of many children and the willing slave of the family; until at sixty, if the gods are good, she will become a mother-in-law in her own right and come into her glory like O Baa San.

Ume San's only recreation was to go each evening to the bathhouse; but once—a very special occasion, you understand—she plucked up audacity to ask permission, first from her grandmother and then from me, to get up at four o'clock in the morning to walk three miles to see the crown prince pass in an automobile.

Of course Ume San, like the rest of us, enjoyed the visits of strolling peddlers, who came with bamboo buckets of soapy fluid and little pipes of bamboo from which they blew endless rainbow bubbles—one sen a bowlful of the liquid, with pipe thrown in; or pilgrims in white, with big hats and little bells, who sold paper prayers and gratefully drank a cup of tea at the door while they told us of the miles they had traveled and the sights they had seen.

A Happy Purchase

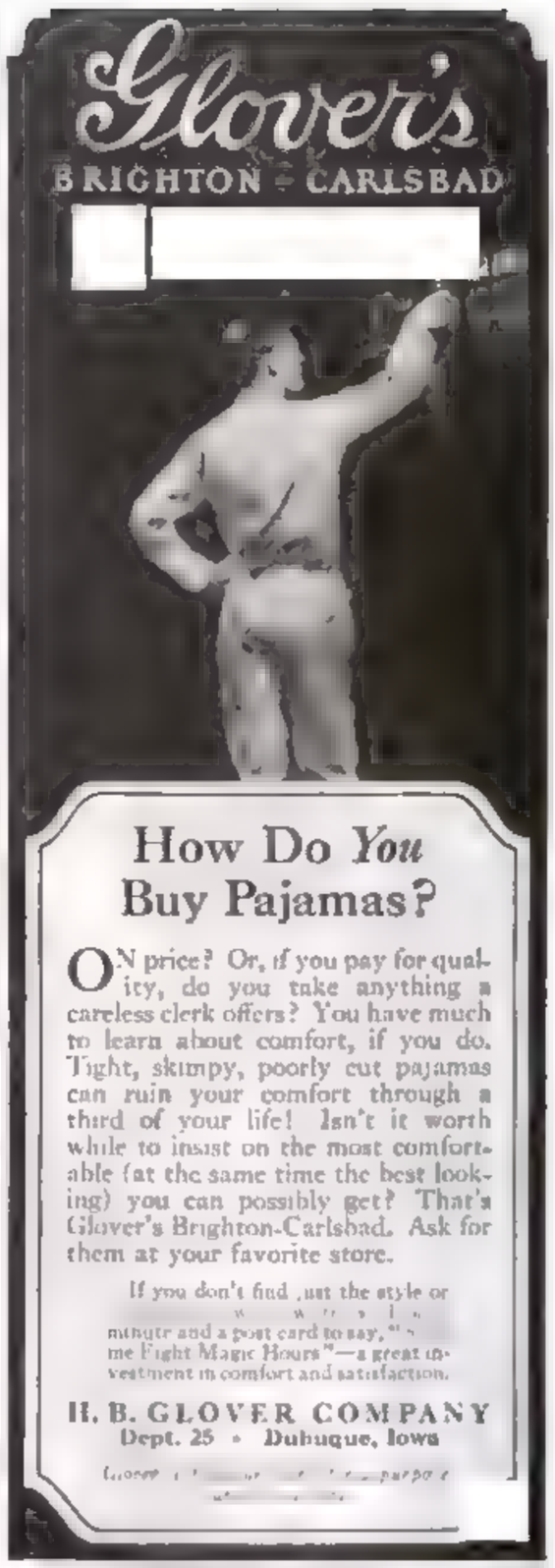
At New Year's came the firemen, looking for their New Year's present, with a ladder, which they erected in the garden for the performance of astonishing tricks that would have made an acrobat's fortune, but were difficult to place in a fireman's profession.

Sometimes a blind masseuse strayed into our garden, chanting her plaintive song: "*Amma kami shimo, ni hyaku mo*"—"massage for the upper and lower body, two hundred mills, or two sen"—and perhaps O Baa San would stretch her rheumatic limbs on the *tatami* to be kneaded by the supple fingers of the blind woman.

It was hard to send them away without some slight donation, for it was rumored that the blind men and women lived with severe masters who sent them out under strict injunction not to return until an adequate amount was earned. Certainly, whether that was true or not, one might hear that plaintive chant at any hour of the day or night as the blind *ammas* tapped their way about.

During my first summer in Japan, Usui and I scoured the shops to find furnishings for the house we had taken on the Bluff. One day in a china shop on Benten dori, I saw some beautiful vases in the window and entered upon negotiations with the merchant to have a dinner service made up for me by the same artist.

"Yessu, Okusan: can do, but berry difficuru to make estimate on such artist work," said the proprietor.



How Do *You* Buy Pajamas?

ON price? Or, if you pay for quality, do you take anything a careless clerk offers? You have much to learn about comfort, if you do. Tight, skimpy, poorly cut pajamas can ruin your comfort through a third of your life! Isn't it worth while to insist on the most comfortable (at the same time the best looking) you can possibly get? That's Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad. Ask for them at your favorite store.

If you don't find just the style or ... minute and a post card to say, "... me Eight Magic Hours"—a great investment in comfort and satisfaction.

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ATLANTA, GEORGIA
Where Traditional Hospitality Is Kept Ever Flowering.
Flawless Bowman Service. Perfect cuisine—extremely moderate prices.
600 handsome outside rooms, with bath, single $3.50, $4 and $5; double $5.50, $6, $7 and $8.
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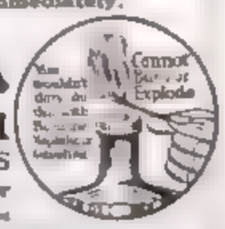
Cleans Silk and Satin Slippers
They must be absolutely clean on ALL occasions. Carbona cleans them like new. It dries instantly, leaving absolutely no after-odor, and they can be worn immediately.
For Safety's Sake—demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20c 30c 60c & $1 Sizes Bottles at all Drug Stores



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The courtesy of the road with TUNG-SOLS . . . TUNG-SOL bulbs are so accurately made that they may be readily focussed. This means that you can obtain a bright driving light without glare. Motorists driving toward you are grateful for this courtesy, which not only assures safety to yourself, but to other users of the highway.
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"Let Tung-Sol Light the Way"
Tung-Sol Lamp Works, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patent
TUNG-SOL MINIATURE

Mindful of the warnings from old residents not to allow shopkeepers to overcharge me, I insisted upon a written estimate before I would give the order. The suave dealer writhed and wriggled, but eventually gave in, furnishing me with a weird document in phonetic English in which it was set forth that the dinner set would cost me ninety yen and would be delivered in three months.

Shortly afterward a kimonoed boy, wabbling precariously on a bicycle, brought me the artist's sketches for the six designs to be used, exquisite miniature representations of famous Japanese historical legends. Every detail of armor and costume was accurately portrayed; even the hair, which at first glance seemed a solid splash of black, on close examination showed as scores of fine brush strokes.

The three months of waiting having finally rolled by, I visited the shop to inquire about my dinner service; for three months longer I went two and three times a week to ask. Inevitably the shopkeeper smiled his alibi, "*Shigata ga nai*," and artfully sold me another set of china to use in the interim.

But when my longed-for dishes were finally delivered they were well worth the months of waiting. Connoisseurs who came to dinner remonstrated at eating from them, declaring they should be in a museum; collectors of armor assured me the details were perfect; and eventually it was borne in upon me that I possessed a treasure of art made by the foremost living artist of Japan.

Thereupon I became greedy to procure more of his work while he yet lived. The baffling shopkeeper regretted politely that he could provide no more of the artist's work; but I got the address, and calling a ricksha and interpreter, rode out into the country.

Saito Hodo's little cottage clung to a hilltop like a limpet on a rock, with a terraced garden straggling down the slope below. Over the tea, served by his wrenlike little brown wife, I complimented Saito Hodo, through the interpreter, upon his work, asking him to do more for me.

The Artistic Temperament

Hodo was a bent little man, with gold-bowed spectacles and a distant manner. He received my flattery with cold politeness and refused absolutely to consider another commission, though I had offered to let him set the price himself. Baffled and disappointed, on my return home I asked the interpreter the reason:

"Why, Hirose San, would Hodo not do the work? Is he so rich that he desires to cease from toil?"

"No, Okusan, Hodo is not a rich man; furthermore he is an artist who desires always to work, to progress. He would not do the work for you because in the first instance you made a bargain with the agent that the price should not be more than ninety yen.

"Hodo told me that he worked six months, with great drain upon his spirit and tax upon his eyes, and the money he received was too little for his work."

"But I told him today I would pay anything he asked."

"Yes, Okusan, it is not the money."

"Then tell me the reason, Hirose San."

"I am very sorrowful to do so, Okusan; you will not like to hear it."

"Never mind, tell me the truth, Hirose San."

"Well, then, if you must know, Okusan, Hodo does not care to work for you because he thinks you a haggler, one who would put a price upon artistry which cannot be estimated in coin. The money is nothing. It is your spirit which grieves him."

In the end I drew out from Hirose San an explanation of the old philosophy of workmanship in Japan before Western nations brought their code of contracts, estimates and firm offers backed by courts of law.

In the old days, he said, the conception of labor bargaining with capital did not exist; instead each party was bound by a code of honor which required the artisan to do his best at any task regardless of the time or labor involved, while it forbade the patron to haggle over the price of the finished work. If one ordered, for instance, a cabinet of gold lacquer, the workman toiled for months till he knew that he had accomplished his utmost; then he brought the cabinet to you with a modest statement based on his actual cost of living and materials during the time he had been engaged upon your commission; whereupon you, the patron, were expected to reimburse the artist for his time and materials, adding a reasonable profit and whatever largess your appreciation of the work dictated. Public opinion castigated both the workman who charged too dearly and the patron who rewarded in a niggardly spirit.

Feminine Diplomacy

Hirose told me that this spirit might still be found in the country among workmen who had not come in direct contact with the semi-European civilization of the Treaty Ports, but when I quoted him at dinner tables on the Bund, my fellow foreigners scoffed. Business men insisted that all Japanese were tricky, bent on defrauding foreigners; that one's only protection lay in securing written estimates or binding contracts; and foreign women, who ran their households with much vexation over the extortionate charges of butcher, baker and tailor, agreed heartily with their husbands' verdicts.

But presently I had the chance to vindicate myself and prove that in Japan, as in some other places on the globe, one is apt to receive the same kind of treatment he dispenses; that honor is sometimes as powerful as a legal contract.

We began to feel cramped in our little house; another room was indubitably needed. Again Dana San went to the carpenter with an interpreter and spent much time explaining to him the theory of an estimate and the necessity of its being submitted before the order could be given.

Daiku San—the carpenter—protested that it was impossible to know how much lumber or how many workmen would be required before the work was actually accomplished; but in the end he sent over a sheet of rice paper covered with black hen tracks, which the interpreter translated as an estimate of three hundred yen for building a room on to our domicile.

Dana San was almost apoplectic over this high estimate; he vowed that no room should be built if we all had to sleep out on the sand, or words to that effect.

A week or two I waited in diplomatic silence, then strolled down the village street one afternoon to Daiku San's house, which was a much more imposing structure than my own, for Daiku San was full of years and wealth and the respect of his neighbors.

"*Konnichi wa*"—"Good day"—I intoned, bending my head to step through the low wicket gate in the high, iron-studded fence around Daiku San's garden, and slipping off my shoes at the entrance to the house.

"*Irasshai*" — "Welcome" shrilled Daiku San's wife, coming swiftly to push me a silk cushion on her bended knees. She shuffled off to brew me a cup of tea and I could hear her from the kitchen adjuring Daiku San to hurry.

In such weather, the *shoji* throughout the house were pushed back, so I could see through to the garden in the rear, where Daiku San, in a very airy costume, was holding a board firmly with his big toe while he drew a plane toward himself as though preparing to cut off his leg at the thigh at every stroke. He dropped his work at his spouse's hail, came into the house and went through the delicious comedy of attiring himself in a handsome black silk kimono not ten feet away from me, as oblivious of my presence as I was supposed to

(Continued on Page 169)

99 9/10 EFFICIENT

PROTECTOMOTOR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Perfect Positive Protection

99 9/10 EFFICIENT

keeps your motor fit

until the rest of the car is worn out

Five Years of Proof

Five years' actual use on many makes of automobiles, trucks and tractors, tests made by the University of California, the United States Government, automotive manufacturers and engineers, prove every claim made in this advertisement.

Protectomotor Prevents Wear

By *filtering* ALL dust, sand and grit out of the 9,000 gallons of air that enter the motor with every gallon of gasoline Protectomotor prevents wear on all moving parts 75% to 85% and insures a quiet-running, efficient, full-powered motor 3 to 5 times as long before regrinding valves, removing carbon and overhauling motor is necessary.

Protectomotor Reduces Carbon Deposits

Hard carbon that causes "knocks" in the motor and other troubles is due largely to dust. Protectomotor, by *filtering* the dust out of the air, reduces carbon deposits and resultant troubles 60% to 75%.

Protectomotor Muffles Carburetor Noises

It is the only air cleaning device that does this. Protectomotor also controls air temperatures and tends to obviate frequent carburetor adjustments.

Protectomotor Is Standard Equipment

These leading manufacturers have made Protectomotor standard equipment:

General Motors Corporation on G.M.C. Trucks and Buses
International Motor Co. on Mack Trucks and Buses
Willys-Overland Co. on Willys-Knight 6-cylinder cars
Yellow Coach Mfg. Co. on Buses and Coaches, Fifth Avenue, New York; Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit

Andre Citroen (France)
Bean Spray Pump Co.
Buffalo Springfield Roller Co.
Bucyrus Co.
J. I. Case T. M. Co.
Clark Trucktractor Co.
Elgin Street Sweeper Co.
Fageol Motors Co.
Fiat (Italy)
Field Force Pump Co.
Holt Manufacturing Co.
Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co.
International Harvester Co.
LeRoi Engine Co.
Novo Engine Co.
and others

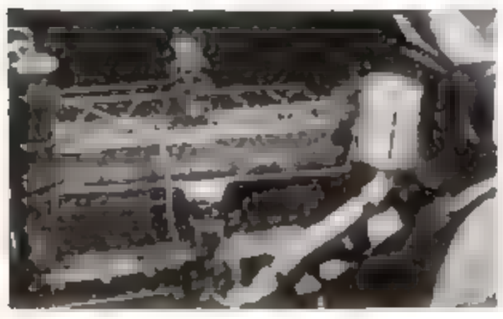
Your Motor Needs Filtered Air

Protectomotor is the only device 99 9-10% efficient for this purpose. It is 99 9-10% efficient under any and all operating conditions whether the motor is idling or running at highest speed and at no time effects the horse power of the motor. You take no chances when you equip your car with a Protectomotor as every installation is guaranteed. If your dealer cannot supply you, send make and model of car and make and model of carburetor. Easily installed, the Protectomotor requires no cleaning or other attention. *Before buying an air cleaner get the results of tests made by University of California. Free on request.*

Some good territory open for distributors. Opportunities for high grade salesmen with present distributors and branches.

STAYNEW FILTER CORPORATION
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A Motor without a Protectomotor is like a Watch without a Case

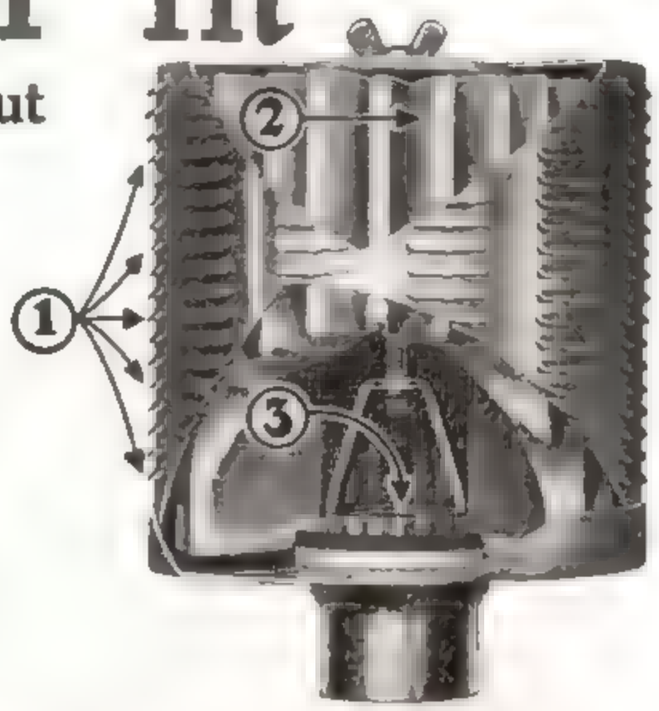


Protectomotor on Packard "8"

Protectomotor on Cadillac "V-61 and 63"

Protectomotor on Buick "6"

Protectomotor on Studebaker Light "6"



1 Air enters large number of small openings in outer shell at low velocity so the coarse particles of dust are separated by gravity.

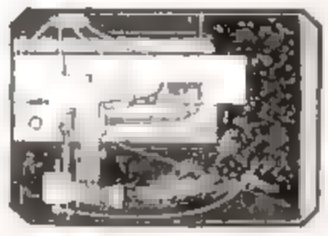
2 Specially constructed filtering material chemically treated, removes even the finest (those that cause wear) particles of dust but readily permits air to pass through.

3 Pure, clean, FILTERED warm air passes through this outlet to carburetor and motor, the fine dust (the cause of wear) entirely removed

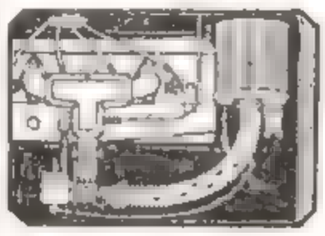
Important:—Protectomotor is made of aluminum and rust-proof material throughout. Due to highest grade of workmanship and material it presents an unusually attractive appearance.

Clean white filtering medium before being placed in service on machine

After service, showing dust, sand, grit and dirt kept out of the motor



Shows how dust laden air enters the carburetor and motor when motor is NOT protected with a Protectomotor.

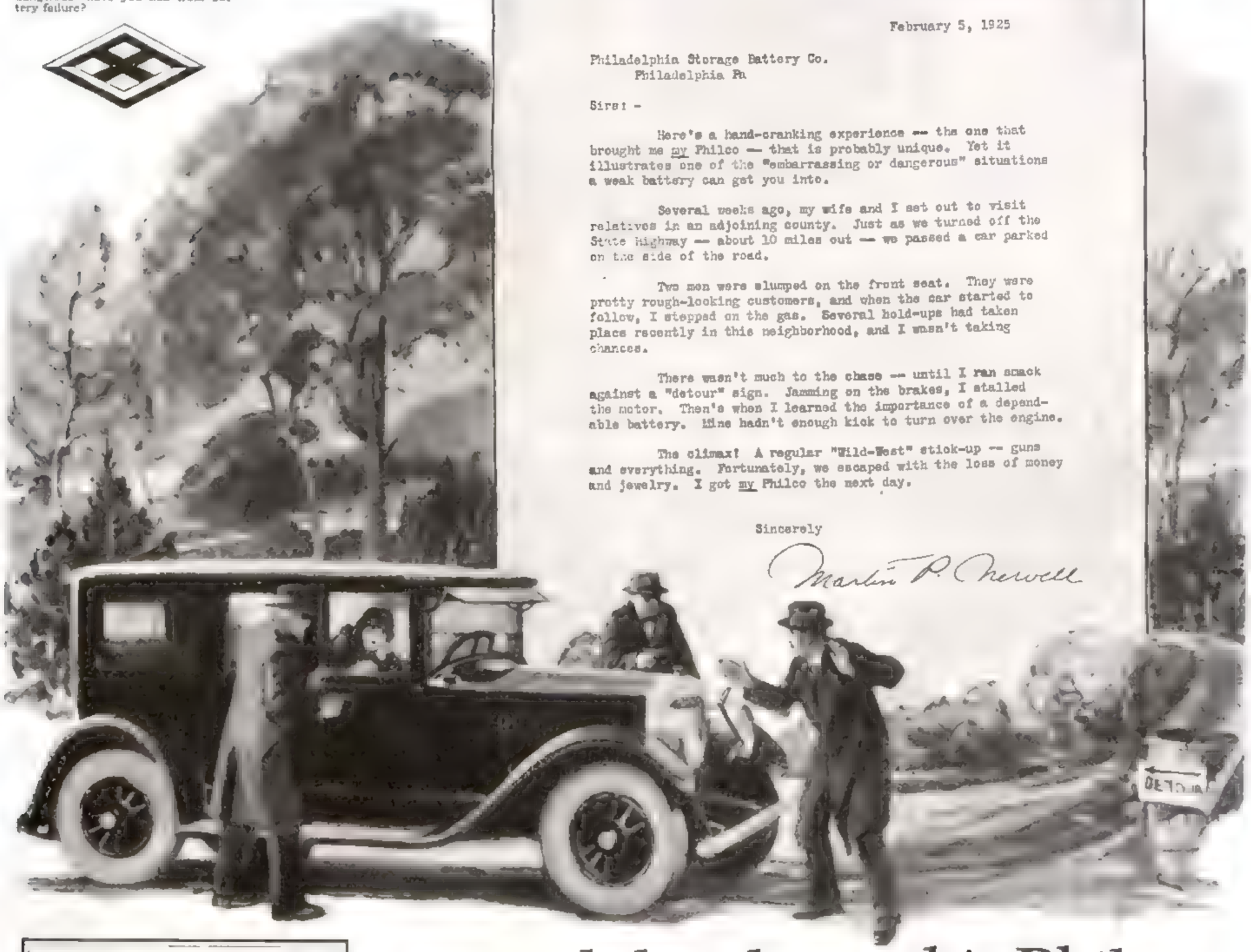


Typical installation of Protectomotor showing how only FILTERED pure warm air is delivered to carburetor and motor.

Important

Suitable air-filtering equipment of this type for electric motors, air compressors, pipe organs and buildings. Write for details

THIS HAPPENED TO MR. M P N
—and then he got his Philco!
What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had from battery failure?



February 5, 1925

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
Philadelphia Pa

Sirs: -

Here's a hand-cranking experience -- the one that brought me my Philco -- that is probably unique. Yet it illustrates one of the "embarrassing or dangerous" situations a weak battery can get you into.

Several weeks ago, my wife and I set out to visit relatives in an adjoining county. Just as we turned off the State Highway -- about 10 miles out -- we passed a car parked on the side of the road.

Two men were slumped on the front seat. They were pretty rough-looking customers, and when the car started to follow, I stepped on the gas. Several hold-ups had taken place recently in this neighborhood, and I wasn't taking chances.

There wasn't much to the chase -- until I ran smack against a "detour" sign. Jamming on the brakes, I stalled the motor. Then's when I learned the importance of a dependable battery. Mine hadn't enough kick to turn over the engine.

The climax! A regular "Wild-West" stick-up -- guns and everything. Fortunately, we escaped with the loss of money and jewelry. I got my Philco the next day.

Sincerely

Martin P. Norwell

—and then he got his Philco!

Philco *Drynamic*—a high-powered battery made even more powerful! For quicker and never-failing starts—for hotter and steadier ignition—for the brilliant road-flooding lights that make night-driving safe.

No wonder that thousands of car owners—veteran motorists who demand the utmost protection against hand-cranking experiences—against the dangers and humiliations of battery failure—are installing these new *super*-powered *Drynamic* Philcos!

Even with the famous Diamond-Grid Plates, Philco Retainers, and a TWO-YEAR guarantee, this new *Drynamic* Philco costs you no more than just an ordinary battery. With bar-grid plates, as low as $14.50 exchange.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

PHILCO Farm Lighting, Radio, Electric Truck; Industrial Tractors, Passenger Cars, Mine Locomotives; Auxiliary Power, Marine, Isolated Plant BATTERIES

See the acid poured in!

Philco *Drynamic* Batteries are made DRY and shipped DRY—but CHARGED. Being dry, they cannot deteriorate while in shipment or on the dealer's shelf. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the acid—just before installing the battery in your car. You are certain to get the full life of the battery.

Ask for Philco *Drynamic—see the acid poured in*—and you can't get a stale battery.

RADIO OWNERS—For better radio reception, use Philco "A" and "B" Storage Batteries. Acid-tight glass containers—built-in charge indicators—mahogany cases. Recharge in your living room without changing a single wire.

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 166)

be of his; and he arrived before me, bowing ceremoniously, at the same time as the tea tray.

Skirting warily the subject of the estimate and Dana San's refusal to accept it, we discussed the weather, the catch of fish last night and Daiku San's newest grandchild, which brought the conversation neatly to the subject in hand, for I had a new baby myself, and it was easy to introduce the question of crowded accommodations.

"Daiku San," I said plaintively, "I need a new room in my house badly; I have no place to put my new baby amah."

"That is quite plain," replied Daiku San sympathetically. "On next Monday I will come with my men to build it."

That was every word we exchanged about building the room. Daiku San brought his apprentices and stayed to oversee the work himself. Freed from the annoyance of an estimate, he entered into the spirit of the occasion admirably, inventing a new scheme—which had not occurred to any of us hitherto—of hitching the room onto the ground floor, which obviated raising the roof as first planned.

It was my part to supply the workmen with unlimited tea and dissemble my Occidental impatience when they knocked off work two or three times an hour for a whiff of their little pipes. The work being finished, I complimented Daiku San scrupulously upon its excellence, while he modestly deprecated my praise; his men tidied up the litter of chips and shavings, and I heard no more of the matter for months.

Then a bill in scrawling black ideographs was left at the door, which I handed with pardonable triumph to Dana San. The total cost of constructing the room, by Japanese procedure between Daiku San and me, was seventy-five yen!

This time there could be no question of scoffing; Dana San and I had each talked to the same man about the same work. His estimate, delivered under Western conditions, had been three hundred yen; his actual bill, when the work had been done according to his own ways, was just a quarter of that sum.

Daiku San's son will not do business in that fashion. He will wear a European business suit, write his letters on an American typewriter and figure his costs and profits as smartly as a Yankee trader; but I am very grateful to have had the privilege of knowing old Daiku San, with his samurai code of simplicity, integrity and pride in craftsmanship.

Misinformation

This, then, is the record of my experience as an immigrant in Japan. I have tried to draw a faithful picture of the first years, when we were so pitifully isolated and insulated from the native life about us, missing opportunities to understand the Japanese and, no doubt, giving them an impression of haughtiness, narrowness and peculiarity in us, as representatives of foreign nations, that contributed little to an international understanding.

I feel personally that, for all our arrogance, the Japanese Government and people alike treated us in the main far more tolerantly and kindly than immigrants are often received in Western lands.

I have tried to show, by tales such as that of the old man of Jimbohara, how frequently sheer ignorance leads to unfortunate misconceptions. Unquestionably, and with perfect justice, if he judges from that isolated instance, the old man of Jimbohara considers Americans an ill-bred, insolent race. It is just such judgments on slight grounds that make up the warp and woof of international prejudices and hatreds.

One evening, in the beautiful Fujiya Hotel at Miyanoshita, an educated Japanese, graduate of Oxford and widely traveled, said to me:

"Oh, yes, we will fight America some day; and when we do so, we will win. Why, last summer when I was traveling in America, my Pullman porter told me that when we declare war on America, all the negroes in the South will revolt and join us."

You see? He was taking a snap judgment based on the casual remark of an unreliable, unrepresentative citizen of America, yet doubtless he has repeated it often, with incalculable influence among his countrymen.

Even my loyal, faithful Usui, who proved his devotion to my family by years of unremitting service, had his mite of gossip to contribute. Washing the windows in my room one day, he noticed the photographs of my family in army and navy uniforms upon the wall.

"What service does Dana San belong to?" he asked.

Silly Statements

I explained that Dana San was a pure civilian, which he could not comprehend at first, as he thought in his ignorance that America had conscription even as Japan.

"But if he is no kind of a soldier, what will he do in the war, Okusan?"

"What war do you mean, Usui?"

"The war between America and Japan, Okusan."

"When is that war coming?" I asked.

"Oh, in a couple of years. We talk about it at the bath nights. Everyone knows that there will be war; that is why the price of rice has gone up so much. The government is putting away quantities so that the soldiers will have enough to eat in America, for they don't have rice over there."

This from Usui! I stared at him.

"Usui, do you mean that you would shoot me and the babies as enemies?"

"Oh, no, Okusan. We Japanese do not make war like the Germans. We would put you in an internment camp till we won the war. Of course, we should win, for Japan has never been defeated in a war yet."

You hear the same silly statements from Americans at home—"War with Japan some day." "America could lick Japan in a week." Statesmen in Washington and Tokio are putting their heads together in wise plans for the future; the intelligent diplomats and military men of both nations recognize that a war would be absurd; the blue waters of the Pacific, let us hope, will be wide enough and cool enough to cool off the hot-headed utterances of both nationalities before they strike a spark that can set off a conflagration.

Radio, movies, cables, books may do much in the future to increase international understanding and lessen international friction; but in the last analysis it is the immigrants of each nation upon whom rests the responsibility of creating a friendly international feeling. Every Japanese who comes to America, every American who goes to Japan, is, in his small way, an ambassador from his country; from his personality and actions the whole will be judged by the majority with whom he comes in contact.

Therefore it is pleasant to me to remember that on the day I sailed from Japan, my servants, who had known me best, seen me most intimately, day in, day out, were gathered on the wharf to say good-by with every evidence of sincere regret.

On the *hatoba* confetti was flying, band playing, people thronging to see their friends off. In my cabin O Baa San knelt by me, holding my hand. "You have been like my own daughter," she said brokenly, and hid her face behind her sleeve as the tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks.

As the boat moved slowly from the pier I saw Usui, Toku San and Ume San waving to me and the babies; beside them stood O Baa San, her face still behind her sleeve.

A few months later, in the great earthquake, they tell me a tidal wave washed over Honmoku and the little houses near the beach. I wonder wistfully where O Baa San was on that day.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles giving the experiences of an American woman living in Japan.

"Suddenly, one day,
after twenty years
I learned how to shave"

"I'd got into a habit, like lots of fellows, in shaving year after year with the same old 'safety.'

"I'd not kept up with the times. I'd heard of new inventions in razors, but I stayed in a rut.

"I was out camping with a fellow who used a Valet AutoStrop Razor and was very enthusiastic. 'Just try it,' he urged.

"Believe me, it was a revelation during those two weeks.

"Results! Oh, what a difference! It's all in the stropping, I learned.

"Give it a few strokes just before shaving.

"I'll never go back to the ordinary 'safety' because I'll never be content with a blade giving only a few shaves—each one worse as the blade dulls. I know the right way, now."

This is the experience of many men. Maybe *you* are in a habit rut, so far as shaving is concerned. Have *you* tried the Valet AutoStrop Razor which automatically sharpens its blades without removal—cleans, too, without removal?

Why not? Why keep to old-fashioned ways? Only by new tests can you progress. Just try a Valet AutoStrop Razor. Note its superiority.

Valet AutoStrop Razor
REG U S PAT OFF

A wide selection of sets, ranging from simple combination of razor, strop and blade to complete toilet kits—$1 to $25.

The RAZOR That Sharpens Itself

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 656 First Avenue, New York City

"Restoring an Old Treasure"

Kyanize old things—
—make them rival new

Let KYANIZE Floor Finish help *you* to have the home you want! If a chair looks scratched or the varnish has come off—refinish it yourself with KYANIZE Floor Finish. It varnishes and stains in one single operation.

Bureaus, tables, desks—refinish them yourself with KYANIZE Floor Finish. Ready to use as it comes from the can.

Made for floors, KYANIZE Floor Finish produces a hard, high gloss, waterproof, durable surface that even gritty heels cannot scratch white and, *for that very reason*, it is ideal for furniture.

Comes in eight attractive shades, from Light Oak to Dark Mahogany; also in clear or natural. If there is no KYANIZE dealer near you, send One Dollar for our special offer featured below.

Results Guaranteed Absolutely

When KYANIZE Products are used in accordance with the simple directions, absolute satisfaction is guaranteed or our dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price for the empty can. If they don't we will.

BOSTON VARNISH CO., 403 Everett Sta., Boston 49, Mass.

Special $1. Offer

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and *One Dollar* and we will forward to you, charges prepaid, a full pint can of KYANIZE Floor Finish and a good brush to apply it. Mention color desired.
KYANIZE Floor Finish Colors: Light Oak, Walnut or Brown Mahogany, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Golden Oak, Colonial Green, Cherry, Natural or Clear, Rosewood or Dark Mahogany.

Kyanize

VARNISHES & ENAMELS
for Floors ~ Furniture ~ Woodwork

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

you can't get it to running just the Same again, and make the lines all Match Up even. That's the trouble with a Lot of Poets—they Shut the Engine Off at the end of Every Line, trying to Save Gas—and their Poetry Shows it.

For the benefit of Folks who has got Tin Lizzies and aint tried Writing Poetry yet, and some of the Poets sending in Stuff to the Salome Sun and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who Evidently aint got No Lizzie but maybe can Borrow One, the Reptyle Kid and Me will now give a Demonstration of the Best Way to write Good Spring Poetry. Archie Bald says as how maybe Some Day, him having More Education, he will show us how to write something with Real Class.

Start her Up, Bill, and let the Kid show Folks what a Good Garage Man can Do when he's feeling Bad and Remorseful—which he sure ought to after what he Charged that Tourist from Indiana for Messing up his Timer and Regulating his Carburetor. This is the Reptyle Kid working now—and he Assumes all Liability for What he Does. Give him a little time as the engine is Cold this morning. Now Listen to him Work:

I'm a Katy Did—
The Reptyle Kid
And I like to Sing
In the Spring (One Cylinder Missed then)
I was First Mechanic
On the old Titantic
But I'd Rather Rest
Out Here in the West
And Build Me a Nest.

We had to Shut the engine off on the Kid then. He aint so Good this morning and he forgot his Ear Plugs and was trying to Keep up with the Engine and if I hadn't of Shut it Off he would have run on for an Hour, trying to find Words to rhyme with Rest—which is one of the Best Things he Does—but it Aint Good Poetry.

Start her up again, Bill, and I'll see What I can do while we're waiting for someone to come along from Iowa or Ohio with their Rear Bearings Burned Out or their Valves needing Grinding. Easy, Bill, and Not so Fast, because I don't Feel that way this morning. That's about right—so Here Goes. This Ought to be Good:

Me Thinks we shall Soon have Rain
(The Kid says I'm Crazy,
For the Clouds Hang Low O'er Head;
(The Boys Have Gone Outside to Look)
The East Wind Rattles the (Gimme the Ear Plugs) Window Panes
And the Sun Last Night Set Red.

Now don't that Beat the Devil—running out of Gas just as I was Getting Going Good—but it ain't So Bad for a Starter and it Shows what a Good Garage Man can do when it comes to Writing Poetry with a Tin Lizzie. I read it Out Loud to see how it Sounded and the Frog just Looked at Me out of the corner of his Eye and Hopped Off around behind the Garage like he thought it might be catching or else maybe it Might Rain.

Chloride Kate says it Might be Poetry but it is a Lie and sounds to Her like someone must have brung a Bottle of Cactus Juice to town Last Night—making us talk about East Winds and Clouds and Window Panes rattling when everybody knows there aint No Windows in a Tent and it aint Apt to Rain for Seven Years More. Kate never heard of Poetic License—and if she did she'd Probably think it was something like Poll Tax or a Tag on an automobile or the kind you hang around a Dog's Neck. You can't expect a woman like Chloride Kate to Make Good Poetry to the Tune of a Hot Cake turner and Eggs sizzling in Bacon Grease—but She Sure can Cook stuff that Tastes like Good Poetry Sounds.

In order to Stimulate and Encourage the writing of Good Spring Poetry, I'm offering a Statute of the Frog as 1st Prize and a Life Time Subscription (length uncertain) to the Salome Sun as the 2nd Prize for the Best Spasms submitted this Spring—not to Exceed 8 or 12 Lines, as me and the Reptyle Kid both got Good Ears and can tell from the 1st Few Lines whether the Engine is Running Good or Something the Matter with it. Don't send No Stamps and expect to get anything Back—because we Never Give Nothing Back to No One—and we don't get the Cancellation of the Stamps no more since we Lost the Post Office. Archie Bald is practising Up and maybe I can get him to Make some Poetry before Long.

—DICK WICK HALL,
Editor & Auto Poet.

Drab Ballads
XVIII

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, TABOO & TABAH (HINDOO LEGERDEMANIACS) sang with great success the remarkable song-drama, entitled:

"HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOUR JUST DESSERTS," THE HARRIED HILDA HISSED, AND SHE HIT THE CAITIFF WITH A PIECE OF PIE

I long to see an old-time melodrama once again,
And hear the blood-and-thunder they would spill,
When the villain, riding-booted,
And the hero, homespun-suited,
Would fight to give the gall'ry gods a thrill.
The heroine was so beset in ev'ry act and scene,
And Virtue had a bad time being good.
Well I recollect one play
Where the heroine, at bay,
Turned on the villain while the gall'ry booed:

REFRAIN

"Here's where you get your just desserts!" the harried Hilda hissed,
And she hit the caitiff with a piece of pie.
The knave he was disgusted, for the pastry it was custid,
So he tied her in a burning house to die.
Her calls for help brought out the fire laddies,
But the villain had the firemen beguiled.
They forgot the flames were rising,
For he had them harmonizing:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

—*Harry G. Smith.*

The song you can appreciate, though low or high of talents.
This song, it made a wire walker almost lose her balance.

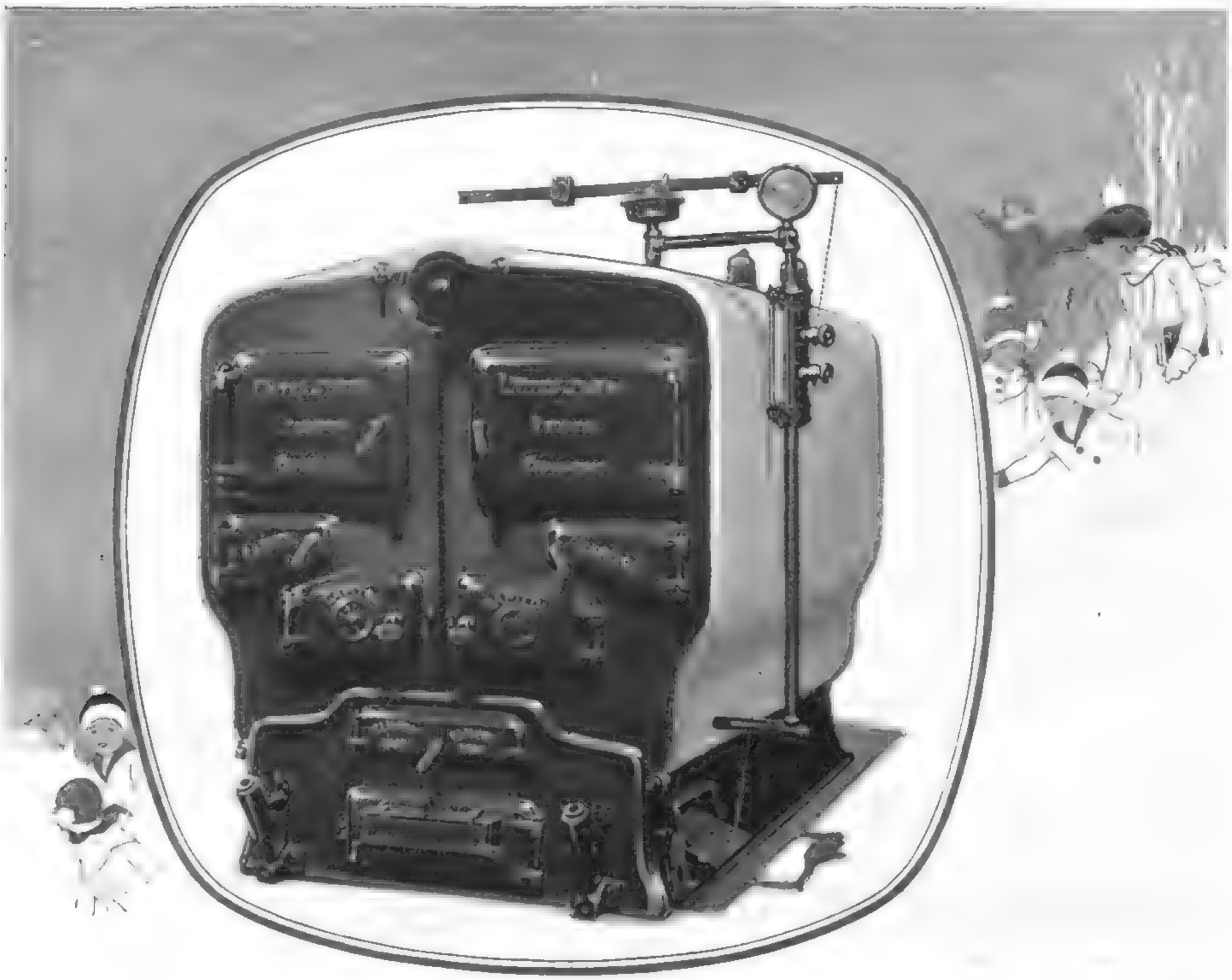
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

A Modest Maid

SHE had manners so beguiling,
And was such a winsome miss,
With her sunny ways and smiling,
That I asked her for a kiss.
Cunning seemed she and coquettish
As she answered roguishly,
With a murmured, pert and pettish,
"There'll be someone sure to see!"

Out we strolled into the shadows
That the flooding moonlight threw,
While the late birds from the meadows
Trilled across the dusk and dew.
Rose a cloud, and when behind it
Peered the sly old moon at me,
Whispered she, "I shouldn't mind it
If the man in the moon should see!"

—*Clinton Scollard.*



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"Temperamental" boilers will not do. They must perform day in and day out with unfailing regularity. Wasteful boilers will not do. They must extract the last unit of heat energy from fuel.

Because of these rigid requirements, we are proud indeed of the long list of schools and churches which are being served by Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators. Each day the list grows longer—the indorsement more impressive.

When considering the heating requirements of your own home it will be quite worth while to remember that, in thirty-five years, no Capitol has ever failed an owner.

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UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

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"a life-saver in the mud"

"FELLOW TOURISTS: *they're your one biggest help—* when you need them!"

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"There was the detour in the storm just west of Dayton—the descent of the famous long hill west of Wheeling in a blinding rain—the slippery brick roads between Wheeling and Pittsburgh.

"And I used them again on the wet, high crowned macadam roads in the Pennsylvania mountains. They brought me out of the sand between Atlantic City and New York. They made going possible on earth roads in Indiana.

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—Mr. Frank Fulton, 843 Galt Ave., Chicago.

The touring season is here. Get WEED Chains for your car now. And ask for a box of spare WEED Cross Chains. Any dealer will be glad to show you the tourist's outfit. Equip your car today.

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Look for this display in your dealer's store—get a tourist's outfit—chains, extra cross chains and pliers—have it when you need it!

TESSIE WORKS THE SHIFT

(Continued from Page 29)

If I'd had time I might have wondered why Mrs. Wallie was willing to pay so high just to have a friend jolted; but from then on until nearly nine the Gloriana lobby was no place to work out puzzles in, cross words or kind. Finally, though, the last sporting extra had been sold, Mame had dressed the candy counter and flitted to keep a movie date; only a thin trickle of late diners was drifting past from the grill, and I has a chance to slip behind the folding screen that hides the rest stools and returns. I opens my vanity case, renews some of the scenery that's been brushed off during the rush, and does a little finger-nail buffing while I draws a few long breaths.

Almost time for friend Phil to show up, unless he was going to boob the play by deciding to do his bonbon shopping somewhere else. But most likely Mrs. Wallie had planned how to steer him straight here. She was good at such things, I could tell that. But how much simpler it would have been if she'd thought to tag him with a red rose so there'd be no chance of a mistake. Anyway, I'd almost go two to one I could pick him out from her description. One of these eye-rolling chappies that's always on the watch for admiring glances, whether he's crossing a ballroom or strolling down the Avenue, but such an old campaigner and with so many fluttering around him that he can afford to be choosy.

All right, let him come with his nose in the air. I'd met these drawing-room pets before, and just for the sport of it I'd let loose my full-voltage baby stare on 'em, to see what would happen. Say, I've had 'em hanging over the counter as confidential and chatty as any out-of-town buyer. And then I've opened the ice-house door. Men are men, whether they have their names in the Social Register or only in the telephone directory. And if I couldn't get friend Phil taking notice, then there was something wrong with him. How I would chill the atmosphere, though, when I got him warmed up! For there was a salary hung on this.

'Course, it was only a chance pick-up; but if I got away with it strong, why couldn't I work up a nice little side line? I might win myself quite a rep as a sheik tamer, and there might be others in Mrs. Keith's set who had friends or hubbies that needed their ambitions jolted. If so, I was open for contract.

Kind of sure of myself? Why, one of the Gloriana's most contented room clerks would have had nothing on me about then. I struck a siren pose with the screen as a background, eyelashes drooped, chin up and one elbow out. And I was still holding the picture when I hears someone stepping across the marble floor from the elevator—firm, easy footsteps that ended at the candy case.

That must be him, right on the tick of 9:30. But for a second or so I don't look around. Not me. Let him get the effect first. Make him open the act. And always treat 'em haughty at the start. Then when I do favor 'em with my famous smile, it's more apt to register. Now he's shuffling his feet as he inspects the stock. All I need to do to know if it's friend Phil or not is to glance up at the balcony. But he might see it and get wise. Besides, I want to do my own guessing. First, I'll let him dangle a bit.

And the next thing I knew I heard this low, deep, familiar voice saying, "I beg pardon, Miss Tessie, if I am interrupting any pleasant daydream."

Honest, I near slumped under the counter. Not quite, though. Aunt Maggie says I've got no nerves at all, meaning I don't go panicky when things are sprung on me. But if I was gawping some as I swung around, it was only natural.

"Why, Mr. Norton!" says I, and for a minute there I just stood staring.

For he's about the last man in the world I was expecting to see just then. Not that he's any stranger at the Gloriana. No; one of the big stockholders of the concern that owns the chain, Mr. Norton is, and has a private suite that's always held for him, no matter if he's in China or Newport or Miami, which he generally is. 'Course, he has less to do with running the hotel than I do, or Mame, and I expect few know he's one of the owners. I wouldn't myself if I hadn't been here long enough to get all the inside gossip that's passed around. And this is only one of a dozen things, I understand, that he has his capital invested in.

But I'll say this for him: Owner or not, he's the only party connected with the management who uses the Miss when he speaks to me. Always. It's "Good morning, Miss Tessie," and "Thank you, Miss Tessie" from him, a friendly smile, and nothing more—that is, no fresh remarks.

Not that he ever forgets to stop at the stand, when he comes back from one of his trips, and ask how I'm getting along. But he means it. Does the same with Otto, the big door man; and with Mike, the head porter; and I expect with most of the staff that's been on the pay roll long enough for him to get acquainted with. He remembers, too, about Otto's brother that lives in Milwaukee, and Mike's little girl that had meningitis and was cured by a specialist Mr. Norton sent and paid for. He knew about me and my Barney, and helped me get him the garage job when we were engaged, and heard most of the story about how that rich widow got him away from me

So I might almost say we were old friends, if it wouldn't sound too brassy. For you can guess Mr. Norton has his real pals in a different class from me and Otto, not to mention admirers. Yes, even I've got to admit he's the best-looking man I ever knew, not barring Barney; and more'n that, he seems to have it less on his mind. One of these big, slow-motioned, quiet-spoken men, with a strong chin and steady brown eyes that generally have a sober look, but can get flickery at times. Also with the kind of shoulders that makes a dinner coat look very much like it had been run on hot.

I looked up at him sort of shy.

"I—I didn't know you were in town," says I.

"Only for the night," says he. "I've just met some friends who have taken pity on me and asked me out for the week-end. So I need some sweets to take along."

"One of our imperial-size de-luxe mixtures?" I suggests.

"Lord, no!" says he, "a small box of plain bonbons. For the horses, you see. It's a way I have of making myself popular with Wallie's hunters."

"Wallie!" I gasps before I could choke it down.

"Eh?" says he.

"Excuse it, please, Mr. Norton," says I.

"Certainly, Miss Tessie," says he. "But why the surprise?"

"I I didn't mean a thing," says I. "It just slipped out."

"Oh, did it?" says he, gazing down at me puzzled. "Forgive my saying so, but it sounded very much as if you had met Wallie Keith. Have you?"

"Mr. Keith?" says I, careless-like. "Why, yes, I believe I have."

"Where?" he asks.

"Let me see," says I, rubbing my chin "Oh, it was here at the stand. He—he was talking to me."

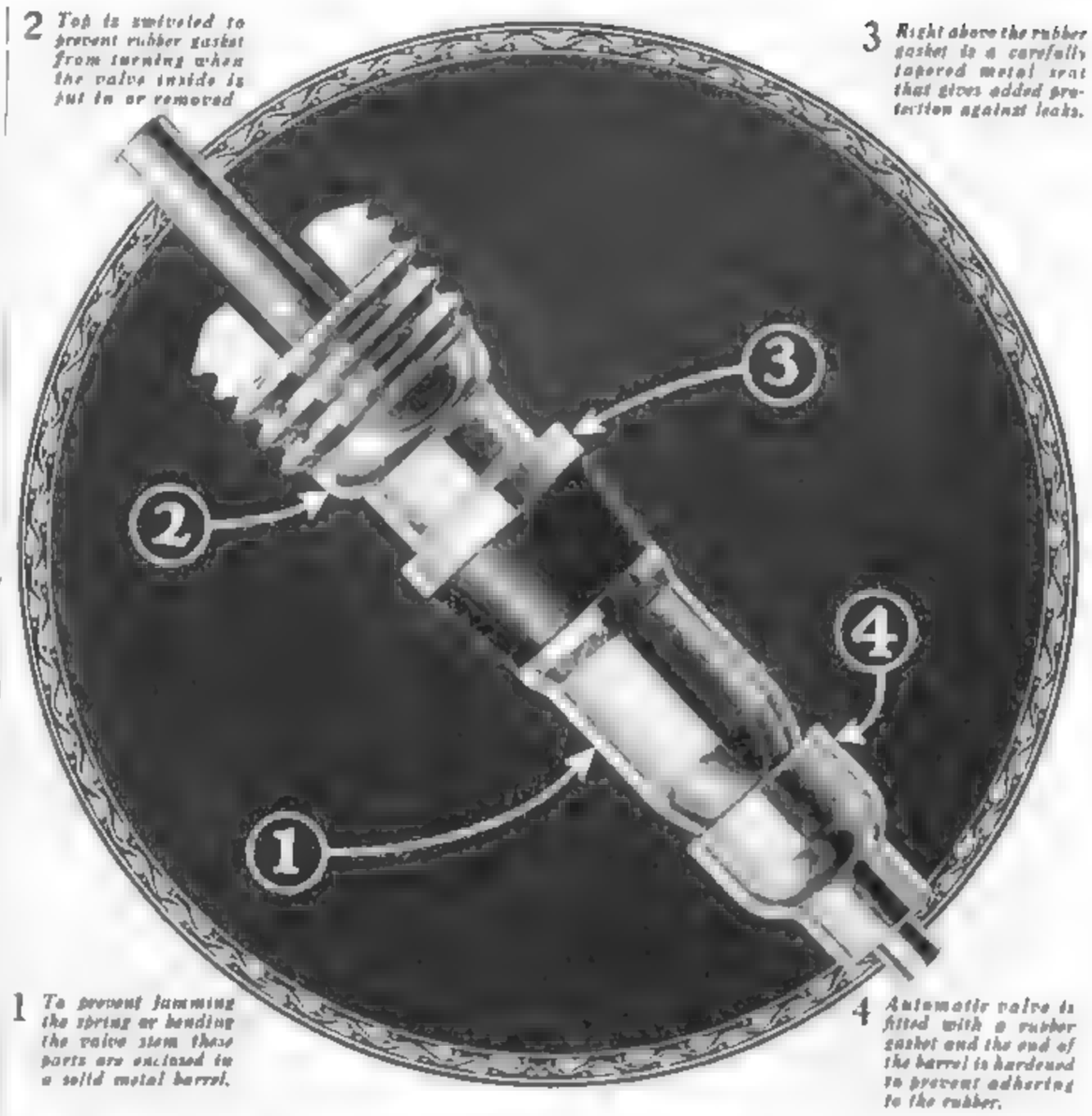
"He would be," says Mr. Norton. "Yes, I'm positive Wallie wouldn't miss anyone like you, especially if Julie wasn't around—Mrs. Keith, you know."

"But she was around," says I; "right here."

"M-m-m!" says he. "And Wallie was doing the talking?"

"Oh, yes," says I. "We had quite a chat."

Mr. Norton shakes his head.



2 Top is swiveled to prevent rubber gasket from turning when the valve inside is put in or removed

3 Right above the rubber gasket is a carefully tapered metal seat that gives added protection against leaks.

1 To prevent jamming the spring or bending the valve stem these parts are enclosed in a solid metal barrel.

4 Automatic valve is fitted with a rubber gasket and the end of the barrel is hardened to prevent adhering to the rubber.

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So, guard against leaky valves. Any good dealer can provide you with Dill Valve Insides. They cost but 30c for a set of five, and they may save you many, many times that sum.

For they're wonderfully sturdy, these tiny necessities. Every part is *doubly* protected—made *doubly* safe against jamming or bending. Because Dill Valve Insides are of modern design—built to hold the pressure in modern tires. Used by most well known tire manufacturers. Sold at retail by thousands of dealers.

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ELECTRIC HOSE & RUBBER CO.
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ELECTRIC
GARDEN HOSE
It cannot kink

"Muddy as a movie plot!" says he. "That doesn't seem at all like Julie, standing quietly by while you and Wallie —— No, no! She couldn't! You see, Miss Tessie, I'm rather well acquainted with both of them; and while Wallie Keith is a good sort in his way—a thorough sport, and all that—he is rather susceptible to feminine charms, and Julie is not unaware of the fact."

"Yes?" says I, looking at my toes.

"Of course," he goes on, "I have no right to ask, Miss Tessie, but you have made me somewhat curious. Wasn't there—er—a bit more to the story?"

Well, there I was. He was Mr. Norton, and he'd been mighty kind to me. Besides, I hate having to lie out of things, and I couldn't to him. So I looked up and twinkled.

"Mrs. Keith was on the other side of the marble pillar," says I, "and he didn't know she was anywhere near."

"Not really?" chuckles Mr. Norton. "Oh, I say! Poor old Wallie! You—er—didn't encourage him to go on, did you?"

"Me?" says I. "I sent him off with his ears pink when he tried to make a date with me. I spoke what was on my mind, and then a few. She heard every word. Seemed to please her a lot too. Anyway, she said she liked my work. It was after that she came around and signed me up for another performance."

"Good heavens!" says he. "Wanted you to rub it into Wallie again?"

"He didn't need it," says I. "There was someone else. I—I don't know as I ought to tell any more."

"But, my dear girl," protests Mr. Norton, "there's no use making a mystery out of it now. I'll get it from Julie. But I'd much rather have it from you. Come! There was someone else, you say?"

I glanced sleuthy about the lobby. A few guests camped around in the Spanish chairs, yawning behind newspapers; a fussy old lady trying to get a long-distance connection in one of the telephone booths; the desk clerks busy booking some new arrivals checking in; nobody very near.

"Yes," says I, "another man with the 'Hello, dearie!' habit. A regular lady killer, one of these handsome tea hounds that buzzes here and there, leaving a trail of bleeding hearts. Doesn't hate himself, either, and never misses a chance. You know the kind. And after Mrs. Keith had watched me crumple up her Wallie, she had an idea I might do as much for this other one. Well, that's right in my line, but I never got a chance to be paid for it before. She said she'd send him around. So I'm all set to stop him. I'm looking for him to show up any minute now."

I thought he'd take the hint, but he doesn't. Seems to be mulling something over, and still stands there.

"He ought to have a clear field, hadn't he, Mr. Norton?" I suggests.

"Eh?" says he. "Oh, yes, to be sure he ought. But just a moment. I can't think who the fellow might be. Didn't Julie mention his name?"

"She only called him Phil," says I.

I heard him let out something between a gasp and a gurgle, and the queerest look came into his eyes. The next minute he was leaning on the counter with his head down and his shoulders rocking, either chuckling or choking, I couldn't make out which.

"Oh, oh, oh!" says he. "Priceless, that is! Behold, Miss Tessie, your unwary victim!"

Then it was me that got choky.

"You!" says I. "But you're not Phil!"

"John Philip on the tax lists," says he; "Jack to most of my friends, but Julie prefers to call me Phil. Besides, now I come to think of it, it was Julie who suggested, only a few minutes ago, that I mustn't forget the hunters. Wasn't that part of the plot, for her to send me here?"

I nods.

"There you are," says he. "Then I must be the conceited tea hound who needs to be stopped in his tracks."

"Oh, but, Mr. Norton," I protests, my ears redder than Wallie's had been, "she couldn't have meant you! Why, you're not that kind at all! I know you're not!"

"Thank you, Miss Tessie," says he. "And I trust I do not merit the full description. Not the lady-killer part, anyway; nor the trail of bleeding hearts. But as a bachelor, I'm rather a free lance, you know.

"I do buzz around at teas sometimes. I must own that I am not indifferent to the subtler sex, especially when they are clever as well as fair. And I've had one or two rather serious affairs which were somewhat freely discussed in certain quarters. True, none of them quite came off, and at least one—but that isn't settled as yet. So, you see, I'm no anchorite."

"But I don't believe," says I, "you're what Mrs. Keith says you are."

"Oh, as for Julie," says he, spreading out both hands, "she'd suspect a saint."

I was looking square into his eyes, trying to make out what he meant. Maybe I shouldn't have asked, but I did.

"Just why, though, should she want me to—to treat you the same as I did Wallie? What's her game?"

I never expected to say anything to Mr. Norton that would get him fussed. But that's what happened. For a second, too, he almost looks foolish. Then he laughs it off.

"She's a deep one, Julie," says he. "And rather a selfish person. You understand? Keeps a tight rein on Wallie, but wants to play around herself—and does; right under his nose, the simple old thing. She's very tricky about it. And her tastes vary. There's no telling who she's likely to fancy next."

"You mean," says I, "that just now it's you?"

"Well, there are indications," he admits. "I suppose I ought to feel honored. She's a clever woman, and not unattractive. No, she can be rather charming at times. But I—well, hang it all, I'm an old friend of Wallie's, and I was quite fond of the first Mrs. Keith. She was a dear. I called her Auntie May. And I watched most of Julie's maneuvers while she was putting a spell on Wallie. I've always thought that was what finished Auntie May, having to start proceedings. Anyway, she didn't live to see the suit ended. And then Julie got him; incidentally, his money. It was a rotten piece of work. So you can judge, Miss Tessie, whether I need a snubbing from you. Even if I got it, it would hardly help Julie's scheme."

"The cat!" says I. "Working me into her scurvy tricks! I expect she thought if I bumped you hard enough she'd get you on the rebound, eh?"

"I am sorry to say," says he, "that Julie's mind sometimes works along such lines."

"And do you know the trade she made with me?" I goes on. "Fifty if I'd make a try, a hundred if I put it over strong."

That brings the flicker into his eyes.

"Then I'm not rated as one of Julie's extravagances, am I?" says he. "But the offer seemed tempting to you, of course, and business is business. Well, who am I to rob you of a just fee? Go ahead and earn it, Miss Tessie. I am ready to take my medicine. Shoot!"

"All I mean to do now," says I, "is walk out on her. I'm going to quit the act cold."

"Good girl!" says he. "And you shall not be the loser. I'll pay to be let off. But how is she to know? Shall I send her down so that you may tender your resignation in person?"

Then, for the first time, I remembers who's supposed to be on the balcony. Honest, I'd been so busy talking to Mr. Norton that I'd forgot to look for the signal. So I takes a peek.

"I couldn't trust myself to speak to that woman," says I. "Besides, there'll be no need to tell her. Don't look; but she's up on the mezzanine, taking it all in."

"Really?" says he. "Watching to see me sent away crushed and humbled? That is delicious! But if I stroll off now, just

(Continued on Page 177)

Stewart-Warner Speedometer—Special Model for Fords

Colored dials tell when to lubricate

Complete, $15.00
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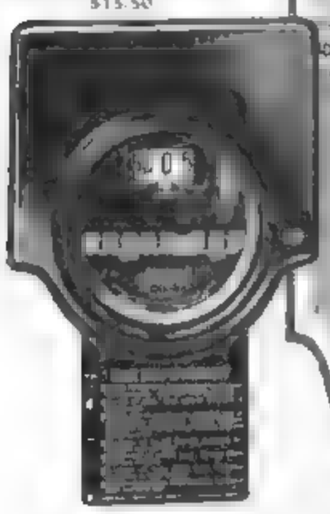

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Two models: Radiola 24 and Radiola 26.

Take it with you—anywhere! And just tune in. The loudspeaker is built-in. There's a directional loop inside the cover and the batteries go inside the back. It's all complete. The Radiola Super-Heterodyne needs no antenna, no ground, no connections of any kind, and it brings in the stations—at home—outdoors—anywhere!

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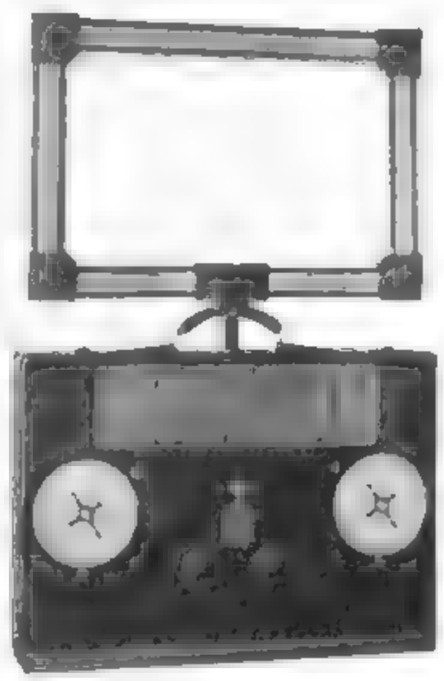

Radiola 24, when closed up for carrying, is a smart suitcase of genuine black cowhide, in cobra grain. It has a built-in loudspeaker, and with the batteries inside, it weighs about 38 pounds. With six Radiotrons UV-199—entirely complete except batteries. **$195**

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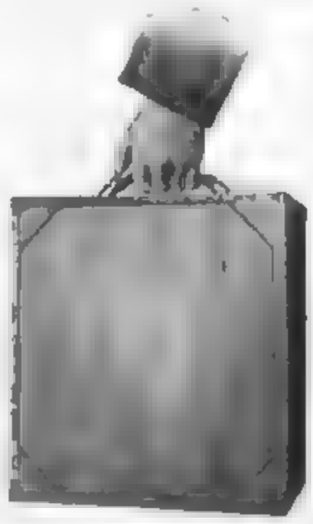

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Radiola

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(Continued from Page 174)

casually, it will leave everything in the air. She'll not know what to think."

"What she thinks, or don't think," says I, "isn't going to worry me at all."

"Still," says he, "she must have devoted considerable thought to this elaborate scheme of hers, subsidizing you to repulse my bold advances coldly, setting the stage, hiding in the background to witness the catastrophe. And then for her to be left in the dark as to how it all worked out. Doesn't she almost deserve—well, a bit of a jolt, Miss Tessie?"

"I don't get you," says I.

"Suppose," says he, "we were to end the scene somewhat differently than she expected and—well, give her some sort of demonstration."

No mistaking the flicker in his eyes now. I never dreamed he could look like that. Say, he could be a home wrecker, all right, if he tried! I flickered back.

"Let on it was me that had fallen for you?" I asks.

"The biter bitten," says he, "the trapper trapped. I had rather not imagine Julie's reactions to that turn. But you may not care to undertake such a part, Miss Tessie."

"I'd love it. Let's!" says I.

"Still there, is she?" says he.

"Leaning over the rail now," says I.

"Then we're off," says he. "Would you mind if I held your hand?"

"I can stand it if you can," says I.

"We ought to be chatting confidentially, hadn't we?" he whispers.

I leaned across the counter and started the chatter. I threw in a few giggles that were more or less genuine. In fact, I was feeling giggly. I don't say I didn't enjoy making the act as real as possible. I put in some fancy touches, such as patting his sleeve while I twinkled up at him. Too bad to have her miss anything. And I'll say I was good. I didn't need any movie director to put me through my paces. I shook out all the tricks. I let myself go.

"Great!" says Mr. Norton in my ear. "How's she taking it?"

"With her eyes like slits and both hands grabbing the rail," says I. "What about the folks in the lobby? Anybody piping us off?"

"No one paying us the slightest attention," says he. "What if I should step inside, behind that screen affair?"

"Fine!" says I, lifting the hinged part. "That'll make it strictly private from everyone but her."

And as he dodges through I stands with my head drooped sort of coy. I knew he was standing close and gazing at me, though.

"Oh, I say, Tessie!" says he, dropping the Miss for the first time. "How about giving her a real thrill, eh?"

"Anything you say," I whispers.

"By George, but that's sporting of you!" says he. "Here goes!"

And before I knew it I'd been gathered in, fond and impulsive; we'd gone to a clinch, and we'd put over something that could be used as a fade-out finish for any last reel. Uh-huh! Right on the lips! And I don't remember flinching any either.

"Oh, I beg pardon! Really!" says he, letting go sudden. "I—I hope you don't mind?"

"I'll get over it, I guess," says I.

"What about Julie?" he asks. "Is she ——"

"Why, she's gone!" says I. "No, she didn't fall over the rail. She must have beat it after that last shock."

"Not precisely what she was paying for, was it?" he chuckles. "I suppose then it's all over?"

"Looks like that might be the curtain, doesn't it?" says I. "Here's your bonbons for the horses."

"Kindly cancel the order, Miss Tessie," says he. "The fact is I've changed my mind about week-ending with the Wallie Keiths. The hunters might welcome me, but I'm not so sure about Julie, and perhaps it's just as well. Thank you so much, Miss Tessie, for—for everything. And since I was the one who spoiled the game, I must insist on underwriting the gate receipts. Oh, but I do! Here you are, and good night."

You should have seen the look on Otto's face when I tells him to call me a taxi as I left for home.

And next morning the first thing Mame asks, as she reports at the stand, is, "Well, Tess, did you frost him?"

"No, I didn't," says I. "When the time came I found I wasn't in the frosting mood."

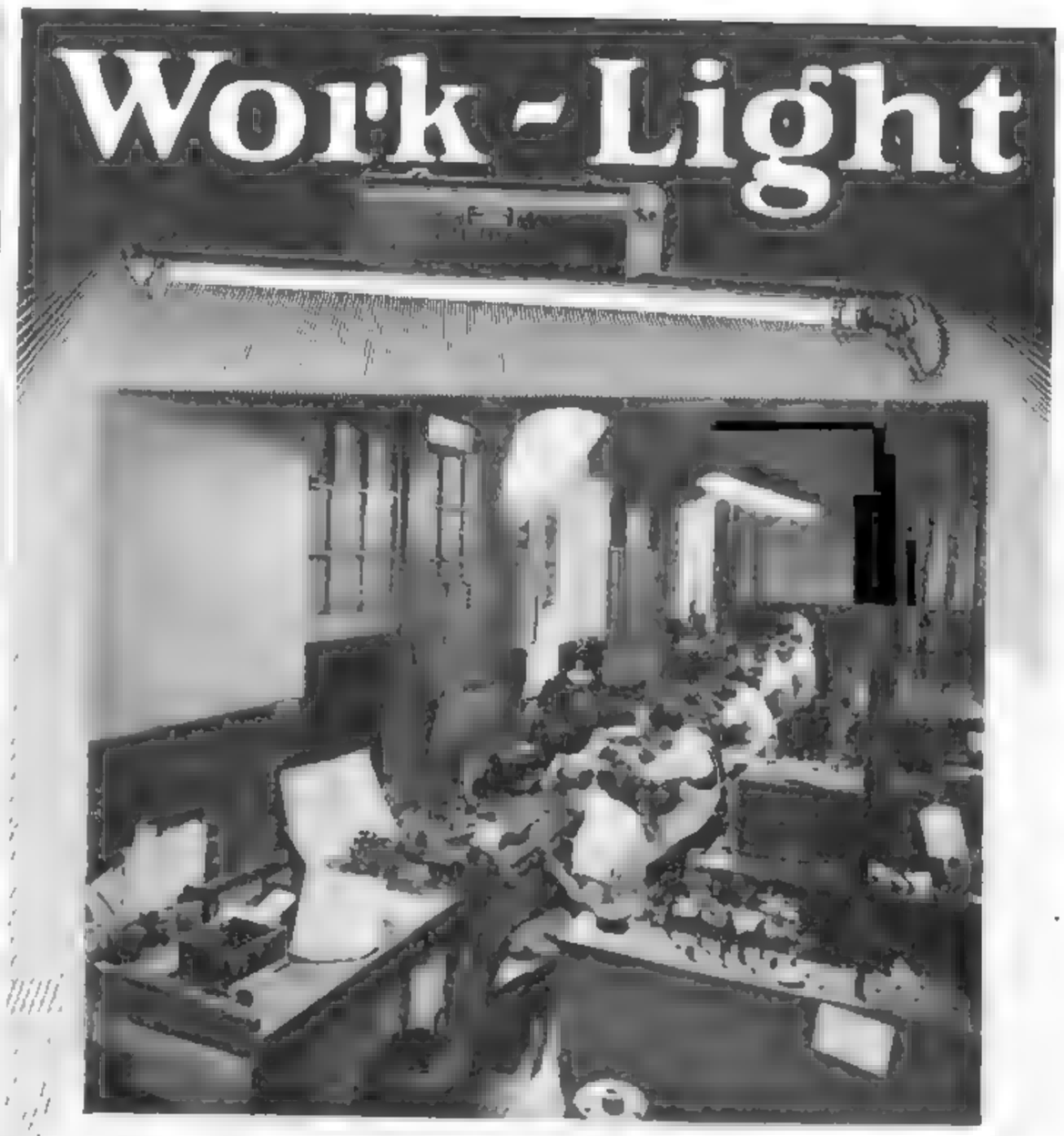
"You didn't weaken, Tess!" says Mame, her mouth open.

"Not exactly," says I. "Things got kind of mixed, though, and I ended by double-crossing a double-crosser that Keith woman."

"Then you lost out on the hundred!" gasps Mame.

"I wouldn't call it a total loss," says I. "But maybe frosting isn't my specialty, after all. . . . Well, don't stand there gawpy, Mame. Customer at the magazine rack. Snappy now!"

The Eyes Have It



Hair-breadth precision eight hours a day

THE Leeds & Northrup Company, Philadelphia, famous makers of precision instruments, occupy a high place in industry as an authority on manufacturing methods and costs.

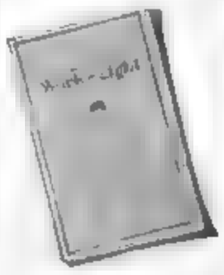
The light used by this concern is a matter of interest to every manufacturer. Why do Leeds & Northrup use Work Light for the delicate, sensitive work of building, adjusting and calibrating such high precision products as pyrometers, ammeters, voltmeters, wattmeters and potentiometers?

They have found that their workmen see better under Work-Light than under any other light! They have found that Work-Light does more than eliminate glare, shadows and shiny reflections. It actually increases seeing power and reduces eye-strain. Eyes are as dependable at 5 o'clock as they are early in the day.

Any manufacturer interested in seeing the effect of this in his own plant is invited to request a trial Work-Light installation, cheerfully offered by Cooper Hewitt because 90 per cent. of them stay.

Address Cooper Hewitt Electric Co., 125 River St., Hoboken, N. J.

Leeds & Northrup found that Work-Light enabled workmen adjusting delicate mechanisms to see both hands. Previously, each man had to keep one hand "chained" to a candle and both



Descriptive booklet sent free to manufacturers. Please write on

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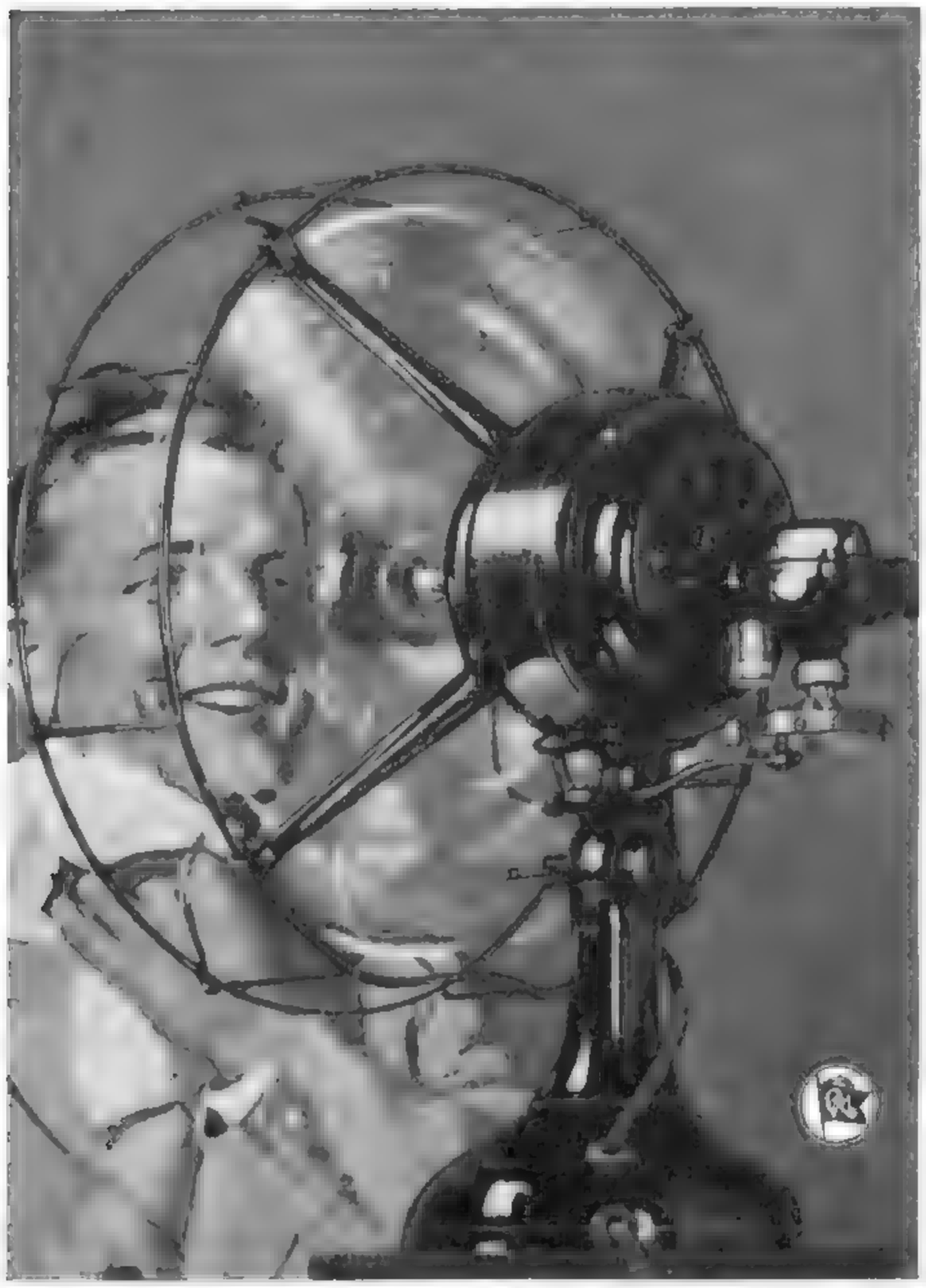


What to do when it gets hotter than warm

Don't swelter and wilt when the thermometer hits eighty-six several days hand running and the weather man says, "no relief."

Get in front of a Robbins & Myers Fan and you'll quickly forget hot-weather worries.

A touch of the switch gives you a lively "Nor'easter" or a soothing, cave-like zephyr, as you please. You'll work better, play better, sleep better.

These good fans are sold by dealers everywhere. Look for the R&M flag on the fan guard. That's the sign of a cooling, buoyant breeze.

Robbins & Myers Fans *and Motors*

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO., SPRINGFIELD, O. • BRANTFORD, ONT.

DIPLOMATIC ENTERTAINING

(Continued from Page 16

they present their advice without waiting to be asked for it.

Especially in countries where the aristocracy is impoverished is it true that much of the brilliant entertaining is carried on today by the foreign embassies and legations. For this reason the persons who can advise a new diplomat whom to ask to his parties are able to pay off many of their own social debts as well as to score many of their social enemies. For although the advice as to whom to include piles up very fast, the even more insistent counsel as to whom to exclude is mountainous.

A bewildered newcomer who took all advice seriously let a woman she had known at another capital make out a list of twenty-four guests for her first dinner. Later the same day, before the invitations had gone out, the hostess happened to mention the dinner to another friend of hers. The names of the guests were exhibited.

The visitor glanced at them, then exclaimed in shocked surprise, "Oh, my dear, you surely aren't going to ask her!" She pointed to the first name on the list.

"But Madame —— told me she went everywhere and that I must not fail to invite her."

"Perfect nonsense! She has no right whatever to be asked to an embassy. I've known her for years. Why, before she was married ——" But her sharp eyes detected other names equally reprehensible. "You can't ask those people together. Impossible! My dear, haven't you heard ——"

Then she picked up a pencil and made a list of her own, excluding all the unofficial people the first adviser had suggested, except two or three of the professional diners out whom every city contains and who tactfully keep on friendly terms with everyone.

During the heated controversies which arise from time to time in every community, large or small, sophisticated or simple, one pictures these well-groomed dinner guests in immaculate white evening shirts and glossy silk hats walking with great skill on the conversational tight rope stretched from one camp to another, siding openly with neither, but subtly conveying the impression to each that in this camp lie their true sympathies.

These people, then, who seem literally to go everywhere were left uncensored on the list. The half dozen diplomats were left. Ten names were replaced.

Duchesses Not All Alike

To the newcomer, who had not had time to get her social bearings, one duchess was much the same as another, unless there was some definite reason for substitution. Her new adviser had given her, to be sure, a great deal of gossip; but then, so had the acquaintance who made out the list. In fact, she had heard so much gossip during her first month that she could not possibly sort it out in her own mind.

She decided, however, on a sensible course of action. Taking the two lists to a woman who had made no attempt whatever to force advice upon her, but who had lived for a long time in this capital, and who, moreover, was an unmalicious woman of the world, she consulted her.

"One list is as good as the other," she said. "One represents one little coterie, and the other another. But intrinsically they're about the same." She added, "I've not rushed to you with advice, because I knew how many other people were doing it, and when I first came here my worst mistakes were due to following other people's suggestions. But if you really want me to tell you some of the things my own experience has taught me, the first is, don't rush into entertaining. It's not going to make the slightest difference whether you give a big dinner now or wait for another month, when you yourself will begin to know whom to ask."

"Then you wouldn't take either of these lists?"

"No, I wouldn't, personally, because if you do you will identify yourself with one or the other of the little inner groups of the smart international set. They carry much less weight in the established society here than they believe, and you would do well to avoid intimacy with either of them. If you feel you must give a large dinner at once, then stick to the diplomats who have already entertained you, and some members of your own staff—though not more than two couples at once, and the members of your own colony to whom you are indebted."

This was the best kind of advice and the diplomat's wife followed it. If she had listened to either of the two self-appointed counselors she would have become automatically a partisan in a bitter quarrel of quite childlike origin, which shortly began to be waged between these two groups.

Diplomatic Social Rivalries

Sometimes, however, though much less often, bad advice is given deliberately. The usual motive in these cases is competition. I remember a very formal official occasion when, due to the court's mourning for a royal relative, all the ladies-in-waiting and the wives of ambassadors and ministers wore black evening gowns. Suddenly a foreign diplomat's wife appeared in a gown of vivid mustard yellow. She was extremely conspicuous, and of course her gown was commented on most unfavorably. It seemed at first a very tactless and gauche breach of official etiquette, but the reason behind her mistake was said to be due to the fact that she had asked another diplomat's wife and had been informed that mourning had been suspended for that evening.

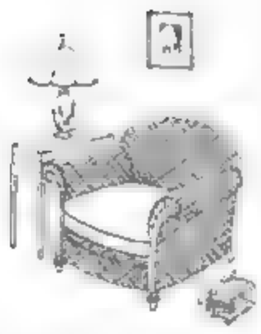
Sometimes rivalry exists between the representatives of various countries, sometimes between members of the same official staffs. Of course where this condition prevails the proper social coöperation is difficult to obtain. Sometimes the wives of attachés engage in the greatest rivalry, which amuses the onlookers, but is taken very seriously by the participants. Sometimes the competition is between the bachelor members. Wherever it exists, however, let the newcomer beware of taking advice that is not substantiated by some disinterested and experienced person. I know a young bachelor who mortally offended a famous hostess by appearing at a formal dinner in a dinner jacket and black tie. He had received the invitation by telephone and, having just arrived in the capital, asked a fellow attaché for advice. The other man, knowing that at this house the invitations for even the most formal occasions were telephoned, nevertheless told the newcomer that a black tie would be *de rigueur*. The hostess, who takes entertaining with great seriousness, was really offended to find her most obscure guest appearing so informally among twenty-four distinguished people. She never asked him again.

Almost all anecdotes of diplomatic social life are concerned with the mistakes which people have made. One learns in time that these stories, like all others, become greatly exaggerated as they go from one narrator to another, but at first it is disheartening to hear the stream of stories concerning the faux pas of one's predecessors, some of them going back twenty or thirty years.

I said one night to the British ambassador, Sir Ronald Graham, who had arrived in Rome shortly after we had: "Don't you hate to hear all these stories about the mistakes of your predecessors?"

"Yes, but there's one thing worse," he answered, "and that is to have people tell you of all the wonderful things your predecessors have done!"

Continued on Page 181)



The walls of this interesting room are a soft amethyst with a gray cast, the mantel is of gray stone and the woodwork gray. The rich amethyst damask curtains are shot with a design in magenta, and the carpeting is gray.

Against this effective background are placed the Kroehler Davenport and Chairs upholstered in sage green with green damask cushions. The ginger jars on the mantel shelf repeat the strong color note of deep red purple or magenta. The lamp shades of green-gold silk are edged with narrow bands of magenta and black. The oriental rug has a green background harmonizing with the davenport.

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To these young moderns the seldom-used extra bedroom is an unnecessary extravagance. Why not, they say, save the extra rent, the extra time that the care of such a room necessitates, for other things!

So they select for their living rooms or sunrooms a Kroehler Suite, with a low, soft-cushioned davenport in which a full-width, luxuriously comfortable bed is concealed. No one would guess that beneath the loungy davenport seat is hidden a convenient sleeping space, with strong, yielding springs and thick, soft mattress. A single easy motion opens this extra bed whenever it is needed, revealing covers all in place, the bed ready for immediate use.

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Important hidden qualities

Kroehler Living Room Furniture has frames of kiln-dried hardwood; seat springs of heavy, high-carbon wire, flexibly interlocked; filling of germ-cured flax fiber, best moss and cotton. Seat cushions are filled with fine wire coil springs, padded with clean, white, felted cotton; the all-steel folding bed frame is fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs. The upholstery is given moth-proofing treatment.

Dealers everywhere sell Kroehler Davenport Beds and Suites for cash or on easy payments. Be sure the name plate is on the back of each piece. If you do not know where to find Kroehler Davenports—with or without concealed beds—and matching chairs, write us for the dealer's name and the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements."

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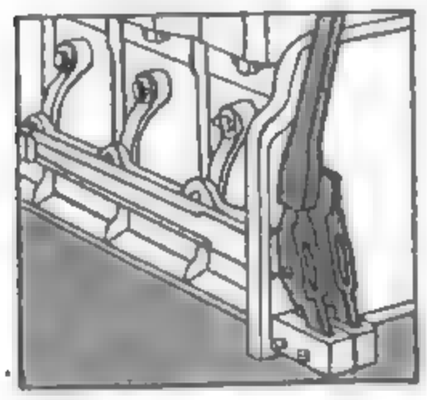

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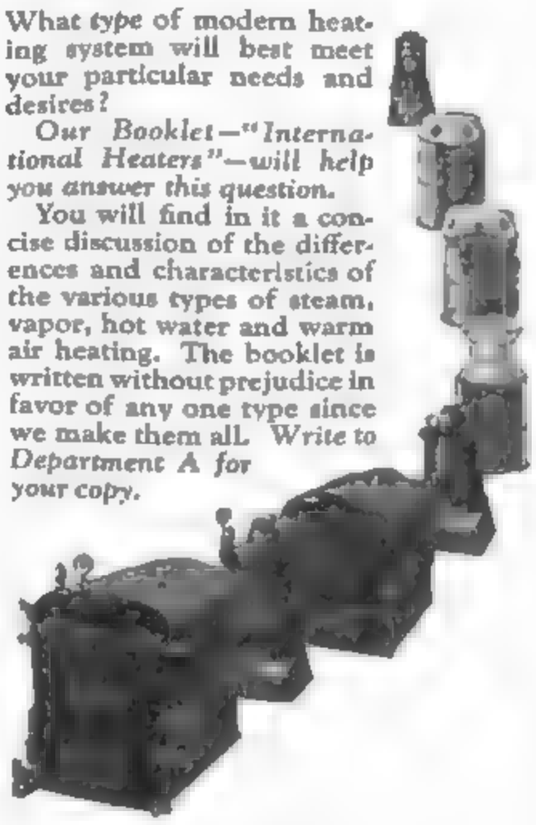

INTERNATIONAL

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STEAM AND HOT WATER BOILERS, WARM AIR FURNACES AND ONEPIPE HEATERS

(Continued from Page 178)

This method is sometimes used to goad new diplomats into elaborate entertaining. "So-and-So always gave two *cotillons* with beautiful favors every winter"; or "Mrs. ——, who was a most successful ambassadress, had an evening at home once a week with dancing."

But they do not add that many of the customs to which they refer were only a small part of a brilliant social fabric which has altered vastly since the war. It is true that foreign diplomats do not entertain so lavishly as they did a dozen years ago, but it is also true that the Europeans themselves entertain very much less. This is due primarily to the changed economic conditions, for most Continentals appreciate splendid and brilliant backgrounds, and if they are not able to produce them they will often refrain from all entertaining.

Even the court functions in Italy have not regained their prewar standards of formal elegance. It was once necessary for the wives of diplomats to wear very long trains fastened at their shoulders and extending a prescribed number of feet on the floor. This is no longer customary.

In the case of court dinners, which are usually given about once a year, on the occasion of the visit of a king and queen of another country, engraved invitations bearing the royal coat of arms are issued. They state in Italian that the prefect of the palace by the order of His Majesty the King has the honor to invite —— to the dinner of the court on the day of ——. These invitations, filled in with the names of the guest, are sent individually, and not, as in ordinary cases, to husbands and wives together.

At the bottom of the cards sent to the women are the words *Abito scollato*—low-cut gown. Of course every woman wears her handsomest and most formal gown and her finest jewels. Tiaras are customary, but are not obligatory. The invitations to the men carry an instruction which cannot be fulfilled by our ambassadors—*Uniforme e decorazione*—uniform and decorations.

In another corner, in place of the conventional R. S. V. P., it states, "In case of impediment one is asked to give notice." Acceptance is taken for granted. But the day after one has been at court, etiquette demands that one shall go personally to the palace and write one's name in the books of the King and Queen and whatever members of the royal family have been present. These books are kept in an antechamber just inside the entrance to the Quirinal, which is presided over by impressive guards of unusual height, who wear splendid scarlet uniforms.

This formality of signing the books is done also on the birthdays of the members of the King's household, for it is the only method of paying one's respects, and takes the place of the usual calling.

Royal Visiting Cards

Sometimes a person, unacquainted with court customs, who has been entertained at the palace conceives the friendly idea of sending flowers or books or some other material token of his appreciation, directly to the King or Queen. He finds that it is almost impossible to do so. In the case of a foreigner, if he wants his gift to be considered at all he must ask his diplomatic representative to present it for him, and even then it may eventually be returned to him with a polite note from some court dignitary.

The visiting kings send their personal cards to the wives of ambassadors the day after they have met them at court, and it gives one a feeling of unreality to be presented with a card engraved with these simple words: "George V."

Usually the court gives three dinners for royal guests during the five or six days which is the customary duration of these visits. To one dinner only the suites of the kings and queens and the members of the royal household are invited; then there is a dinner attended by the prime minister, the members of the cabinet and other distinguished officials of the government. There is always a diplomatic dinner, to which are invited all the ambassadors and ministers and their wives. During our stay in Rome there were three such occasions successively, in honor of the King and Queen of the Belgians, the King and Queen of England, and the King and Queen of Spain.

Incidentally, the only guest I have ever known to be late upon such an occasion was the wife of a minister of a small country, who came, scarlet with embarrassment, into the magnificent state dining room of the palace after the dinner had actually begun. Due to some unavoidable accident she had been delayed, and yet she dared not stay away altogether. The story goes that after dinner when she was taken up in her turn to be presented to the visiting queen, she apologized profusely.

The queen smiled and said, "The king is always scolding me because I, too, am often late."

Before any royal visit is ended there is usually a whole series of stories which become in time spirited anecdotes. An amusing example of a really authentic story of this kind concerns the annoyance of one king because another king was too early in reaching an appointed place, and the king acting as host was not there to receive him.

What Great Men Talk About

"If he only had well-trained people around him, as I have, this could never have happened," the temporary host was overheard muttering. "Being late for dinner is bad enough, but being too early is unforgivable!"

At court dinners of this kind which the diplomats attend, royalties always go in together, and the two queens sit next each other, in the center of the vast table, with the kings on the other side. Then next each king are the two ranking ambassadresses. As this seating is done according to prescribed rule, and there is sometimes underlying friction between the countries represented, there is always a great deal of interest in watching the results of this juxtaposition.

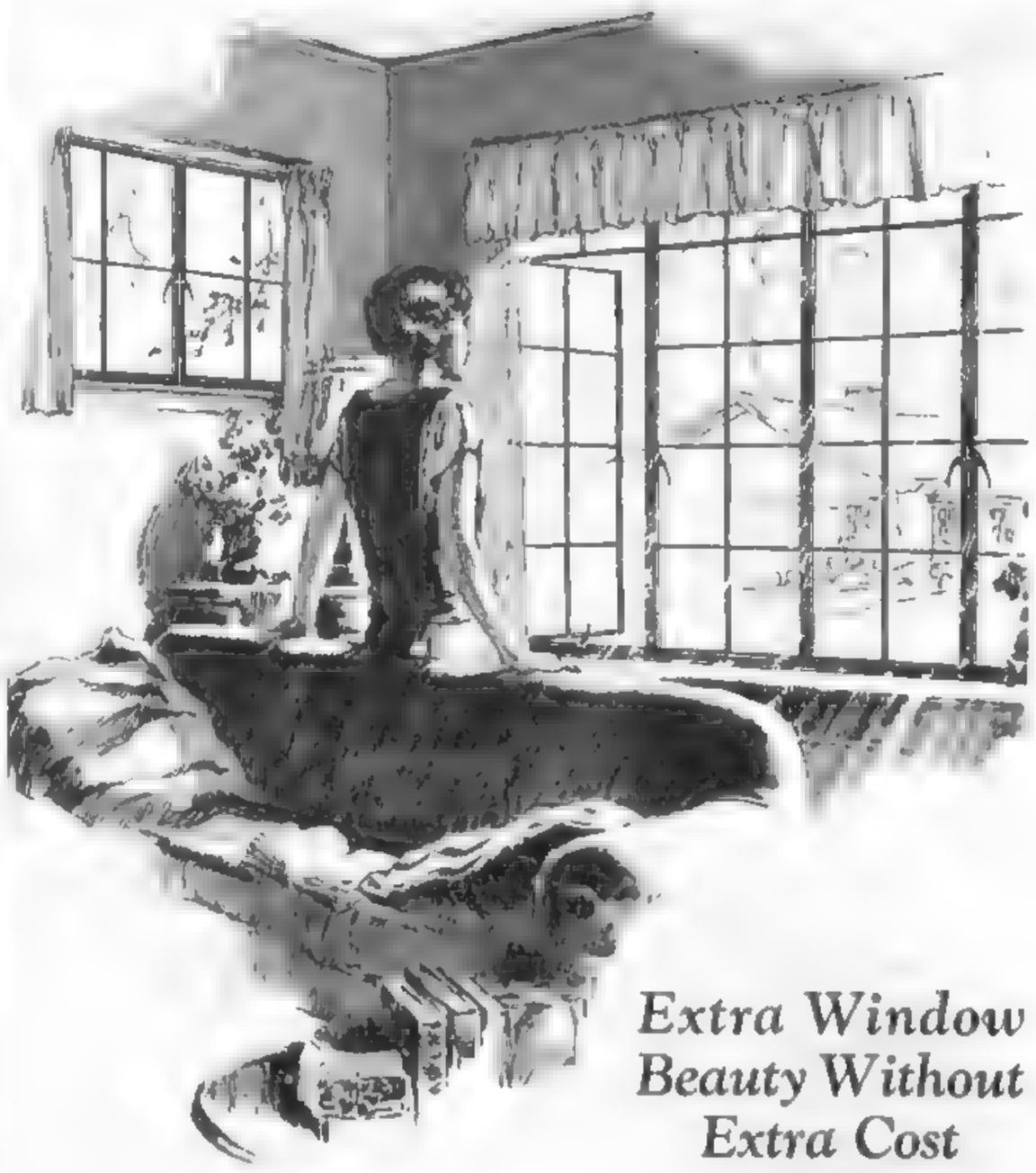
On one such occasion the visiting king, contrary to the expectations of the onlookers, seemed to have such a delightful time talking to the ambassadress next him that afterward someone said to her, "What did you talk to the king about? I've never seen him so animated."

The ambassadress, a woman of long experience and poise, said, "Oh, we talked of many totally unimportant things. We discovered that we had some mutual acquaintances, and I was able to fill in certain gaps in their history which he said he had always wanted to know."

As she knew, there is nothing more dreaded by most men in important official positions than the woman who insists upon talking politics. Usually women of this sort do not really know the inside of the affairs they attempt to discuss and are actuated chiefly by a desire to extract some first-hand information which they can then relate with a feeling of importance at the next dinner table. There are statesmen, of course—just as there are occasionally doctors or lawyers—who like to discuss the details of their work with an interested woman, but they are rare compared with the majority who want the contrast of relaxation and forgetfulness of their day's work.

A woman in official life whom men of all sorts enjoy taking in to dinner, once said to me, "My experience has taught me to believe that if a man is small he will be most pleased to talk of his accomplishments, but if a man is really doing important work he will much prefer trivialities!"

By the same token, of all the perils which precedence holds for the uninitiated, none are so fatal as the mistakes made in failing to give proper place to a minor official. At state functions the places for diplomats are designated by cards, which are placed in



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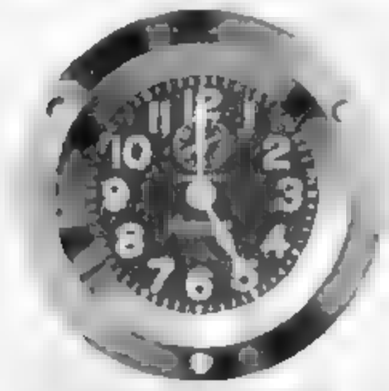

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correct order on the chairs themselves. Sometimes, however, if places have been provided for wives who do not attend, or if some diplomat is unavoidably prevented from arriving, vacant places occur, and the late arrivals, particularly if they are hurrying, may sit down without taking time to find out which place was meant for them; or if a man is very late the others may assume that he is not coming, and so everyone will move up to fill the vacancy, and when he arrives he must take a much lower place.

Upon one occasion which I remember vividly one late comer even insisted upon guests' moving about and rearranging themselves, so that instead of being fifteenth in the line, let us say, he could be eleventh!

The phrases which this man used that day form almost the classic explanation, regardless of the language in which they happen to be uttered. As we were scrambling about, in the rather constricted place, moving our wraps and in general thoroughly annoyed with him, he said smugly: "Of course personally it wouldn't matter to me where I sat. If I were a private citizen I wouldn't care in the least. But for the sake of my office and my country I must insist upon my proper place."

The woman next me whispered, "I only hope then he goes to heaven as a private citizen."

In most cases there is no excuse for incorrect seating, but when accidents occur, as they do occasionally, it is always the least important person who makes the loudest complaint.

The same rule applies in the realm of unofficial entertaining. The more distinguished the visitor, for instance, the more appreciative he or she usually is of the attentions shown by the diplomatic representatives. This attitude is due partly to the simplicity which is usually an accompaniment of greatness, and is also traceable to wider experience.

It is usually the unsophisticated tourist who fails to realize the tremendous pressure of entertaining which bears down upon the heads of our embassies and legations. People who have neither been part of it nor have observed it at first hand have no conception of the social and official demands inherent in such a position. Added to this, the American diplomats are on the whole more hospitably inclined toward their fellow countrymen than the chief representatives of any other country.

Social Pests

In addition to my personal experience in Rome I have observed at first hand fully a dozen of our other embassies and legations, and nothing has struck me more forcibly than the generous and warmly hospitable attitude toward visiting Americans shown by our ambassadors and ministers. The representatives of foreign nations usually limit the entertainment of their visiting fellow countrymen to those of unusual prominence, but Americans do not.

No matter how freely hospitality is extended, however, there are always guests who are not contented with their own invitations, but clamor to bring other people with them. This is an inexcusable breach of good manners when it is done, as is usually the case, so that the appreciation for the entertainment goes, not to the host who provides it, but to the insistent person who manages to procure the invitation.

Aside from the number of people who are brought by their friends, there are in addition at every large reception or ball a certain number of people who are not invited by anyone. It is difficult to keep out people like this; if five or six hundred guests are expected, and personal cards of admission are not issued, some extremely undesirable people may also enter. Usually they are men, though occasionally women will risk it, and they avoid speaking to their hostess unless they are unusually bold, but find the ball or supper room and lose themselves in the crowd.

Sometimes valuable jewels are lost and never found when these uninvited guests have appeared; sometimes they are merely people who want to be seen by the other guests at an official party in order to increase their social status.

It is hard for most Americans to understand the great stress laid by many people on being persona grata at an embassy. Often the people who desire ardently to have the social recognition of their official representatives are expatriates who have adopted the point of view of the foreigners among whom they live; or they are people who for some reason or other are not in good standing in the community.

Before a large party is given by any embassy it is besieged by notes, telephone calls and personal inquiries in regard to asking someone else. We have had suggestions for at least two hundred additional names sent us one at a time by people we scarcely knew. In one case an acquaintance—not an American—who had not been invited to a ball we were giving, wrote a letter inclosing a list of seven names which she demanded should be invited. There was no name on the list, except her own, which any of the embassy staff had ever heard of before, but they apparently represented a group of people to which she was indebted; so she had thought to pay her personal social debts via our ball. Needless to say, none of them was invited, and her name was removed from the list for the next party to which in due course she would have been asked.

Embassy Servants

On occasions of this kind no one is more important in an embassy than a good social secretary. The amount of work and worry which a really competent person, man or woman, can divert is extraordinary.

Among the purely technical things which can be done by the right secretary, the training of servants is more important than it might seem at first thought. Embassy servants require a different point of view from those in a private house, as the demands upon an official are greater in number and different in kind. The men who answer the door, for instance, must be quick to learn whom to admit and whom to turn away. Yet they must use this discrimination with the utmost politeness. As they deal continually with foreigners, it is sometimes extremely difficult for them to know just what to do. We were fortunate enough in Rome to get an excellent maître d'hôtel who had had previous experience in an embassy. His only flaw was that he did not understand English, which helped our practice of Italian, but sometimes led to difficulties for our guests. We engaged as an assistant to him a young Italian who assured us of his mastery of English. The first week that he was in the house I received an invitation from an American friend that called for an answer by telephone, so I asked this footman to deliver the message. I gave him the number and name carefully, and instructed him to say that we accepted with pleasure.

After a few minutes he came back beaming.

"They say all very glad come."

"Who? Come where?" I asked.

"You tell me invite all come here Thursday. All coming."

At last, after much cross-examination, we discovered that he had invited the entire police force of Rome to dine with us!

He was able to speak English, to be sure, but at that time he could not understand a word that was spoken to him, and dared not tell us for fear of losing his position.

Another essential qualification for good embassy servants is that they should deliver promptly and accurately all messages received, whether by telephone or not. In the picturesque old Palazzo Orsini, where we lived in Rome, the customary porter at the gates usually received all incoming letters, cards and packages. He then took them up the drive and gave them to the

(Continued on Page 185)

It simply had to come

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Continued from Page 182

porter at our entrance door. This second porter went up the stairs and delivered them to a house servant. If they were addressed to me this third man might give them to my maid. That meant passing through four pairs of hands, and on days when the sun was hot or the air was heavy with that depressing wind called sirocco, which comes up from the African desert and takes away all initiative and energy, some one of these four might put down the notes or the flowers or the cards and only remember them hours later. Sometimes this delay is of no particular consequence, but occasionally it is serious. On one warm and drowsy afternoon a large envelope addressed to my husband was left at the porter's lodge for immediate delivery, but somewhere along the line was detained. As we were leisurely having breakfast the next morning, this letter was brought in with the rest of the mail. When it was opened it had an electric effect. It contained a summons to appear at the royal palace at nine that very morning!

It was then after half past eight, and it was necessary, in addition to all the hurried preparations of changing into formal clothes and summoning the motor car, to get word to a prominent American whom my husband was to present to the King at this hour.

In regard to the messages sent out, after one or two experiences of notes having been lost somewhere between our messengers and the servants who should have received them at the other end, we evolved the chit-book system which is used in the Far East.

Shortly after this helpful inauguration a professional gossip came to us in great excitement to say that she felt she really ought to tell us that Mrs. —— was greatly disturbed because during her recent illness she had heard nothing from us. We produced the chit book, showing that on a certain date flowers and a personal note had been sent the invalid, and opposite our entry was the signature of her daughter.

On the Look-Out for Bombs

There was great agitation at our embassy about incoming parcels after the newspapers had published the story of the attempted murder of Ambassador Herrick through a bomb sent him in Paris in a package labeled perfume. It was assumed that this attack, which had wounded the valet who opened the box, and had nearly injured the ambassador and his grandson, was the work of anarchists who were supposed to have a strong branch in Rome!

At first any package, no matter how innocent its appearance, was regarded as a potential menace. Sometimes when we would come in we would find half a dozen boxes of various sizes on the refectory table in the center of the spacious entrance hall, and the servants would walk gingerly around them, reading off the names from a safe distance, to make sure that they contained things we had ordered, before daring to open them.

One helpful result of these few weeks of suspicion lay in the rejection of all manner of packages sent us, presumably as gifts, which, when they were once opened, proved to be assortments of tawdry laces or embroideries or dreadful oil paintings with exorbitant bills inclosed. But even though they were never things one could buy, there remained the nuisance of returning them promptly.

A competent secretary can also interview most of the people who come to ask for positions, and especially the large number of impostors who ask for a written word from the embassy as to their merit, for which the embassy is supposed to take their word. These people are almost never Americans; they are of various nationalities and sometimes gain admission by presenting the servants with a card bearing an impressive name, or assuring them they are expected callers.

A woman who used both methods was shown into our library one very busy day, and we discovered finally that she wanted to sell us some rugs which were in a remote secondhand shop. Her card bore a coronet and a well-known title. When asked about this name she said unblushingly, "Well, I used the name of a former client, you see, because I knew otherwise your butler would not admit me."

The social secretary, having no official ties, can be effectively impersonal in dealing with all manner of importuning people. For instance, a friend of mine whose husband held a high diplomatic office was telling me one day how invaluable her secretary was.

"She not only never makes a mistake herself," she concluded, "but when I make mistakes, as I sometimes do, in forgetting to invite people who expect to be invited and are really hurt when they aren't, my secretary takes all the blame for it on herself. And somehow she manages to appease them!"

Among the qualifications for this important post experience is, of course, important but the *sine qua non* is that keen sense of social value which seems to be inborn. Many people are entirely without it; it is as much a talent as an eye for color values or a musical ear.

Why He Was Hired

A man who had to choose a personal secretary in a great hurry found half a dozen young men eager to be selected. Each one had something to recommend him, and it seemed very difficult to choose only one. In order to save time he invited them one after another to attend the luncheons and dinners which he gave in the normal course of his official entertaining. In this way he was able to observe their ability to meet people. And he eliminated four of the candidates without much trouble. But the final choice, between the remaining two, was extremely difficult. They both had much to recommend them. One was a Bostonian who had just graduated from Harvard, and the other was the product of a Middle Western university. After several days of close observation he chose the latter.

One of the members of his family asked him why he had made this unexpected decision.

"Because he was less provincial," he answered.

"But he comes from a very small town."

"Yes, and he knows it is small. He has a sense of proportion. But I heard the young Bostonian insist upon telling the Japanese diplomat's wife whom he took into dinner the latest joke about the Cabots. Poor woman, she tried to appear interested, but of course she was completely bewildered. It apparently didn't occur to him that there could be anyone not interested in the people who interested him. Whereas our young man from the small town is completely open-minded; so, with a little experience, he will learn true social values regardless of geography."

He meant social values in the broad sense of human values, and not as it was meant by a certain naïve young American girl who came indignantly up to a friend of mine who had been her hostess at dinner.

"I thought you said that man who took me out was a count," she complained. "Now, after the evening's all over, I discover he's a duke."

"But what difference did it make?" said the hostess.

"Difference!" repeated the disappointed girl. "Why, I talked all the time to the man on the other side of me. I could have been lots nicer to him if I'd only known he was a duke!"

One of our diplomatic chiefs, with a keen sense of humor, had on his official staff a young attaché who takes these surface distinctions with great seriousness. During his many years' residence away from America he has acquired a scarcely concealed contempt for all his fellow countrymen except the few he considers very smart and, therefore, of potential social value to himself

Strange things can happen when one hundred and twenty pounds of girl meet thirty hungry compact pounds of trout. But oh, the nerve-tingling thrill of the vicious rise to the fly! And the pride of landing him—alone—but not quite too alone to be unseen by someone very handsome and very nice

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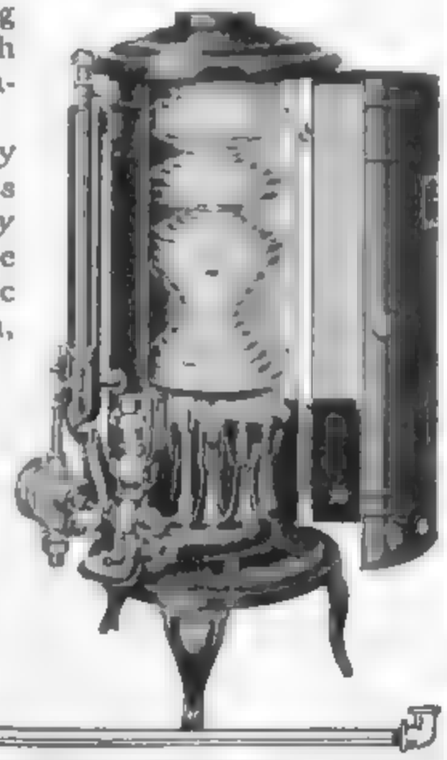

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should he ever be forced to go back to the United States to live.

He said one day to his chief, "Who's going to be at your tea this afternoon?"

The older man, understanding perfectly the other's attitude, answered with a twinkle in his eyes, "Oh, just some American tourists. Are you coming?"

"If it doesn't matter to you, I think I won't," said the other. "I've an engagement I oughtn't to break."

The next day, however, the attaché happened to see the guest book. As he read the names of the people who had been at tea he grew more and more excited. Every one of the half dozen people was a prominent member of the New York-Newport group to which he aspired.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "I certainly ought to have been there. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I said they were American tourists," his chief replied quietly; "and so they were."

Of course people with the personal social ambitions of this attaché and with his standards of appraisal are the most inimical to the expression of hospitality and to the true generosity shown by the great majority of our diplomatic representatives abroad.

Everyone who has gone to embassy receptions in various capitals has encountered sooner or later at least one such person, but after the initial irritation has worn off, the onlooker is usually amused by the obvious tactics of the snob. And they inevitably make mistakes even in their own game.

One young man of this sort sat next a rather dowdily dressed woman at luncheon one day at an official party, and as he had a titled lady on the other side he paid little attention to the American. About the time dessert was being served, however, he caught the reproving eye of his hostess, so he turned toward his countrywoman.

"And where do you live in the States?" he asked in his rather patronizing way.

"Oh, we are farmers," she answered.

His expression showed that he was not surprised. He continued to follow the conversational line of least resistance.

"And in what state do you farm?"

She named the state and county.

"Oh," he said. "Why, there are some awfully nice people who go there."

The Bid That Never Came

He went impressively through a list of names of his acquaintances there, speaking of each one by his or her nickname. "But of course those people are only there for the summer. When we go home on leave we expect to stay with Zippy Smith out there. You must have seen their place. Her sister, you know, married Lord ——"

About that time the scraping of chairs announced that luncheon was at an end.

The dowdily dressed woman smiled. "Yes, I know," she said. "They happen to be my daughters."

She was particularly amused by this incident, because, as she said when she told the story, her daughter had warned her that this man was a climber who would overwhelm her with attention. He did attempt to after he knew who she was, but he not only failed ever to find her in when he called but his hoped-for invitation to visit Zippy Smith never arrived.

When the visiting Americans are really unimportant from the snob's point of view, they are sometimes deeply hurt by being ignored or patronized. Fortunately our representatives are rarely of this ilk, for one such man or, as occasionally happens, one diplomat's wife with this point of view has sometimes prejudiced outsiders against our entire professional diplomatic representation. For, once the *amour propre* has been wounded, indignation and resentment arise, which have sometimes, when carried to the sources of authority, effectually cut short the career of the perpetrator.

In the delicate realm of diplomatic entertaining there is another point of view less detestable but also unfortunate. On this side are the diplomats and their wives who find it easier and more agreeable to concentrate almost entirely on their fellow countrymen. Occasionally people like this, after living for years in a foreign capital, will have almost no social affiliations with the people of the country to which they are accredited.

The value of friendship in diplomatic life cannot be exaggerated.

People who live always in an official world grow accustomed to dignified and formal exteriors and, without minimizing their value, desire something more.

A shrewd commentator on various men in public affairs once said to me, "The reason —— is not a success socially is because he has trained himself to talk delightfully to strangers and to be at ease with a houseful of guests—but put him with less than twenty people and he's lost. He's acquired such a thick coat of formality and impersonal conversation that he can't put it aside. He talks to one man as if he were addressing a roomful."

A story I heard when we first went to Rome, and everyone showered stories about our predecessors upon us, illustrates this point effectively.

The Absent Host

A former American ambassador to Italy did not appear at a large official dinner for which he and his wife had sent out invitations weeks in advance. The guests were indignant, for it was well known that he was hunting not far from Rome, and his absence seemed a deliberate affront to the distinguished people to whom he should have been host.

However, he returned home two days later full of enthusiasm about his successful hunt, and went personally to each of his thirty guests, telling them with delightful frankness how carried away he had been with his sport, and asking their individual pardon.

"And did you pardon him?" I asked the delightful old lady who told me the story.

"Pardon him?" she repeated. "Of course we pardoned him—and a curious thing happened. Up to that time we had not been sure whether or not we liked him. But he was so human and so charming in his confession that we not only pardoned him but after that we loved him!"

But the drama of the human side of diplomatic life is revealed colorfully, and as a complete whole, in the auction sale of household goods which is sometimes held by a man who has served long in the career and at last retires to private life. Spread out for the eyes of the curious are the rich brocades he has collected years and years before, at his very first post, in the Far East. Those porcelain figures, it is said, were presented to him, when he was only an under secretary, by the Empress Dowager of China. On that faded yellow sofa a lovely princess once sat and said it must be he who would break the news to his attaché that they could never meet again. Out of those crystal goblets kings and queens have drunk; those tapestries now adorning the lofty cobwebbed halls of the auction rooms have dignified one embassy after another where gay and stately guests have come and gone. Standing on this very Persian carpet a grand duke had thrown his white glove into the face of an officer who had danced too often with his young wife; from these gold plates the great of the world have dined.

But the printed catalogue tells you nothing of all this. The gold is weighed in at so much an ounce, the set of crystal goblets is not even complete. The number of knots to the square inch of the Persian carpet is stated succinctly. The yellow brocade, on which fell the tear of the princess, is merely described as faded and stained.

And ambitious young diplomats starting on their careers go eagerly into the sale to bid against one another for the possession of these stage properties. So the trappings of pomp live on, even though the personality who first collected them has noiselessly disappeared from the stage.

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A BOY'S JOB IN THE EIGHTIES

(Continued from Page 11)

them than it did to me. They had been through the Third Reader several times and would go again, but whether they did was unimportant to them. They did yearn for the large leisure and social contacts of school. Faced by the prospect of spending most of the month of November in their father's cornfields, they devised a plan. Zeke, who was the master mind, divulged it to me on Sunday before school began.

"We'll get out a load of corn before we start to school in the morning," he said, "and another after we come home in the evening. If we do that, maybe the old man will let us go."

The plan failed. Zeke subsequently related to me the details of its failure.

"Well, we got out before it was light and had a load of corn scooped into the barn before eight o'clock. We went up to the house and et breakfast and I said to the old man, 'We want to go to school. We've got in one load of corn already and we'll get out another after we come home this evening; we'll do that every day.' But the old man just looked at me with his good eye and said, 'If you get out three more loads, that will be a pretty fair day's work.'"

After that the Harbell brothers began to loaf on the job and they didn't start to school that year until the last week in November.

I had a too indulgent father. He kept me out of school only once, and even then my stay was voluntary. I will now say it was without ulterior motive, but it was voluntary. There had been a good corn crop and there was need for haste in marketing a portion of it. The semiannual interest payment on the mortgage fell due November twentieth. My yearly subscription to the Youth's Companion expired in December. I was always hard put to find the money with which to renew it. It was a high-priced publication—$1.75 a year—and many people who claimed to like it did not take it on that account. At any rate, that's what they said. Anyhow, the renewal of the Youth's Companion subscription always presented difficulties. What with the demands of Christmas and the Fourth of July upon my funds, I was seldom able to lay up a cent. Father knew of my dilemma and made me a proposition.

Woes of Winter

"I don't want to keep you out of school," he said; "but we've got to get the corn out, and if you start to school I'll have to hire a hand. I can't hardly afford to do it. If you'll stay at home and help me with the corn, I'll give you the money for your subscription to the Companion."

I stayed out of school three weeks. Father was better than his word. He renewed my subscription to the Companion, and bought me a suit of clothes, which I hadn't expected. I had a suit, such as it was.

If winter brought the break of the year to the Corn Belt farm boy, it also brought a tremendous amount of discomfort. Nobody in that embryo Eden was fortified against winter. Architecture was flimsy and no defiance to any sort of blast. In severe weather, families huddled around the box stove, which, in a manner of speaking, heated the house, their faces burning and their heels freezing. At night the fire died down and morning found the temperature inside the house only a little higher than that outside. Snow drifted into upstairs bedrooms and covered the sleepers as they lay.

Probably the Corn Belt farm boy of that day had no adventure more arduous and trying than that of the cowhide boot. Men and boys alike wore them in winter. There was no other footgear. Subjected to the devastating touch of any of the various elements, the cowhide boot required greasing with lard or mutton tallow every night. Thus softened and lubricated, it inevitably froze stiff wherever it was dropped. The experience of kicking one's feet into a pair of frozen cowhide boots in a room in which the temperature is flirting with zero is one of the most uninviting and unenjoyable I have known.

We took the blasts of winter standing up, with only a woolen comforter and yarn muttens as added resources. No boy had an overcoat or overshoes. Most of the men wore what were and still may be known as arctics, and a few of them had overcoats. The only sartorial sensation our neighborhood ever experienced happened the night Ed and Herschel Meeker appeared at the meeting of the Doane Literary and Debating Society wearing new overcoats. It was an extravagant concession to style and fashion and there was muttering about it. The feeling was that Jo Meeker was indulging his boys too far. The Meeker boys had always been the class—the young men about town—of the neighborhood. They were better dressed, more debonair, than the other boys. On social occasions they wore white shirts and collars. As I now recall it, Herschel also wore cuffs. They were great favorites with the ladies, having that sophisticated touch which ladies seem to admire so much. But nobody was prepared to see them appear wearing overcoats.

The point at issue and in debate, the question as to whether this country should continue to impose a high tariff on imports, was almost lost to view.

Blizzards and Frostbites

Going to school was not without its travail. Short-cutting across the prairie, often through unbroken snow and nearly always in the teeth of a northwest wind, it was a journey of a mile. Around the road it was farther, but the going was somewhat easier. Half a dozen times a winter I reached the schoolhouse with my ears frozen, and somewhat less frequently with fingers or toes frosted. I have an index finger that still tingles at the touch of winter, it was frozen so many times. And my experience was the common lot. I have seen a dozen boys and girls outside the schoolhouse shortly after nine o'clock in the morning carefully thawing frosted members with applications of snow. Nobody thought anything about it. It was all a legitimate hazard of the life we led.

Anything approximating a blizzard brought untold suffering to man and beast. Draft stock was fairly well protected. Both stock and feed were under cover. But on most farms the cattle and hogs took the weather as it came. A blizzard meant digging forage for the half-famished cattle out of the snow for days upon days. The lee of a straw stack or an open shed was the ultimate in protection from weather vouchsafed the cattle herd.

There were two holidays a year, Christmas and the Fourth of July. The latter was as often indicated by its breach as by its observance. From the Corn Belt angle, the Founders had been inauspicious in their selection of a natal day. It came at a season of the year when multifarious duties pressed upon the embattled farmer, and as a result the birthday anniversary of the republic was not too highly regarded. Many considered it a form of foolishness to waste a day in its celebration during the busiest season of the year. The congenital third-party men, of whom there were a number, were not sure there was anything to celebrate. Indulged as I was, I missed only one Fourth of July celebration. Funds with which properly to observe the event were much harder for me to acquire than permission to do so. In that day, a boy could not properly celebrate the Fourth of July for much less than fifty cents. Wastrels sometimes spent as much as a dollar, although that sort of extravagance was frowned upon. The accumulation of fifty

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cents meant a long period of self-denial, and I was not always equal to it.

I missed one celebration to stay at home and plow corn. That I did so had been made optional with me. Father was trading work as usual and my brother and I were making the crop. Corn was late. A wet spring held it back and it was foul with weeds. It needed cultivation sadly. Father suggested that if I didn't mind staying at home and devoting my time to the southeast forty he would greatly appreciate it. I'm glad I did it. I now know I didn't miss much. The incident is indelibly fixed in memory. It was the only cool midsummer day I ever experienced in the Corn Belt.

If I had a sense of the deficiencies and difficulties of the life, it was fixed in the feeling that there was a woeful lack of reading matter. A voracious reader who assimilated anything and everything intrusted to the printed page on which he could lay his hands, I was, much of the time, wholly without such occupation. The neighborhood was weak on the literary side; there is no gainsaying that. It had only four books. I read them all many times. I was, one might say, grounded in them. If I have today any sense of literary values, any appreciation of the better literature, it is, I am sure, attributable to that neighborhood library.

The library was composed in about equal parts of fiction, history and personal revelation. Fiction was definitely represented in the story of a London barber written by a now forgotten author. The book reeked of crime and there was a fatal casualty every five or six pages. The barber gentleman, who maintained a dubious and unmentionable connection with the delicatessen shop next door, actually performed some service as a tonsorialist; but his real business was robbery and murder. The author took his time about it, and three hundred pages in which to hang the scoundrel. One of the historical volumes was made up of newspaper stories and sketches written by war correspondents during the period of fratricidal strife and afterward collected and presented in book form.

The Neighborhood Library

Another volume, also historical in its nature, had to do with the Indian warfare which raged for many years from Pennsylvania on the north and east to Kentucky on the south and west. It was one of the handsomest books I have seen, bound in red, stamped in gold and profusely illustrated with alleged portraits of famous Indian fighters and equally famous Indian chiefs. And sanguinary, no end. If one redskin bit the dust in that book ten thousand kissed it. They were killing Indians from cover to cover. No boy with any imagination could read it without taking a solemn vow to wipe the last remaining redskin from the face of the earth. The atrocities related were something frightful. An enterprising agent had nicked every other farmhouse in the neighborhood for a copy of that grand volume at five dollars a throw—and it was worth it.

The personal revelations were made in a paper-covered volume by one who admitted himself to be a convicted bigamist who had served his time. He had, it seemed, married ten women in tolerably rapid succession without being relieved of his marital obligations by death or engaging in the formality of divorce. Naturally enough, the law got him, and after he had satisfied it, he cashed in on his experiences, which he related in meticulous detail. He was a grand figure of a man, as his picture on the cover page indicated. I hoped some day to be his sartorial equal. But I now know one should not wear a diamond stud with evening clothes, and I long since put away the ambition to do so.

Such was the literature on which the boys of our neighborhood cut their intellectual incisors. I was able, in my last year of farm life, to make an important contribution to it. I found a paper-bound copy of E. P. Roe's Opening of a Chestnut Burr in the road. After reading it six or seven times I donated it to the neighborhood. The quality of my abnegation may have been a little strained. I knew it by heart and I was going to town to live anyway.

But it was a reading community and one very well informed on the issues of the day. It was a very insignificant murder that escaped its interest and attention. Nearly every family read two or three weekly papers. The weekly Inter Ocean then was a popular and widely circulated newspaper. A number of copies came into the neighborhood. Vying with the Inter Ocean in popularity, and surpassing it in the faithful manner in which it reported crime, was the weekly edition of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The Globe-Democrat had many ardent followers. A few families clung to the Toledo Blade, which, beginning with the Civil War and due to the forceful and bitterly partisan writing of Petroleum V. Nasby, as D. R. Locke signed himself, had been a great and powerful weekly newspaper. Even in that late day Nasby was still writing letters to the Blade from "Confederit X Roads."

Something Dante Missed

The Blade probably was the first newspaper of prominence openly to espouse the cause of prohibition. Its editorial page bristled with the italic line, "*Pulverize the rum power!*" Every edition of the Blade carried that line sandwiched between its headed editorials. Not infrequently its editorial leader was dedicated to its fight on liquor. With Republicans, the Inter Ocean, the Globe-Democrat and the Blade were the popular national weeklies. Democrats took the St. Louis Republican or the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Two gentlemen in Maine, one in Augusta and the other one in Portland, published intensely interesting monthly story papers and they found their way into many Corn Belt homes. The subscription price was nominal—twenty-five cents a year, if memory serves—and each yearly subscription entitled the subscriber to a premium in the form of two handsome oil paintings. The neighborhood was speckled with art of a quality comparable to its literature. If anything, there was more art than literature and the disparity increased from year to year. Subscriptions expired; some of them were not renewed. The sweetly saccharine love stories which ran in the monthlies were all so nearly alike that they soon faded from memory. The art endured.

I did my last farming when I was seventeen. When I say "last" I have indicated exactly what I mean. Such farming as I shall now or hereafter do will be by proxy. I had fought my first battle for a paper-collar job and for strategic and other reasons had temporarily retired from the field of conflict. There was plenty of work to do at home, but I had been spoiled for it in my contact with commercialism. I had grown to expect financial recompense for my endeavors. Threshing operations were under way and I sought such recompense at the hands of some of the larger wheat growers who had no time to trade work, and who had always hired most of their help.

Work was plentiful. The honorarium was a dollar a day and board—labor prices were going up. If one didn't mind spending the night in the haymow or straw stack—if the mosquitoes and other winged pests were quiescent—he also got a few hours of sleep nearly every night. And so I signed on for the threshing.

I put in the first seven or eight days on the straw stack, taking my regular turn at the tail end of the machine. The wind stacker was just coming in; the old-fashioned straw carrier was still in vogue. It is likely the late Mr. Dante never worked at the tail end of a threshing machine engaged in reducing heavy wheat to the dimensions of a marketable commodity. Had he done so, the book on which his fame rests would have been more realistic. The unfortunate performer worked in a smudge of dust and chaff. So much of it as he did not eat or breathe caked upon him through the medium of his own perspiration. The chaff fell upon the layer of dust and adhered. The beard of the wheat, sifting down the back of his neck and piercing his clothing, attacked him in a thousand places. After two or three days, he was pretty certain to have a dust chill every night.

I know nothing medically or scientifically of the dust chill. All I can do is describe it. One who contracted it at the tail end of a threshing machine awoke sometime after midnight in the rigors of an ague. After shaking for an hour or two, his temperature rose, and for the remainder of the short night he burned up of a fever. Toward daylight his temperature subsided, and with its coming, he resumed his place in the army of the employed, a bit shaken perhaps, but otherwise all right. Nobody laid off because of a dust chill or sought medical treatment for it. It was one of the minor ailments of which there were so many. There no longer are dust chills. Science has triumphed; invention has wiped them out. Mr. Dante would find less material around a threshing machine now.

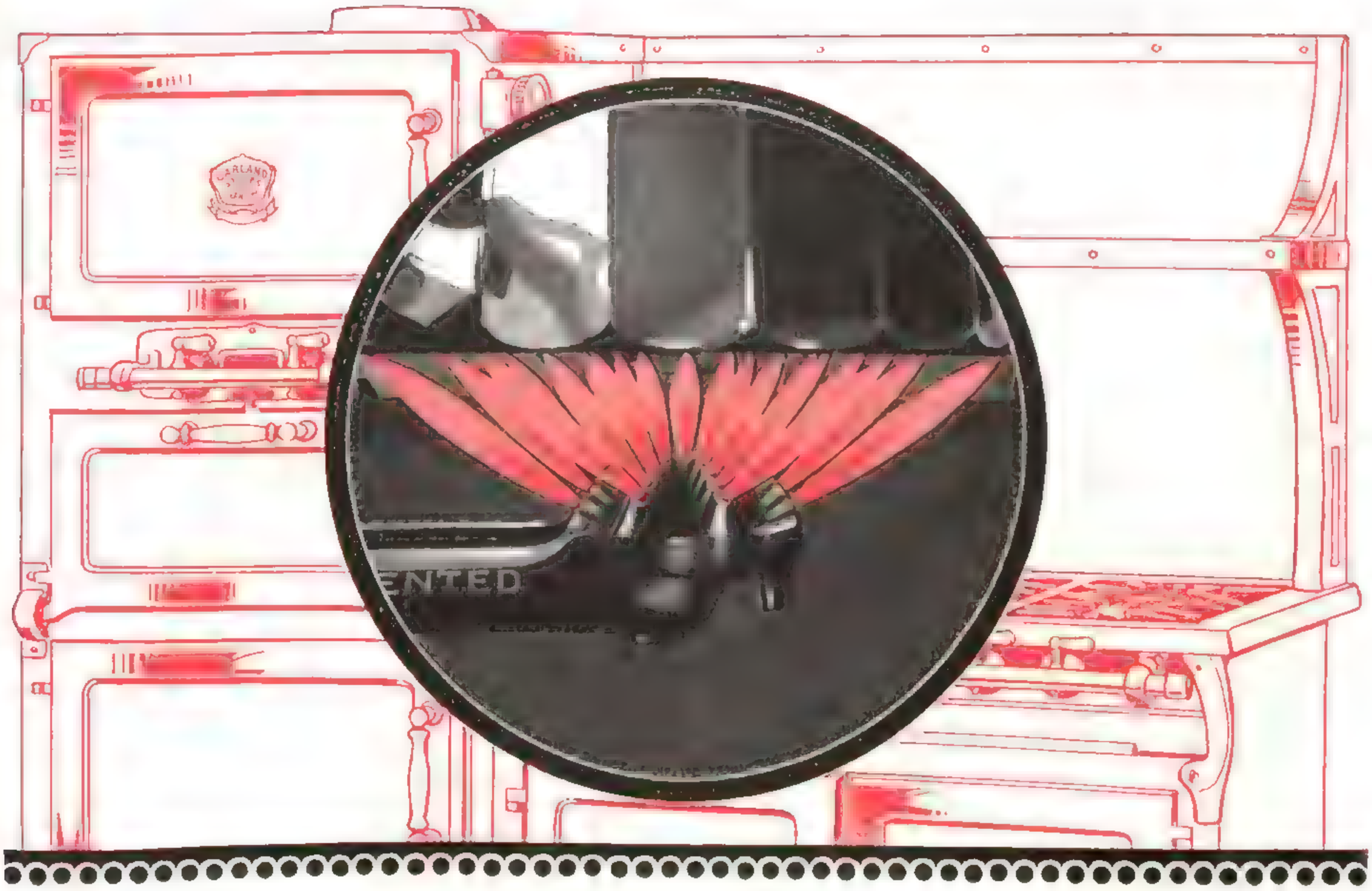
I had been having dust chills for two or three nights when they set the machine at John Wikle's that year. So I changed work. With another youth about my own age, I was assigned to the job of carrying the wheat from the machine to the granary, some seventy-five yards distant. It was heavy wheat, coming fast, and we carried a bushel and a half—approximately ninety pounds—on each trip. We were able to walk to the granary with our loads, but were forced to accelerate our pace to a sharp trot on the return journey. In no other way could we keep the wheat out of the way. It seemed to me we had been working for hours when a loose belt caused a temporary cessation of industry in that vicinity. As the machine stopped the boss thresherman looked at his watch. It was 7:20 o'clock—in the morning. I looked at the indicator. We had threshed one hundred and eighty bushels of wheat. I had already made sixty trips to the granary seventy-five yards distant, carrying a burden of approximately ninety pounds on each trip, and it was 7:20 o'clock in the morning.

Up to the Boy Himself

The thick vein of bottom wheat pinched out. Lon Benefield was wild-catting on the small jobs with the first pretense of a wind stacker the neighborhood had seen. He carried his own crew, in part. He made me a proposition to join his crew and look after the stacker. We worked by day and traveled by night. The jobs were small. We often set the machine for two or three in a day. Almost invariably, we cleaned up some job at dusk, folded our paraphernalia and moved on to the next, often three or four miles distant, that night. It was a gay life. Still, I had a pretty good season. I earned thirty-two dollars and had it all when I set out to look for the next white-collar job.

Life in the Corn Belt has had its changes. The farmer has more comforts, more conveniences and greater leisure. He goes much oftener to the picnic. The speed of his journey thither has been accelerated and made easier. He has a great deal more money and spends it without pain. But I have many farmer relatives, and now and then I get around among them. Fundamentally farming hasn't changed since I knew it intimately and well. It still is heavy work. The growing boy still is the unit of power on the farm.

I should like to be able to say that those who withstood the regimen of the Corn Belt farm when I was a boy came ultimately to distinction through travail. But, as far as I know, none of them did. I doubt that paternal safeguarding would have helped them to do so. It wasn't in them. Then, now and always, it is pretty much up to the boy himself. I doubt, too, that it hurt them. It didn't hurt me; but, of course, I had it pretty soft.



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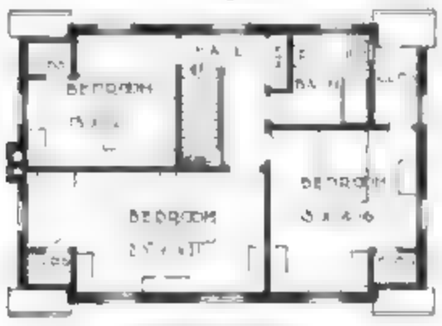

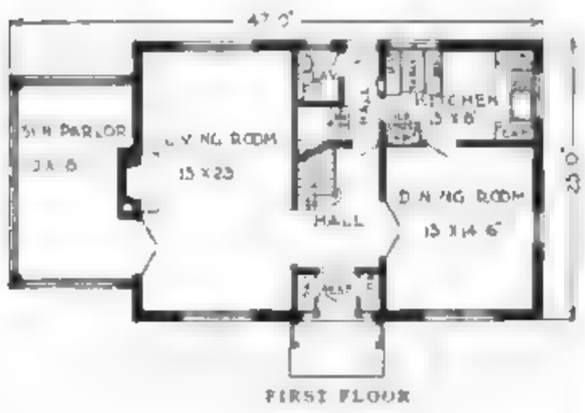

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THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

(Continued from Page 44)

"I went to him who they told me in London was your best lawyer," she confided. "He heard my story and he just shake his head. There is nothing, he said, to prove that it was not a sale."

"It is a very distressing business," Channay admitted doubtfully. "I am sorry the man was an Englishman."

"He is English," the princess continued, "but he is not like most other English. He is a coward. I know that he is a coward. I saw him go white when he thought that I would tell my husband. We were in our castle then, in the country where for many miles my husband was lord of the land, and he knew—yes, this Englishman knew what would happen if I spoke. I wish now that I had spoken. Paul would have killed him and I might have kept my jewels."

"Has this man sold them?"

"Some, perhaps. But listen. This is the brutal thing. This is what make me wonder whether it would be worth my while to risk my own life to kill him, then rob him, even if again I go to preeson. He is in Monte Carlo at this minute and with him a companion. She is well known in Paris—La belle Clérode. Listen, monsieur. She wear my jewels—wear them before my eyes—the emerald which came from a Tartar ancestor six hundred years ago—the most famous emerald in Russia. She wear that."

"It seems incredible," Channay muttered.

"Now, my friend," the princess continued, leaning toward him, "just now I ask you nothing. As yet my story is fresh to you. It is what you call the book of the story. Tonight I will show you the picture. Then I will hear if you have anything to say. You are engaged tonight perhaps? Say no, please. I do not wish you to be engaged."

"I am at your service, princess," Channay assured her. "I have some friends who are coming to be with me here, but they do not arrive till later."

"You will be so kind as to invite my aunt and myself to dine with you very quietly at the Sporting Club?" she begged. "Your friend Major Warling, too, if you like. Afterward we go upstairs. They will be there. I show you."

"It will give me the greatest possible pleasure," Channay assured her. "But, princess, once more I must remind you that in my own country I am a person *déclassé*. You understand that?"

She laughed.

"Monsieur Channay," she said, "because I am the Princess Variabinski I may be entertained by whom I will, and because I am a woman I should choose always my own friends. . . . So you go now, if you will, and we meet—at nine o'clock at the Sporting Club."

It was not until he was halfway down the hill on the way back to Monte Carlo that Channay realized that he had forgotten to ask the name of the Englishman.

Warling's acceptance of Channay's somewhat diffidently proffered invitation was prompt and enthusiastic. The latter, who, for all his bitterness, was after all a very human person, was gratified but faintly cynical.

"You were my host for so long," he observed as the two men met in the bar a few minutes before the hour fixed for dinner, "that it is time, perhaps, the conditions were reversed."

"Don't be an ass, Channay," the other protested as he drank his cocktail. "We had better go down and be waiting for the women now. The princess is charming, but, like all these foreigners, punctilious."

The little dinner party of four was a great success, and not a word was spoken even bordering upon the serious until after they had made their way into the rooms. Then the princess, who was walking behind with Channay, suddenly gripped him by the arm.

"Look!" she pointed out. "Just opposite!"

Two people were seated at the roulette table side by side, with great stacks of *mille* notes in front of them. It was the woman who first attracted Channay's attention—very beautiful, fair, with masses of red-gold hair, a dazzling complexion and wonderful dark eyes. She was décolletée, with a chinchilla coat thrown back upon the chair. Her throat and arms were covered with marvelous jewelry. There were ropes of pearls about her neck, and an emerald, suspended by a thin platinum chain upon her bosom, which few women could see for the first time without a little gasp. Her arms were encircled by bracelets and the gems in her rings were of monstrous size.

Channay's eyes passed on to her companion, and as he recognized him he became suddenly very quiet. The man was thin and without an atom of color. His face was drawn as though with illness. He was almost bald and what hair he had was white.

In curious distinction to the pallor of his complexion, his lips were unusually red, his under one turned outward. He was intent upon the game; playing it, not like many of the habitués, with at any rate an affectation of indifference, but with cupidity in his eyes and anxiety in his manner.

He did not once glance up during the moments that Channay watched him, except to whisper frowningly to his companion, apparently as to the illogical method of her stakes. She shrugged her shoulders and took no notice. Channay drew a long breath and stepped into the background. The story of the stolen jewels had for the moment passed from his mind. Once more he was back again, living through those unforgettable moments of sordid drama. The princess slipped from her place and joined him.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Do you mind coming outside with me for a moment?" he asked.

They found a little corner in the bar. Channay was still inclined toward silence, but the princess was engrossed with her own emotions.

"You have seen!" she exclaimed. "Can you imagine what I feel? Those pearls are mine—that emerald—those bracelets—and she wears them—you see how she wears them!"

"It is a curious thing," Channay observed, a little absently, "that I never asked you the man's name."

"It is Anderton," she told him.

"Yes," he said. "I know—Giles Maurice Anderton. I might have guessed when you spoke of his great financial schemes in Russia."

"You know him?"

"I knew him once," Channay acknowledged bitterly. "He is one of the men who were responsible for my—trouble."

"That is very strange," the princess reflected. "He is my enemy and he is also yours. Now, my dear friend—shall I call you my dear friend, I wonder? I wish."

He failed to respond to the question in her eyes—even to notice the music of her lowered voice. He seemed to be looking out through the walls of the room. Yet he had the air of listening, so she continued:

"What I would ask is this: Will you help me? You are a brave man and he is a coward. It may seem quite hopeless, and yet cowardice has yielded much sometimes."

"Princess," Channay begged, "please do not hope for too much, because it may be that I can do nothing; but I promise you at least that I will try."

Her hand stole into his. He was suddenly conscious of a quaint perfume as she leaned toward him—a perfume which might have been of lavender and rose leaves embalmed in a sandalwood box. The touch of her fingers was warm and enticing.

"You are my dear friend?" she whispered. "Is it not so? I felt it when I saw

The HIDING PLACES

4,000 dentists report amazing results

THIRTY years ago, Dr. W. D. Miller, an American dentist practicing in Germany, discovered the cause of tooth decay. He demonstrated that colonies of germs attach themselves firmly to the enamel by means of the mucin film, secreting acid, producing cavities and decay.

Ever since, scientists have agreed that a mucin solvent dentifrice, if it could be found, would prove the ideal means of preventing decay.

After decades of disappointing search, a recent research at the Mellon Institute, University of Pittsburgh, resulted in the discovery of a liquid dentifrice, called Mu-Sol-Dent, certified by the Institute to be an efficient solvent of mucin film.

Cleans hidden spaces

Mu-Sol-Dent is a liquid, *for only a liquid can reach and clean the crevices and spaces between teeth, the hiding places of decay and tartar, where trouble usually starts.*

Dentists throughout the world, after thorough tests, now acclaim Mu-Sol-Dent as the Super-Dentifrice. Within one year, over 4,000 dentists reported most wonderful results in combating decay, tartar, sore gums, and tooth and mouth disorders. Here are just a few characteristic comments received from dentists:

"I have been prescribing Mu-Sol-Dent and believe I am getting better results in my prophylactic work. I believe it to be a big step forward."

"Patients say Mu-Sol-Dent is wonderful, and they can't do without it."

"I believe that with Mu-Sol-Dent you are solving the great problem of prevention of decay in teeth."

"What you claim for Mu-Sol-Dent does not begin to tell it. I am prescribing it daily."

"Mu-Sol-Dent does what so many claim to do, but don't."

"I have my children use it; I prescribe it for my patients, and I would not be without it myself."

Celia Caroline Cole, noted magazine writer and beauty expert, after using Mu-Sol-Dent on her dentist's recommendation, says:

"Your teeth shine like radium; your breath smells like pure new morning."

What Mu-Sol-Dent does

Mu-Sol-Dent is neither a tooth paste nor a mouthwash in the accepted sense, yet it does the work of both in a superior manner. It heals as it cleans—does both. It not only removes the germ-laden mucin film, but effectively prevents tartar. Its healing and cleansing efficiency is truly amazing after tooth extraction, in gum and mouth infections, and in cases of sore mouth caused by wearing plates and bridges. It dissolves both mucin and mucus, and is therefore unequalled as a gargle, in prevention of colds and sore throat.

Get a bottle today from your druggist; or we will send a sample bottle on receipt of 10 cents for packing and postage.

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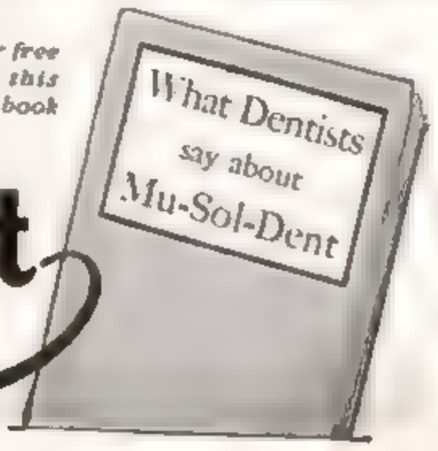

Mu-Sol-Dent
dissolves mucin

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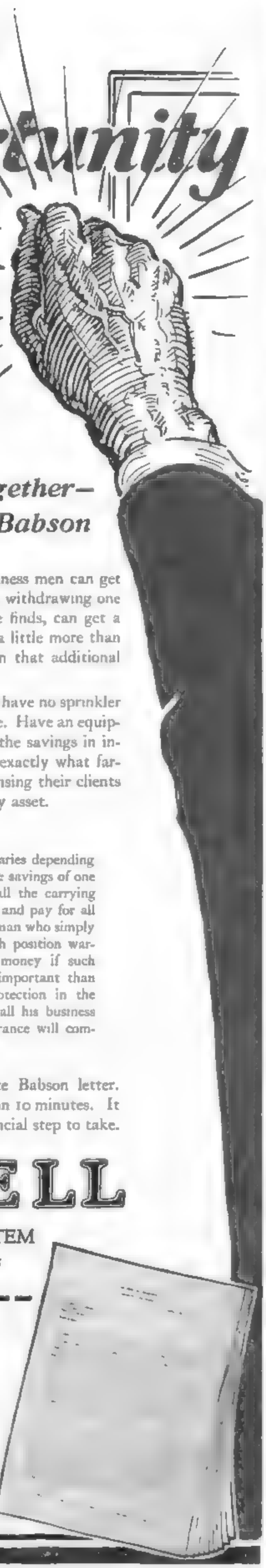

They ought to get together— says Roger W. Babson

MR. Babson finds that a great many business men can get an automatic sprinkler system without withdrawing one dollar from working capital. Other men, he finds, can get a system by making an annual payment only a little more than what they save in insurance. The return on that additional capital runs from 20% to 75% a year.

He, therefore, advises all business men who have no sprinkler systems to cash in on their opportunity at once. Have an equipment installed by a company which accepts the savings in insurance as they accrue in payment. This is exactly what far-sighted insurance agents and brokers are advising their clients to do—turn insurance expense into a property asset.

Mr. Babson puts it this way:

> "The amount saved annually, of course, varies depending on the values involved, but I am told that the savings of one year are usually sufficient to take care of all the carrying charges necessary on this plan of installation and pay for all the service involved. Therefore, the business man who simply postpones sprinkler installation until his cash position warrants outright purchase is actually losing money if such postponement extends over a year. More important than this, he is doing without adequate fire protection in the meantime and possibly may, therefore, lose all his business in a disastrous fire with losses that no insurance will compensate him for."

SEND for a carbon copy of the complete Babson letter. It will solve your fire protection problem in 10 minutes. It will show you why this is the only sound financial step to take.

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Firm

Address

Individual:

you there only yesterday. If you fail, then no man can do anything. Of that I am sure."

Channay drew a little breath. For a moment he had felt himself carried off his feet.

"You must trust me," he said, in a tone which was almost matter-of-fact, "with a list of your jewels and the valuation. Then, if you do not mind, we will part here for this evening. For the moment it would be better that we are not seen together. What I can do I will. It may be nothing; but one thing you have told me is certainly the truth. The man is, as he always was, a coward."

"You shall have the papers," she promised. "I trust you. I know that you will do what you can for my sake, and if you fail you shall still come to me for my thanks. I go back to my aunt. Escort me, if you please, to the door. Afterward, for tonight, we will not speak. That is not pleasant, but I obey."

He rose to his feet. In the doorway she met some acquaintances and dismissed him with a pleasant word of farewell. Channay, obeying a very rare impulse, crossed over to the bar, demanded a liqueur brandy and, seating himself upon one of the stools, drank it thoughtfully.

When he turned to reenter the rooms his eyes were clear and bright, his mouth was hard-set; already a purpose was framing itself in his mind.

Mademoiselle Clérode was in ill luck; her numbers failed to turn up; the coterie of distant admirers by whom she was usually surrounded were less numerous and interesting than usual. With a little yawn she swept the money in front of her into a dainty sack which matched her dress and rose to her feet. Her companion looked at her with a frown.

"You go?" he inquired.

"A short promenade," she replied. "I lose here. I try my fortune at another table."

The man watched her depart, and afterward continued to play for a time without success. Presently he, too, rose, stuffing his money into his pocket, and looked across the room for his late companion. He discovered her harmlessly playing at a neighboring table and turned toward the bar. It was then he came face to face with Gilbert Channay.

Anderton had been an opportunist all his life and, although he was without doubt surprised, he recovered himself sufficiently to remember the line of action upon which he had long ago decided. His smile, if not genial, was gracious and welcoming. He would even have held out his hand if he had seen the slightest signs of any possible response.

"Channay!" he exclaimed. "Gilbert Channay! Why, I thought ——"

He hesitated for a moment. Channay finished the sentence for him.

"You thought that I was not out until next month," he interposed. "You see, these remissions for good behavior upset all calculations. I have, as a matter of fact, been a free man for some time."

"An extraordinary meeting!" Anderton pronounced. "I was on my way to the bar. Let us be true to our nationality and celebrate our reunion with a whisky and soda."

"I will not drink if you don't mind," was the expressionless reply, "but I will sit with you with pleasure."

They found a retired corner. Channay refused a cigar and lit one of his own cigarettes.

"Channay," Anderton began, proceeding according to his preconceived plan, "I don't know what has happened to you since you—er—reappeared, or whom you have seen; but I suppose you know they are all furious with you. You certainly treated us rather badly; but I, for my part, am not going to complain. You thought probably that we ought to have rallied around you. I hold no brief for the others. I simply wish you to know that I was in Russia—no, worse than that, I was in Siberia at the time."

"Were you, indeed?" Channay observed.

The other glanced at him keenly. He had been, as a matter of fact, in London during the whole of the trial; but it was scarcely likely that Channay could have known of this.

"My solicitors applied on my behalf, naturally, for the shares in the Nyasa company," he continued, "and received back the original amount of my subscription. The only shares allotted, I was informed, were those allotted to you."

"Precisely," Channay agreed.

"I am a business man," Anderton went on. "So are you, my dear fellow; but after all, there is such a thing as morality even in the keenest commercial transactions. I ask you this, as a man of honor: Do you consider yourself justified in accepting our decision to buy a large number of shares in a mine, and then, because the shares soar up and they happen to have been all registered in your name, to stick to the shares? What about that, eh? Wouldn't that seem sharp practice to you in anyone else's case?"

"It might perhaps," Channay admitted.

"Of course your judgment as regards the mine itself was right," Anderton continued, "although I don't suppose that even you expected such an amazing result. I see by the papers that the one-pound shares today stand at thirty. Therefore for my thousand pounds I ought to have thirty thousand."

"That is so," Channay agreed. "If the shares had been registered in your name, or if I had been an honest man, that thirty thousand would certainly have been yours."

Anderton's hand trembled a little as he relit his cigar. He was a secretive man and few knew the extent of his wealth. Nevertheless, money was still his god, and thirty thousand pounds was a sum sufficient to awaken all his covetous instincts.

"Now, my dear Channay," he proposed, "let us discuss this matter as men of the world. You chose to indulge in a little sharp practice against those who, you thought, had treated you badly. Now I have heard it hinted that a sort of bond was signed by certain of those men who either went into the witness box against you or stayed out when they might have helped you."

"Quite true," was the murmured assent.

"What I wish to point out," Anderton proceeded earnestly, "is this: That my name does not appear upon that bond, if it does exist. I should never have signed it if I had been asked; but, as you know, I was in Siberia. Then, looking at the matter from the other point of view, I was not one of those who could have given any evidence on your behalf—even if I had been in the country. Now upon these grounds, I might say that I expected to be treated a little differently than the others."

"I hear what you say," Channay observed.

"You are now," Anderton continued, "a very rich man. You have had a rough time, but are now able to lean back and enjoy life."

"You, too, I understand, are in the same position," Gilbert Channay remarked.

"You are right and wrong, my friend," Anderton rejoined, dropping his voice a little. "On paper—and solid paper, too—I am several times a millionaire; but ready money is always valuable. I have been a heavy loser here and there is a prospect of my expenses at home being enormously increased. As man to man, Gilbert Channay, I consider that you owe me the difference between the issued price and the present value of Nyasa shares, which amounts to about thirty thousand pounds. I should like to have the money."

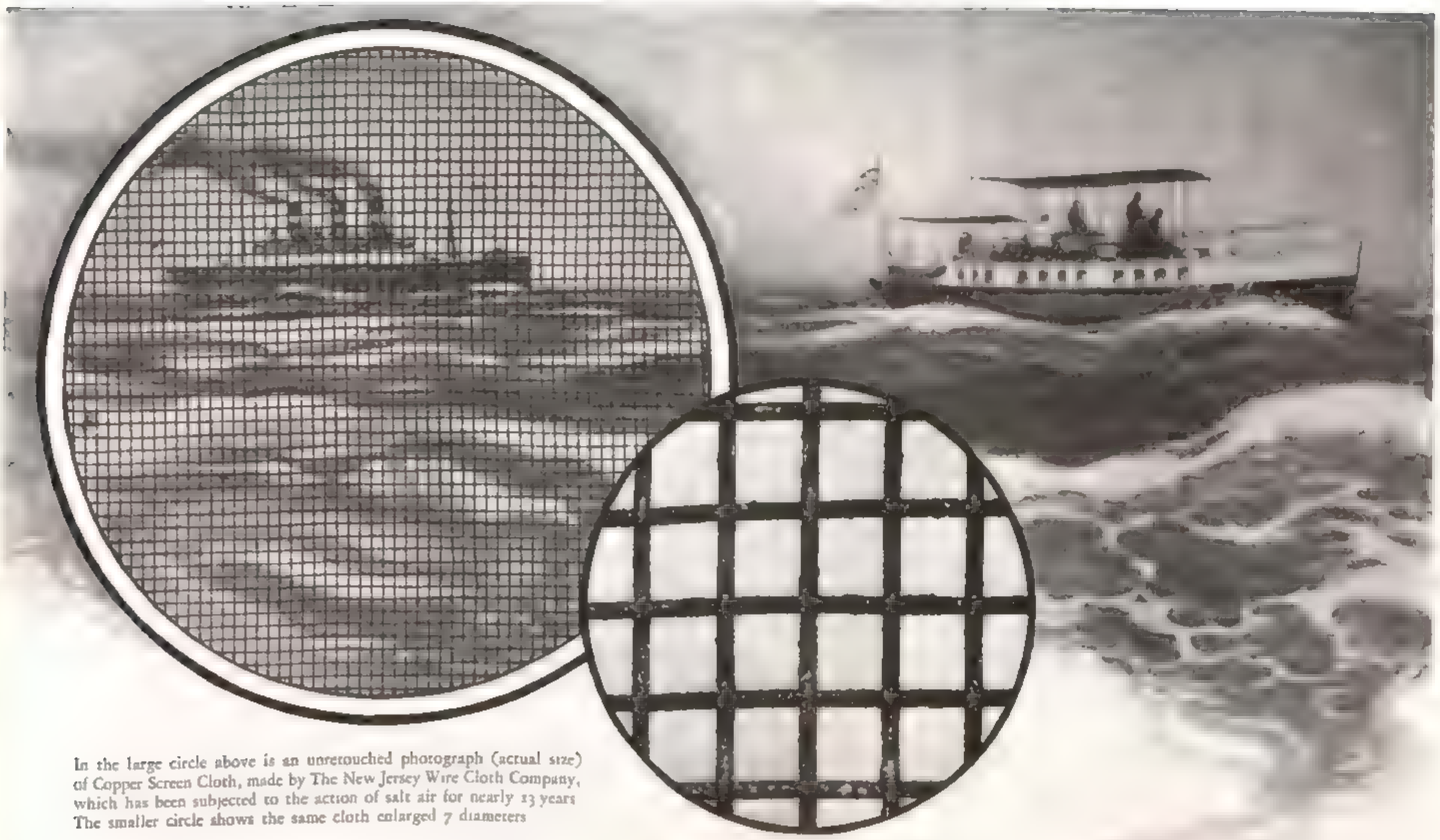
Gilbert Channay sat quite still for several moments, his eyes fixed upon the carpet. Then he rose to his feet.

"This matter requires thinking out," he decided. "Where are you staying?"

"Hôtel de Paris," was the ready response. "Number 176."

"I will call upon you," Channay promised, "at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning."

(Continued on Page 198)



In the large circle above is an unretouched photograph (actual size) of Copper Screen Cloth, made by The New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, which has been subjected to the action of salt air for nearly 13 years The smaller circle shows the same cloth enlarged 7 diameters

This Screen Cloth Gave 12 Years' Service

METAL screen cloth can be subjected to no more severe test than that imposed by the damp, salt-laden air of the seacoast.

Here, then, is a record worthy of your attention.

The piece of our Copper Screen Cloth pictured above was taken from the yacht of Mr. Fred McCormick, architect, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., after it had seen nearly 13 years of active service along the Atlantic seacoast. Mr. McCormick says:

> "There are eleven (11) windows on each side. ALL of which were covered on the outside with your Copper Insect Screen Cloth when the boat was built, in 1910. They have never been renewed and are all in perfect condition, and to all appearances will last another thirteen (13) years."

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Jersey is made in either bright or dark finish, but most home owners prefer the latter. It goes through no weathering process. It is as nearly invisible as a screen cloth can be, and stays that way.

If you cannot obtain Jersey Copper Screen Cloth in your locality, write us. We will tell you where you can get it and send you a booklet, "*A Matter of Health and Comfort*," which you will find worth reading

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Copper Screen Cloth

Made of Copper 99.8% Pure

(Continued from Page 194)

"You will be welcome," Anderton assured him. "Don't forget to bring your check book."

"In the meantime you had better return to mademoiselle," Channay suggested dryly.

Anderton coughed.

"So long, old chap, then," he concluded, with a great effort at cordiality.

Mr. Giles Anderton did not appear to advantage at so early an hour as eleven o'clock in the morning. He was fully dressed and the coiffeur had done his best. Face massage had followed shave, and an empty glass upon the table indicated other efforts at recuperation; but there were dark lines under the man's eyes and his manner as he greeted his visitor was nervous.

"Here I am, you see, my dear Channay!" he exclaimed. "It is an abominably early hour for this part of the world; but I'm ready, you see—seated at the receipt of custom—ready for that little check, eh?"

Channay drew some papers from his breast coat pocket, but there was no check amongst them. He had laid his hat and cane upon the table and he seated himself opposite to his host.

"Anderton," he said, "I could not trust myself to answer you last night in a crowded room. Here we are alone and what happens does not very much matter. In the first place, I have to tell you that you are a liar—a clumsy and purposeless liar!"

He produced the dilapidated agreement with its shameful covenant, signed by every member of the syndicate save one. His forefinger pointed to Giles Anderton's name. The man's jaw fell, his underlip seemed to be more and more protuberant.

"I don't understand," he faltered. "I didn't sign anything"

"That will do," Channay interrupted. "You signed this document all right, and as to being in Siberia on the day of my trial, you were never out of London. That disposes of any chance you ever had of getting that thirty thousand pounds."

Anderton sat like a man who has received a blow. He could not find words for expostulation. There was his undoubted signature upon that infamous document. His bluff had failed.

"Now," Gilbert Channay went on, "we come to a different matter. You were one of those who played this foul trick upon me, who dishonored the name of friendship, who, to put a few extra thousand pounds in your own pocket and shelve responsibility for something which was only after all technically dishonest, entered into a secret understanding to break the man who was making your fortune."

"I was overruled," Anderton whimpered.

"Possibly," Channay replied; "but my score against you exists all the same. There are one or two of the old gang, Anderton, whom I have already dealt with. Chance has brought you to me. Very well, I am ready."

"What do you mean?" the other gasped.

"I mean this: Financially, you are without doubt unassailable. I could not shake the faith of the stock exchange in your probity or wealth if I were to try. But your ambitions have mounted with the years. You are a public man—a member of Parliament. You have refused a baronetcy, I understand, because you are negotiating for a peerage."

"I object to the term 'negotiating,'" Anderton declared harshly. "I subscribe largely to the funds of my party, but that is because I believe in their politics."

"That may be so," Channay replied; "but the fact remains that at present the matter of your peerage is in the balance. A little scandal about Giles Anderton, M. P., in the society papers, and repeated in the clubs, would make a difference just now, I think."

"Scandal!" Anderton queried, with a great semblance of indignation. "What rubbish is this?"

"Years ago," Channay explained, "you were asked by a woman in a time of great distress to dispose of her jewels for her. Her husband and she had befriended you in a country where you had some difficulty in making your way. They had befriended you in the days of their prosperity. How did you behave when the storm came?"

"Who the devil are you talking about?" the startled man gasped.

"You know," Channay rejoined sternly. "I am talking about the Princess Variabinski—and her jewels, which your little mademoiselle was wearing last night. Those jewels were worth ten million francs. You thought you might find a customer at seven millions. You advanced a matter of a hundred thousand francs. When the princess applied to you for a settlement you had the outrageous impertinence to declare that you had bought them for that sum."

"Where did you get hold of this cock-and-bull story?" Anderton demanded.

"You can prove it a cock-and-bull story when you reply to the statement which I am issuing to the press on behalf of the princess," Channay replied. "You see these papers. There is the insurance value of the jewels—ten million francs. Here, also, is your letter in which you say that you might be able to get seven million and that you sent the hundred thousand francs asked for by messenger. An ugly business that, Anderton, and there is something still more ugly behind. You were friendly with that government official they made a judge. Was it altogether a coincidence that the day after the princess confided her jewels to you she was arrested?"

Anderton's face had become livid. He was struggling for breath. For several moments he was beyond the power of any coherent speech. His fingers tugged at his collar. Channay watched him with cold indifference.

"Look here," he said at last, "I can deny all this. I can bring witnesses."

"Rubbish!" Channay interrupted. "You can do nothing of the sort, and you know it, because the princess' story can be proved up to the hilt. But if you still feel like fighting, Anderton, there's another little matter which those of the financial papers that have not been bribed to silence might like to get hold of. There was a company once—the Capolo Rubber Company, it was called. A man announcing himself as a financial agent of the name of Baton sent out circulars—very glowing circulars they were—about that property. He signed himself James Baton, and he sailed just a trifle too near the wind. The police looked for that man Baton, Anderton. They had a suspicion as to who he was, but they could never prove it. I could!"

Anderton collapsed. He clutched for a moment at the air and then fell back in his chair. Channay rose unwillingly to his feet, unfastened his collar and felt his pulse. In a moment or two the fainting man opened his eyes with a little shiver.

"Channay," he begged, "be careful. I have a weak heart."

"I guessed that," Channay replied, "or I should have started the proceedings by giving you a thrashing. That may come afterward."

"What do you want?" Anderton asked feverishly.

"The princess' jewels," was the stern demand. "Nothing for myself. Hand over the jewels and we will call it quits. Otherwise it was my intention to have broken you on my own account."

Anderton rolled from side to side of his chair. There were tears in his eyes.

"She will never forgive me!" he cried; "I shall lose her!"

Channay shrugged his shoulders.

"The thing has to be faced," he insisted. "I am going to smash your good name in the City of London, destroy you socially and as a man of honor, or else you are going to bring me those jewels before I leave this room."

"She will never give them up," Anderton faltered.

"From what I can surmise of the young woman's movements," Channay observed, "I should say that she was still in bed. You have an excellent opportunity to recover your jewels without a scene."

Anderton rose to his feet, stood breathing heavily for a moment or two, then staggered to the sideboard. With trembling hands he mixed himself a drink. Then he turned to the inner door.

"Wait!" he enjoined.

He was gone a matter of five minutes. When he returned he came in furtively, like a thief. He carried a jewel case in his hand. For a moment he paused to lock the door of communication. Then he opened the jewel case and turned out its contents, sweeping a few trifles to one side.

"The big emerald is the most important!" he declared. "That was valued at two million and a half. These pearls, too, they all belong, and those four bracelets, these rings—the rest are mademoiselle's. Take them, stuff them in your pocket, anywhere, and get away. There'll be murder when she finds out."

"You didn't give them to her?" Channay asked, with menace in his tone.

For a single moment there was a gleam almost of cunning in Anderton's eyes.

"Not I," he answered. "I made her sign a paper that they were my property and only lent, before I let her wear them. I wanted to sell them, time after time, but I daren't. They said that the princess was dead. I couldn't get proof. I was waiting for proof."

"The princess is alive and was in the rooms at the Sporting Club last night," Channay announced.

There was a sudden battering at the inner door. Channay filled his pockets with the jewelry, picked up his hat and cane and turned toward his companion.

"Good-by, Anderton," he said. "A pleasant quarter of an hour to you!"

Channay bought a plain morocco box for his booty and with it under his arm, and a cluster of roses, drove up to the villa. Madame la Princesse, however, was out—had gone to Cannes for lunch and was not expected home until dinnertime. He left the roses, locked up the box for a few hours in the hotel safe and idled through the day until six o'clock, the hour at which he was to meet the princess. She entered the little bar, and leaving Madame de Kragoff, who was talking to some acquaintances, came at once over to him.

"Well?"

"The best I could do," he replied, handing her the box.

She stood for a moment dumb with wonder. Then she tore off the covering and opened the lid. The great emerald flashed up at her, coils of pearls lay around it. There were rows of rings. She looked at him, still speechless, for several seconds.

"I do not understand," she faltered. "This cannot be true."

Once more she opened the box and gazed at its contents.

"It is quite true," Gilbert Channay assured her. "The man is, as we both know, a coward. I threatened him and he gave me up what you see. If there is anything missing ——"

"There is nothing missing of any account," she interrupted. "Monsieur Channay, I —I have no words."

She had never looked more beautiful, even though that exquisite pallor of her cheeks was for a moment disturbed by a little flush.

Her eyes were soft with excitement and unshed tears. Her lips were moist. She suddenly gripped his hands.

"Oh, you dear wonderful man!" she cried. "What can I say? What can I do? What can I offer you?"

"Dear lady," he answered, and his own expression had become almost human, "one does not do these things for a reward. Besides, I was able to serve myself, for it chances that this man Anderton was an old enemy of mine."

"You ask for nothing?" she pleaded, her hands still resting upon his. "There is nothing I can offer? Is there a reason that you will not accept ——"

She broke off with a little tremble in her voice.

Channay looked around him as though suddenly conscious that they were being observed. He rose to his feet. Mr. Martin Fogg, newly arrived from London, was peering a little diffidently into the alcove, and by his side stood Catherine, her first very delightful smile just fading from her lips, her brows a little upraised, her eyes full of question. She looked very sweet and wholesome in these somewhat exotic surroundings. Channay bowed over the princess' hand.

"Dear lady," he said, "the reason I hope I may present to you before the evening is over. You will forgive?"

He gave one hand to Martin Fogg and the other to Catherine.

"How I have missed you dear people!" he exclaimed.

The light came back to the girl's eyes. The princess, who had been watching, gazed after them as they left the room and turned down the passage to the hotel. Then for a moment or two she affected to be busy, bending over her jewels, none of which she could see, however, through the queer little mist in front of her eyes. Presently, for she was a brave woman, she closed the lid with a snap and dispatched a waiter for the commissionaire and the manager.

"One must take care of what one has," she murmured.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Mr Oppenheim. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Teacher's Pet

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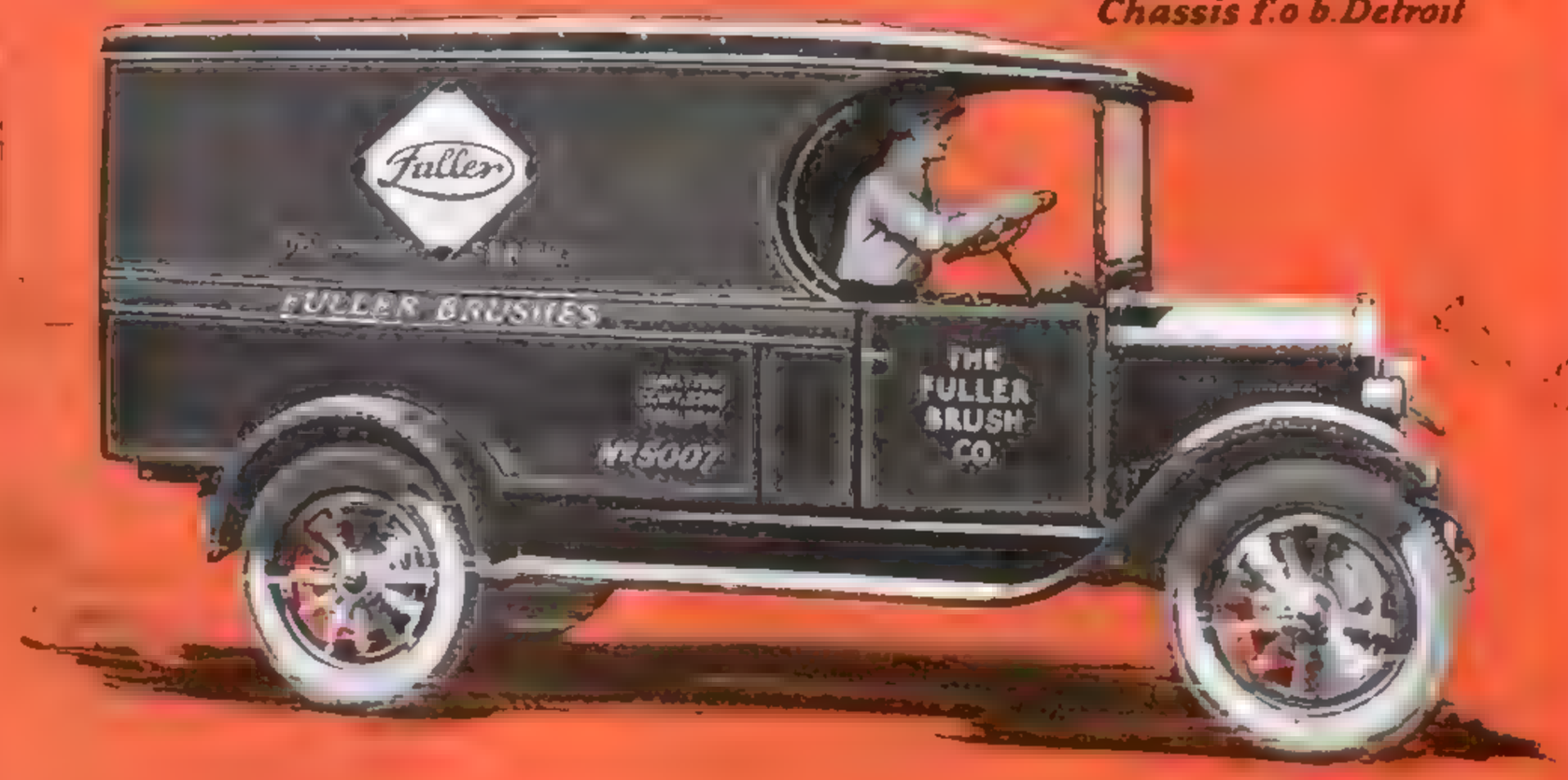

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"I GUESS YOU'D BETTER DO YOUR STUFF"

(Continued from Page 25)

would get another small steamer. Jimmy had never been on a horse in his life. What would he do when the animal broke into a gallop?

When he actually stood beside the horse he was to ride, the immediate problem of how to get on troubled him even more than the problem of how to stay there after he got on. He had heard or read somewhere that you always got on a horse from a particular side, but whether this was the right or the left side he couldn't remember. The right seemed to him the most probable, so he put his foot in the right stirrup and grasped the saddle. The horse swung off, sheering away from him, but he got on. And the road was so steep and rocky that no horse could have galloped over it. Jimmy managed the journey without the slightest mishap, except for the poignant aches in his muscles with which he awoke the next morning.

Once in camp on Kadiak, he felt fairly safe. Mr. Corbin had employed two guides and they did all the work. Each morning Mr. Corbin took one of them off on the hunt for a sheep and the other remained in camp to get in wood and cook. Jimmy's only responsibility was to shoulder the Sharps rifle and start out each day over the rock slides with Milly on the hunt for bears. Jimmy had learned from his grandfather's book that you must hunt bears upwind. As long as they did not get your scent and you were quiet you could approach them closely without scaring them.

So it proved. They came the very first morning on an old she bear and her cub fishing in a small river that tumbled down to the sea. Milly got half a dozen snapshots from the cover of a rock at a distance of perhaps two hundred feet before the bears wandered off into an alder thicket. Milly smiled up at Jimmy.

"I suppose it's torture for an old hunter like you to stand there with a rifle while I take one picture after another and not be able to do your stuff."

"To tell the truth," Jimmy said, "I didn't want to shoot either the old bear or her cub. I was too interested in watching them. If I had shot them I'd have felt as if I had killed a mother and her child."

"I'm awfully glad you feel the way I do about that," Milly said. "I don't want to be sentimental about an animal as fierce as a Kadiak bear, but I don't like killing things much."

They found a sheltered nook in the lee of the rocks where they could eat their lunch and talk. They talked and talked and talked, as only a man and a girl who like each other very much indeed can talk. The very grandeur of the scene brought them closer together, for they were the only small, human, struggling creatures in a world of towering barren rock and cold surging sea.

They saw no more bears that day or the next. But on the afternoon of the third day they came unexpectedly on an enormous old bear digging gophers among the rocks. He was startlingly close, and Jimmy was shocked at the size and power of the beast as he swung his great head between his loose shoulders and thrust up a bushel of earth at one stroke of his paw. The light was against photographing him. But neither of them thought of that till afterward. They stood there breathless, their shoulders touching, until the bear walked on and disappeared among the rocks. Milly gave a little gasp.

"I didn't realize they were as big as that," she said. "I was scared."

"He gave me a thrill," Jimmy admitted. "But I think, as a matter of fact, we weren't in the least danger. They don't charge human beings unless they're wounded."

They found in the days that followed that the great difficulty was to get near enough to take pictures. Half a dozen times they watched she bears with cubs at a distance that made pictures hardly worth taking. And every time they tried to get closer they succeeded only in scaring them away. They shortly acquired a contempt for bears as enemies of human kind.

"I don't believe they are any more dangerous than rabbits," Milly said to her father as they discussed the problem round the evening camp fire.

"I don't think they are any more dangerous than rabbits as long as Jimmy and his Sharps are with you," her father answered.

When they sat round the camp fire Jimmy felt blue. He felt blue because she was utterly unattainable. She liked him—he knew that. But he was a thirty-five-dollar-a-week clerk in a gun store, and she was the daughter of a millionaire. When they were out on the rock slides stalking bears he felt she was his and his spirits went up accordingly. A dozen times he was tempted to put his arm around her—to kiss her. He felt that she would let him. But he always remembered the difference between them and did nothing. He had barred himself from her by his wasted years—the years when he should have been learning how to earn money instead of how to spend it. And the time was coming in a few days now when they would break up the camp and go home. He dreaded the stop at the dude ranch. He couldn't expect to get by that without betraying his ignorance of horses, and from that they would guess the rest.

They were on their way back to camp on the last afternoon but one when they saw a she bear and her cub come out of the river and disappear again in an alder thicket. They got down on their hands and knees and worked their way toward her. The wind was in their favor. They had gone perhaps half the distance when they paused and listened. They could hear nothing and see nothing except the alder thicket whispering in the wind. They crawled on, resting at shorter and shorter intervals. And suddenly there the bear was, looking at them through the alder, across an opening. Milly got her camera around in front of her. But the bear was so hidden in the thicket that it was no use trying to get a picture. Milly signaled with her head that she was going to stand up. Jimmy stood up. The old she bear stood staring at them as placidly as a cow, with her cub beside her. Milly stood with her camera poised.

If only the bear would come out into the little glade between them!

Jimmy reached down and picked up a chunk of rock as big as he could get his hand around and tossed it at the bear. The lump of rock described a high parabola and, falling from above, struck the old bear square on the end of the nose. Instantly she started toward them. Jimmy could see her great head swing from side to side as she came, and for an instant he stood frozen, knowing that this was the end of everything and not realizing that he had a rifle in his hands.

"I guess you'd better do your stuff," Milly said.

That speech released him. He raised the hammer and took aim with one motion. He saw the bear's big head through the sights, and through his mind ran the grim record his grandfather had written:

"I had . . . no shots to waste. I let that bear come pretty close—so close there would be no doubt about hitting him where it would do the most good."

Jimmy knew in that briefest of intervals that the longer he could hold his fire the better the chance that the first shot he had ever fired from a rifle would do the work it had to do. He stood there, not breathing, his finger on the trigger, the great barrel of the Sharps pressing down his arms as the light glimmered along the sights. The bear's head was almost on him now. Jimmy thrust forward.

The old rifle boomed suddenly like a cannon, and Jimmy felt almost simultaneously the blow of the butt against his arm as the big charge went off, and the impact of the bear. He shut his eyes. The next instant he was up on his feet, the rifle clubbed in his hands.

The great bear lay on the ground. She shuddered once and died. Jimmy gave a gasp of relief as he saw Milly standing there with the camera still in her hands. They looked down at the bear. The bullet had struck fair between the eyes and ripped a hole two inches across in her skull. They looked at the bear, so powerfully capable of ripping a man in two with one stroke of her paw a moment before, and then they looked at each other and they both felt a little sick and dizzy. And by a common impulse, they kissed each other very gravely.

IV

THAT evening, when they had told the story, Mr. Corbin took Jimmy off to one side.

"Boy," he said, and there were tears in his eyes, "I hope you know there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you."

"I was pretty lucky," Jimmy said.

Mr. Corbin smiled.

"I know that kind of luck," he said. "It's the kind of luck that comes of knowing your business and having the nerve to—to do it."

"It was lucky," Jimmy said stubbornly.

Mr. Corbin put his arm around Jimmy's shoulders.

"Don't be silly," he said. "Besides, I want to talk about something else. I want to know if you will go into that ranch proposition."

"I can't," Jimmy said.

"Why not? Have you got something better in mind?"

"No," Jimmy said.

"I hoped it would just suit you. I can't imagine you like being shut up in a New York gun store—a man with your past experience as a big-game hunter. What is it you don't like about it?"

Jimmy broke then. He couldn't stand it any longer. He jerked away from Mr. Corbin.

"Look here," he said bitterly, "I'm a fake. If you want to know the truth, I've never been big-game hunting. And the shot I fired at that bear this afternoon was the first shot I ever fired from a gun in my life."

Mr. Corbin looked at him as if he thought he had gone crazy. Jimmy explained. Jimmy told the whole story from beginning to end, until Mr. Corbin understood the truth.

"So, you see," Jimmy finished, "I ought to be shot for running Milly into such a jam instead of—of praised."

"H'm," said Mr. Corbin.

"And there's another thing," Jimmy went on. "I've been making love to your daughter. Not—not openly. I haven't told her I loved her. But she knows it. I kissed her today."

"H'm!" said Mr. Corbin.

"Now do you understand?"

"There's one thing I don't understand," Mr. Corbin said. "And that's just why you let that bear get so close. Why did you?"

"Because I had never shot a gun before," Jimmy said. "I didn't dare shoot until the bear was so close I couldn't miss. It's an idea I got from my grandfather's book on bear hunting."

"Who's your grandfather?"

"His name was Brown," Jimmy said. "He was my mother's father."

"Brown, of Brown on Hunting the Grizzly?"

"Yes," Jimmy said.

"I see," Mr. Corbin said. "You figured that the only way to make sure of killing that bear was to wait until you could poke the muzzle against her skull and blow her head off?"

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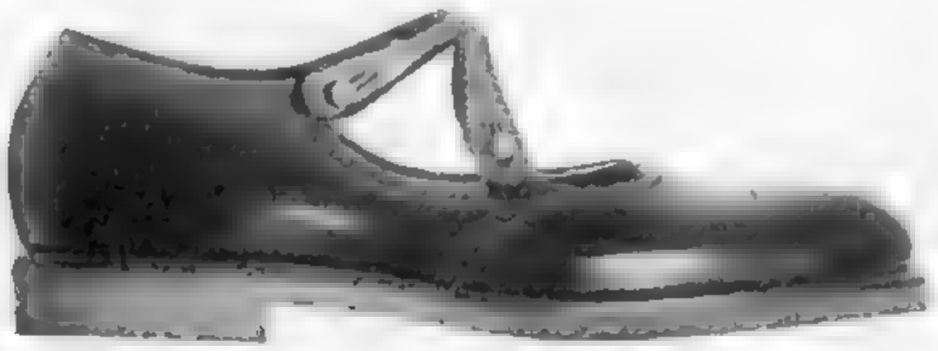

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"Just about," Jimmy said.

Mr. Corbin looked Jimmy up and down.

"And why are you so ashamed of that?"

"Because I'm a fake," Jimmy said. "I didn't know how to shoot, so I had to do it that way."

"I see," Mr. Corbin said. "I'd call you a chip of the old block—if you don't mind."

He put his arm around Jimmy.

"Now, boy," he said, "you don't realize it, but you're a bit unstrung. You take the fact that you let on you'd had more experience with bears than you have too seriously. It's nothing to me if you never fired a gun before in your life. It's everything to me that you did what you did today—just the way you did it. I was for you before. I'm more for you now."

He turned and walked Jimmy back toward the camp.

"Just one thing," he said. "It might be a good idea not to tell Milly all this. If I were you I'd sit down and have a little talk with her, but don't go off your head completely. If you want to tell her you're a fake—tell her some other time."

Jimmy went and sat down beside Milly. They stared into the fire without speaking. Mr. Corbin went into his tent. Still they stared into the fire without speaking. Jimmy hated telling her, but he had to.

"Milly," he said, "I've got to tell you the truth. I'm not a big-game hunter. I never hunted before in my life. I've never been west of the Mississippi River before. I'm a tenderfoot—an absolute tenderfoot."

Milly looked at him gently.

"I know you're a tenderfoot, Jimmy," she said. "I've known it almost from the beginning. I guessed it that day you climbed on the horse from the right-hand side. I knew you could hardly have hunted in the West without learning how to mount a horse. And then when you began telling me little pieces of Brown's Hunting the Grizzly as if they'd happened to you, I was sure."

"You mean you've read that book?"

"Of course I have. It's the classic work on the subject."

Jimmy sat very still, thinking. It was hard to see just how he had got where he was. It was harder still to guess what was going to happen next. It looked as if everything he had ever wanted were going to happen. But of course it couldn't. Life wasn't like that.

"So," he said, "you knew all the time that I was a liar."

"Yes," Milly said.

Jimmy thought a long time.

"In that case," he said, "I don't understand why you let me kiss you."

"Because," Milly said, "I didn't think you were lying about that. I thought you really wanted to kiss me."

"I did," Jimmy said. "I've wanted to kiss you ever since the first moment I saw you. I love you."

"Well, then," Milly said gently, "what are we quarreling about?"

So they didn't quarrel any more.

COLLECTING THE LETTERS OF THE GREAT

CONSIDERING solely the value in dollars and cents—if you have a holographic letter by Warren G. Harding, or know anybody who has one, gather it in and hang on to it. It will buy you a trip to Europe sometime when you are hard up. If you have a letter by any of the early Presidents—save, of course, George Washington—sell it if you need money. It is not likely to be worth a great deal.

A father and his eminent fifteen-year-old son, who is assembling an assortment of Presidential letters, found this out the other day, and were somewhat dumfounded by the information. They had called on a famous professional New York collector for a Ulysses S. Grant writing. They got an official recommendation for mercy in a war case, countersigned by Charles A. Dana, approved by Edwin M. Stanton, concurred in by Generals Sheridan and Sherman, passed on to General Grant and fully disapproved by him in a long memorandum in his own handwriting—all for five dollars.

"Can you get me a Harding holograph?" inquired the professional, with whom there had been much trading over a term of two or three years; and he added, "Get me one and I'll supply your son free with a letter by every other President he needs."

"Why is that?" was asked.

"Simply because there are no Harding letters," was the response. "Try to get me one, and see how easy it is."

The callers promised to try, and the dealer said he would be waiting. He is still waiting.

The boy and his father reasoned that if there was one person who should and would have a Harding holographic letter it would be former Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen. The senator and the late President had slept in the same political bed. They had visited at each other's homes. They yachted together. They were really chums. Yes, it would be easy to prevail upon Mr. Frelinghuysen.

"I'm sorry, old man, but I only have two letters from Mr. Harding," said the senator, "and they are both typewritten and have solely to do with a government matter. I need them to consult occasionally."

"But typewritten letters will not do, anyhow," the senator was told. "Haven't you any sort of communication in the President's handwriting?"

There was nothing.

A subsequent visit was made to William J. Burns, former chief of the Secret Service. For a score or more of years he and the late President had been almost as intimate as Mr. Frelinghuysen and Mr. Harding.

"I haven't a letter and don't know where you can get one," said W. J. B.

"How about Mr. Daugherty? He must have one."

Mr. Burns said he would be with Mr. Daugherty that day in attendance at the trial of Tex Rickard in New Jersey; and he was, and he addressed the inquiry to the former Attorney-General.

And Mr. Daugherty, of all men, had no Harding letter! They were together so much there was no occasion to write, was the explanation offered.

A half dozen other prospective channels were sailed, and they all brought negative responses. There were plenty of autographs, plenty of autographed photos, but no possible clew to a handwritten Harding letter.

So the autograph dealer was told of the failure. He laughed.

"That's nothing," he said. "Try now to get me a William Henry Harrison or a Zachary Taylor or a James A. Garfield or a Chester A. Arthur letter. Get me any one of these and I'll give you the finest George Washington or Abraham Lincoln letter I have on sale."

And so there was much talk, and it resulted in the positive assertion by this greatest of all professional collectors that a holographic letter bearing the signature "Warren G. Harding" is the rarest of all presidential letters. Similar holographic letters by Woodrow Wilson have a large value too, but there are some at large, and quite a few have already fallen into the hands of the shopkeepers. They are worth from fifty to one hundred dollars up, according to subject and length. But if you can get a Harding letter you can easily sell it for two hundred and fifty or five hundred dollars or, maybe, one thousand dollars.

George Washington was a great letter writer and his communications still rank high in value—not because they are rare,

(Continued on Page 205)

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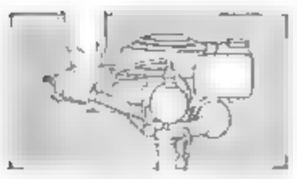

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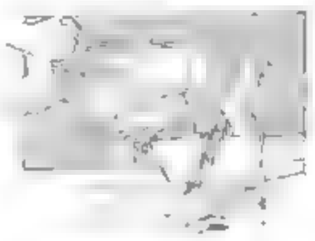

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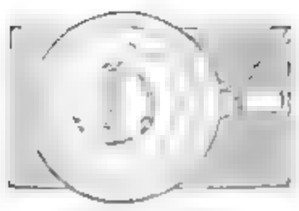

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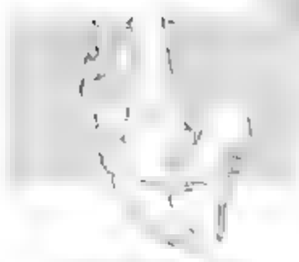

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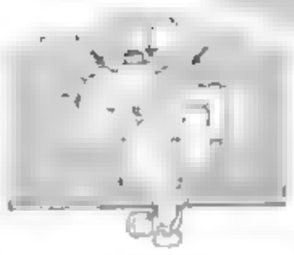

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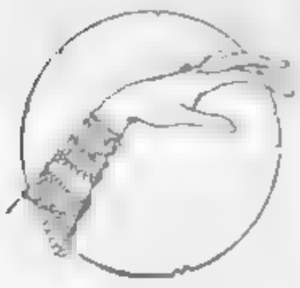
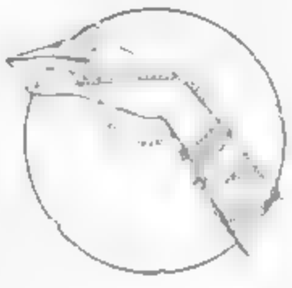
The smart bride fastens her filmy veil with pearls



Gilda Gray, dancer, winds strings of pearls around her white wrist

Deltah
PEARLS



A well-known actress has invented this fashion for herself

(Continued from Page 202)

but because he was the first President, the father of his country, and, more than all else, because the written George Washington is immortal. The cheapest Washington letters are worth about one hundred dollars—which means letters written by Tobias Lear or Alexander Hamilton or James Madison, and signed by the great American; but if the entire communication is in Washington's hand the value runs up to many times that sum.

Thomas Jefferson was the most prolific of all letter writers. He did his own writing almost entirely. A recent sketcher of his life in a current magazine—Gamaliel Bradford—states that the author of the Declaration of Independence wrote twelve thousand letters each year he was President Whether he did or not—and it seems like a great number -it is a fact you can buy Jefferson letters for as low as ten dollars, and yet this red-haired, freckle-faced American of 1801–09 immortalized nearly every word he touched pen to, when he was not abusing Burr or Hamilton.

There may be some who will say Jefferson's writings were so good they lasted, but that this is not true of Harding. A poor argument. There were no typewriters in Jefferson's day. Probably seven-eighths of Harding's correspondence, maybe all, was by typewriter, and typewritten letters, dictated, perhaps by a secretary, and signed by a President have little worth.

John Adams letters are numerous too. So are those by Madison and Monroe and Jackson. The Harrison and Taylor scarcity is easily accounted for—they were in the Presidency so short a time. There are plenty of Zachary Taylor letters before he was President—three very fine ones are in the Morgan collection in New York—worth around twenty dollars apiece, perhaps, but a Taylor writing during White House incumbency would bring up around one hundred dollars.

Undoubtedly next to Washington the most highly prized of all Presidential writings are those by Lincoln. It is not necessary to explain why, yet Lincoln letters, if shopped for carefully, can be bought as low as fifty dollars. A Lincoln signature to a commission is worth about twenty dollars.

Nearly all the Arthur correspondence, which was voluminous, has been mislaid in some way, and while there must be much of it in the country it has kept hidden and has a very good value.

Roosevelt ranks in value with Al Smith, because, and only because, he was writing all the time to everybody, and his stuff was never destroyed.

Letters by Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun can be bought for from five to fifteen dollars, according to the text. The writer ran into a typical Webster letter recently in a Southern New Jersey attic. It was:

"Messrs. Riggs & Co.,
"Washington, D. C.

"*Gentlemen:* I have had occasion to draw upon you for several small checks to meet some outstanding accounts, and I would request you to honor the memorandums when they come in. Upon my return from Marshfield within a week or so I will take them up.

Yours
"D. Webster."

The New York autograph dealer said there were probably a hundred similar letters by Webster to his Washington bankers, and that they all carried the same request. Incidentally, he said, this made the value of the foregoing about five dollars.

Letter collecting is a peculiar game, anyhow. It is always perplexing. Greatness seems to mean nothing. In the New York dealer's office the son, mentioned earlier, was attracted by a letter written and signed "N. Bonaparte," during the first days of the Consulship. It was to Marshal Ney, and bore his signature "Ney" in the lower left-hand corner. Here were a couple of worthwhile names in history. The lad was told he could have the thing for twenty dollars. In the same case was a letter written by P. T. Barnum to Jenny Lind, dated a half century later than the Bonaparte communication, and by America's chief mountebank. Its price was one hundred dollars.

"Golf Balls! Huh! Bill, I Can't Get My Teeth in 'Em!"

Stop Foot Pains in 10 minutes

This New Scientific Way

If you have tired, aching, burning sensations of the feet, if your shoes feel uncomfortable after wearing, if you have pains in the heel, toes, instep, arch or ball of the foot, if you have a dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee, if you have cramping of the toes or callouses on the soles of the feet, or shooting pains when you step on uneven surfaces, then *make this test at our risk.*

YOU can stop foot and leg pains **in 10 minutes** this new scientific way. **This we guarantee.** To avoid doubts and delays we invite you to make this **test at our risk.** If our method fails it costs you nothing

Study the diagram above. If you have pains or aches at any of the points indicated here, we offer you the way to stop the trouble.

Over a million foot sufferers have been freed of their pains this way, many on the recommendation of doctors and foot specialists. **So can you.**

When forward arch sags the bones spread

This shows condition corrected and arch restored to normal by wearing the Jung Arch Brace

ble, band of super-elastic webbing was devised that is worn around the instep. It takes the strain off the weakened muscles. They again sustain the arch. Pressure on the nerves and blood vessels ceases. **Pain ends like magic.**

This band is **the Jung Arch Brace.** The [illegible] is in its correct [illegible] and [illegible]

It is worn unnoticed over and under the hosiery and **with any style of shoe.** Makes the foot smaller so you can wear the most stylish shoes.

The joys of healthy feet

Imagine the joy of being able to walk all day, to dance all night, to enjoy vigorous sports, or to stand for hours without a pang or twinge of pain. And the relief is **permanent.**

This is the reason. The 26 bones of the feet are formed into two arches, one across the front of the foot which is hardly noticeable, but very important. One the long arch between heel and toes. Bands of muscles and ligaments hold these arches in place.

Overstrain or illness may weaken these muscles, then they fail to function properly and the bones spread. The arch sags. Sometimes so slightly you can't notice it. But the pain tells you about it because the **sensitive nerves and blood vessels are crushed by the sagging bones.** Suffering results.

New scientific correction

After years of experiments we developed a new scientific way to correct this trouble. A thin, light, porous, yet strong and durable, band of super-elastic webbing was devised that is worn around the instep. It takes the strain off the weakened muscles. They again sustain the arch. Pressure on the nerves and blood vessels ceases. **Pain ends like magic.**

Replaces old style methods

The Jung Arch Brace has replaced stiff arch props, metal plates and bunglesome pads. It gives no inconvenience. In fact, you wouldn't know you were wearing it if it were not for the comfort it gives. What it does seems miraculous. Your step becomes springy, full of youthful vigor again. You never seem to tire. Your efficiency becomes normal again, for feet that hurt make you so miserable that you can't be happy or work right.

No matter what other [illegible] you have tried [illegible] Jung Arch Brace. Do it at our risk. Soon you will be glad to [illegible] the Brace. You won't [illegible] them.

Make this test at our risk

Go to your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist. Be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them two weeks. If not [illegible], return them to your dealer and get your money back. You run no risk.

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you. With a strip of paper ½ an inch wide, [illegible] around the smallest part of your instep, just back of the toes where the forward end of the brace is shown in the diagram above. Mail us this measure with the coupon properly filled out. We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" style) to fit you. You pay the postman $1 and postage. Or send us the money and we will prepay postage. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases we recommend the "Miracle" style, extra wide, $1.50. Specify which you want when ordering. Make this test at our risk. If you do not get delightful relief in two weeks return them and get your money back.

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THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO
145 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada address Kirkham & Roberts,
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Canadian prices:
Wonder $1.15, Miracle $1.75
C. O. D. shipments in U. S. only.

Write for this Free Book

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

JUNG'S
The "Original"
ARCH BRACES

Tear This Coupon Out Now!

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.,
145 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked. I enclose foot measurement.

Wonder Style $1.00 per pair
Miracle Style, $1.50 per pair

On receipt of package, I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. Please send free book on "Cause and Correction of Foot Troubles."

Name.....
Address.....
P. O.....State.....
I wear size.....shoe.....width of last
My dealer is.

Take the Triangle Tour of British Columbia— O'er land and sea midst scenic splendors

NEW scenic thrills—the world's most glorious natural sculpture—gorgeous vistas of lakes, rivers and waterfalls—such are the delights of the Triangle Tour—1,800 miles of entrancing travel—each waking hour packed full of memorable experiences.

The Triangle Tour reveals the full glory of British Columbia's mountains—including such marvels as Buckley Canyon; Mount Robson (highest of the Canadian Rockies) and the quaint Indian village of Kitwanga with its unique array of totem poles

Let this be your vacation trip. Come first to Jasper National Park—its 4,400 square miles embracing a greater number of mountain peaks than any similar area. Here stands Jasper Park Lodge—with accommodation for 350 guests. (Rates $6.00 up American plan. Open May 15th to Sept. 30th.) Here take trips by motor car or pony trail to glaciers, canyons, lakes and waterfalls. Then take the Triangle Tour of British Columbia—by rail from Jasper National Park down the valley of the mystic Skeena to Prince Rupert. Thence by steamer through 550 miles of sheltered scenic seas to Vancouver, returning to Jasper National Park along the roaring gorges of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers

Now here will you find such splendors as those revealed on these sheltered seas—the world has no richer scenic treat than the Triangle Tour.

New Alaska Service

You may board a palatial "Canadian National" steamer at Vancouver and voyage in luxurious comfort to Alaska. Returning, disembark at Prince Rupert or Vancouver, as you prefer, and proceed by rail to Jasper National Park, traveling in the midst of majestic mountain beauty.

Write to nearest office for tourist fares, resort rates and illustrated booklets

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Grand Trunk Railway System
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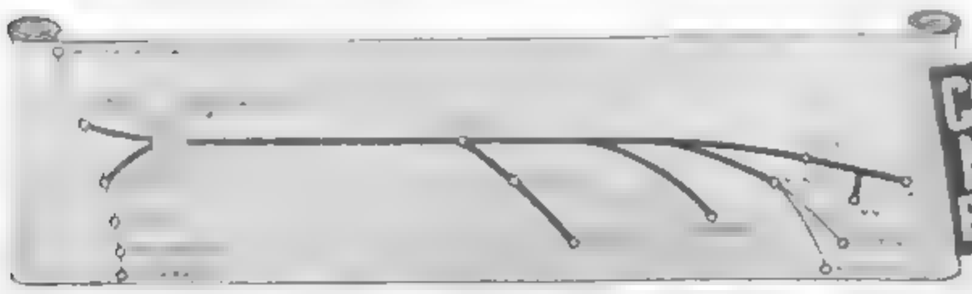

THE · LARGEST · RAILWAY · SYSTEM · IN · AMERICA

THE LITTLE DRAGON OF JADE

(Continued from Page 54

collected and locked up in my room in Scotland Yard, no kind of clew whatever. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death in both cases, and the green dragon was handed round to the jury and the press box, and pretty nearly everybody in court, and for the next week all the papers published articles on the mysterious East, and how bad it was to go monkeying with Chinese religions.

The long and the short of it was that Croomb got a step in promotion. When I saw the deputy commissioner the day after the inquest, he told me that he thought it wasn't much credit to me that a junior officer should have taken the case from right under my nose and made a success of it.

"In fact, Sooper," he said, "I can't help feeling, after reading the minutes of this case, that our department must be brought up to date. We need more science, a larger and wider perception." And all that sort of stuff.

Croomb and his young lady got married on the strength of his promotion. I went to the wedding and to the party they had afterward. What I missed was the little green dragon. I thought it ought to have been put on the invitation cards, and maybe done in sugar on top of the cake.

The deputy was sore with me, and naturally. I didn't tell him all I might have told him. He said it was my business to come to him as soon as I found the strip of sponge platinum and the bottle of cyanide. Perhaps he was right, though I'd told the chief commissioner and the Home Office pathologist, who's got more science in the fingers of his left hand than most people I know. We knew Rolls had been poisoned, because we found the poison in Bigglewood's pocket; and the old pathologist, he found the rest by careful investigation. And we knew that the taxi driver's name wasn't Rolls at all, because I took his finger prints and turned them up at the Yard, and found his name was Williams, alias Helby.

Well, here's the story:

Helby was a crook, a man of good education, who used to take jobs as chauffeur in a family where there was a chance of pickings; he did two terms of light imprisonment for theft and larceny. And then he came into Bigglewood's service and got acquainted with the girl.

The first thing the old professor knew about the affair was when he got a wire that Helby had married the girl at a Midland registrar's office. He had been married before, but a little thing like that didn't worry Mr. Helby.

The old man, to save his face, published the notice of the wedding to "Captain Helby." I've got an idea that this young scoundrel had held some sort of commission in the war.

Anyway, Bigglewood had to pay out to keep his new son-in-law, though he couldn't hope to give Helby all the money he wanted. And then, after a few years, the first Mrs. Helby turned up, about the same time as Arthur was arrested for burglary in Dublin.

With the fear of a charge of bigamy hanging over him, Helby sent a message to London, having milked the professor as dry as possible, to say that he was dead. The fake was worked from Ireland; and the young widow, who couldn't have been very sorry after the life she had lived, went back to her father, and eventually married General Carslake. I discovered that the "dead man" had been doing three years for burglary, and that he came out of prison two months before the death of the professor.

He managed to hire a new taxi and got a license under the name of Rolls. He may or may not have been burgling in London. All that I know is that the jimmy we found in his pocket was bought by an old gentleman with a white beard the day of the explosion.

Helby would have lain low, only he heard about the forthcoming marriage. This put an idea into his head that he might blackmail the old man, and the night before the wedding Helby turned up in Clarges Street—I could have produced the professor's servant to prove this, but I didn't—and in all probability asked a big sum as the price of his silence.

The old man was as keen a student of human nature as I've ever met—the fact that he put the dragon and the jimmy in Helby's pocket proves that—and he planned the murder of the blackmailer with the care of a scientist. I'll never again say anything against science. It's perfectly true that he did hide in the club till it was shut, that he let himself out and made his way down to Clarges Street, where Helby was waiting for him. He doped him with cyanide of potassium in a glass of port. As soon as Helby was dead, he laid a strip of sponge platinum on the table, turned on the gas fire and went out. Sponge platinum is not a new one on me; I use it every morning to light my gas ring. The moment coal gas gets at this mineral it turns it white hot, and that's what happened when the room was full of gas and how the explosion occurred. That piece of sponge platinum was almost the first thing I found when I got in the room.

When the murder was done, Bigglewood went out of the house, got to Regent Street by a back way, and as soon as he saw a policeman, put a brick through a window, expecting to be locked up for the night. He was alibi hunting, and it was bad luck that I happened to be in the station when they pulled him in.

No, sir, we didn't want any scandal. The Home Secretary didn't want it and the chief commissioner didn't want it. Sooner than have scandal, they gave Croomb his promotion. Drop in one night on him and his wife and hear the tale of the little green dragon of jade—and don't laugh or you'll be giving me away.

863

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Trade Mark Reg

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Styleplus–and her first hat

He: Listen, sweetheart, I'm no millionaire.
She: Well, you look like one and I've got to keep up.
He: Sure, but I do it with Styleplus Clothes.
She: You men are lucky.

Styleplus have style, with distinction. The newest things in models and fabrics. Tailored for young men and others who want stylish appearance. All-wool. Guaranteed of course.

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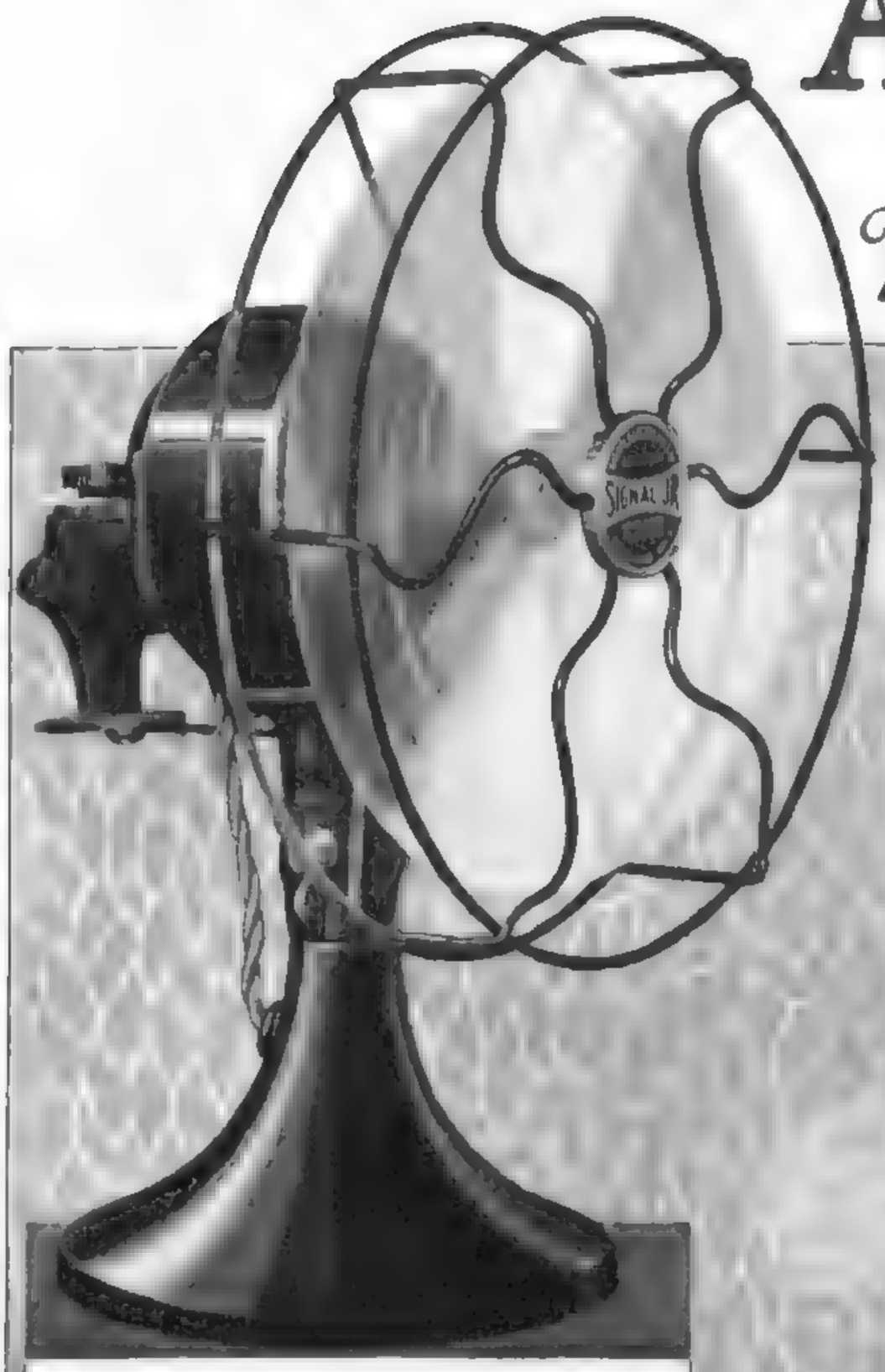
A big Styleplus hit with stylish dressers everywhere!

Young men especially look for style in the fabric, too. These special Styleplus "Fieldbrooks" are extremely popular, light in weight, diagonal in weave, fine in quality, just right for the prevailing English models. Blue, Royal Blue, Collegiate Gray, Tan Tone. You'll be delighted with them.

Look for this label — Styleplus Clothes — A big name in clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

At Last! A Fan *that is* *New-Different-Better*



A BLAST of a steam siren in a city street is maniacal noise; but the note of a thrush in a woodland glen is melody.

A stream of water from a hose, too strong and direct, becomes a club to batter down tender flowers. A breeze too strong and direct becomes a gale to destroy lives and property.

And so there must be moderation in the comfort-giving appliances of modern life if there is to be efficiency. This is the keynote—the "excuse for existence"—of the Signal Jr. Fan—moderation in action, efficiency in results.

A life-giving man-made breeze—as quiet as a natural zephyr; seeking out lifeless heat-laden corners and turning them into places of cool comfort—that is the mission and the performance of the Signal Jr. Fan.

The gentle swaying of this beautiful, light oscillating fan means distributed comfort—not concentrated coolness. Being silent, the Signal Jr. is ideal for the home, the sick room and, especially, the bedroom. Finished in a beautiful all-over Duco green, it blends with any color scheme. For "My Lady's Boudoir" the Signal Jr. is what cultured women have long wanted.

The Signal Jr. Fan has all the beauty, speed and endurance of a thorobred. It is the masterpiece of 30 years' experience in fan construction. That is why it carries a two year guarantee of satisfactory service. It is the last word—the best word in fans. *It is the fan for you.*

Signal Jr. is

—finished in a beautiful Duco green—just like the finest automobiles. Beauty has a real place with this eight-inch comfort-giving smooth-running appliance.

Signal Jr. is

—equipped with a noiseless universal motor to run on either A. C. or D. C. current. Specially designed to distribute a maximum volume of air with minimum disturbance. Bearings are phosphor bronze—shafts are tool steel. Has self-lubricating oil wicks.

Signal Jr. is

sold with an absolute guarantee of two years of satisfactory service. Its simplicity of design—the absence of many complicated parts to replace or give trouble—means enduring year in and year out service.

And the Price is Only

Go to your local dealer. Ask him to show you a Signal Jr. If he has not stocked Signal Jr. yet, take nothing else because there is no substitute. Ask him to get you one—it will take but a day or two. Our branches and distributors are located in all principal cities. If you prefer, write direct and we will see that you are promptly supplied. The important thing is to get a Signal Jr.—the fan that features the utmost in fan service.

$9.75 *Oscillating* (Green Finish)

Non-Oscillating Type, Black Finish, $7

Prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada

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Radio Fans: *Ask for Signal Radio Accessories. They Mean Efficient Radio Reception.*

SIGNAL JR
SILENT
OSCILLATING & NON-OSCILLATING

"Light and Airy"

NEPTUNE'S BUSINESS EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 31)

with some exceptions; grapefruit, oranges and apples, for instance, are bought on this side, hothouse grapes and pineapples are bought in England, for the round trip. Seventy-five per cent of the poultry is bought here, as, in spite of higher prices, the quality is considered to be better.

Tea is bought in England, coffee about half and half, canned goods all on this side, and similarly the supply of dry cereals. In this connection it is interesting to know that even a British company has adopted the American method of individual supplies, and if a passenger asks for a dry cereal he receives an individual carton.

In the case of hams and bacons the famous Wiltshires are carried, as well as American brands, and the menus bear this evidence, so that a passenger may suit his taste or his patriotic fancy.

Ice cream is bought on this side for the round trip, as few will deny that American ice cream beats the world. On one liner, however, the experiment has been made of making the ice cream on board, and it has been found to be highly appreciated.

The victualing or catering department and the purchasing agent keep a keen eye on this business of marketing; and in turn the higher powers-that-be are also very much interested, for while the menu is intended to be a source of great attraction to the passenger, waste must be eliminated or profits will drop.

The expenditure for the voyage in this direction is the subject of investigation by the executive, and the story goes that on one occasion when a chief steward's allotment was much higher than usual and he was asked the reason, he answered nervously, "I'm sorry, sir, but the weather was so very smooth!"

This careful watching of buying by all concerned has an example in a certain purchase of tea—usually bought in England. The head of the victualing department in New York, knowing that a pantryman never took time to measure the amount he put into the teapot, decided that much tea could be saved by the adoption of the individual tea bag which is so extensively used in this country. The chief steward agreed to try the experiment in avoiding waste, and 2000 individual bags were bought in New York for the homeward trip.

Not So Much as it Seemed

Now in the country of tea drinkers where a self-respecting English housewife would certainly consider that she was insulting a guest by offering tea made in such extraordinary fashion, the individual tea bag is unknown. When therefore the liner returned to its home port, the chief catering superintendent upon looking through the accounts sailed right into the air.

"Why, man alive, what were you thinking of to buy 2000 bags of tea—2000 bags!—and in an unknown market too? You'll never use them in years!"

The chief steward had anticipated such objection, and with a sly smile he brought out of his pocket one of those large kitchen match boxes into which he had packed six of the little individual bags.

"Well," said he genially, "there's a few samples for you. That contains six bags."

The chief steward is the head of the catering and housekeeping department. He is responsible for cleanliness, for service in the various public rooms, for the menu, and for the maintenance of order in the dining saloon.

For the successful running of his department, long experience is necessary. He is catering and housekeeping for several hundred people with differing personalities. Even under ordinary circumstances that would be quite some little job, but the circumstances on board a liner are the reverse of ordinary, and the difference in the psychology of Mr. Average Citizen on shore and afloat is considerable.

On shore Mr. Average Citizen is a very busy man, entirely occupied with the details of his business and the art of keeping his family in harmonious comfort. From such occupation he is suddenly detached and is set among a group of people who, like him, are removed from their ordinary ways of living.

The usual and important things of his life grow vague, lost in the immensity of the ocean around him. In spite of a firm intention to work during the whole trip, he usually gives but a casual glance at the Marconi reports on the market or the crops, before succumbing to the *dolce far niente* of ocean life. From being a busy man whose day is one long rush, he, like all the rest, becomes a killer of time, which occupation may be accomplished only by eating, drinking, sleeping, gambling, making love, reading and taking feeble exercise.

In this atmosphere which is so foreign to him, little things assume enormous importance. On shore, for instance, he will eat some fruit and cereal for breakfast, while his lunch is no more than a hasty swallowing of a cup of coffee and a sandwich. On board he will work himself into a state of irritability if his morning broth is a few minutes late—this in spite of the fact that only two hours before he has eaten a breakfast—and only two hours later he will eat a lunch—which would usually keep him in discomfort for a week.

Hot and Red

Or again his steward has put the wrong set of studs into his evening shirt. "Stupid man, didn't I tell him"—and so on. On shore not only is the donning of an evening shirt a hasty and occasional matter but he is probably his own valet, and mistakes can be blamed only upon his own absent-mindedness!

Little things there, of course! That's just the point. On shipboard it is these little things which assume a disproportionate importance.

The chief steward is responsible for the catering and menus. With the chef he maps out a meal which includes all the luxuries of the international hotel. The passenger need never worry about a shortage. An excess over demand is always put on board, and a liner could, without inconvenience to the passengers' dietary needs, carry on for a week beyond the usual time. Out of canned goods and emergency rations it could carry on for a longer period.

Even when, most unusually, a shortage does occur, the ingenuity of the old hand is seldom beaten. On a certain voyage during the war, when Chinese coolies were being transported from Canada to France, via England, the tea supply—one of the chief items of diet—was rather thin. By careful management it lasted until the last day. By that time there was about a pound of tea to make tea for 2000 men.

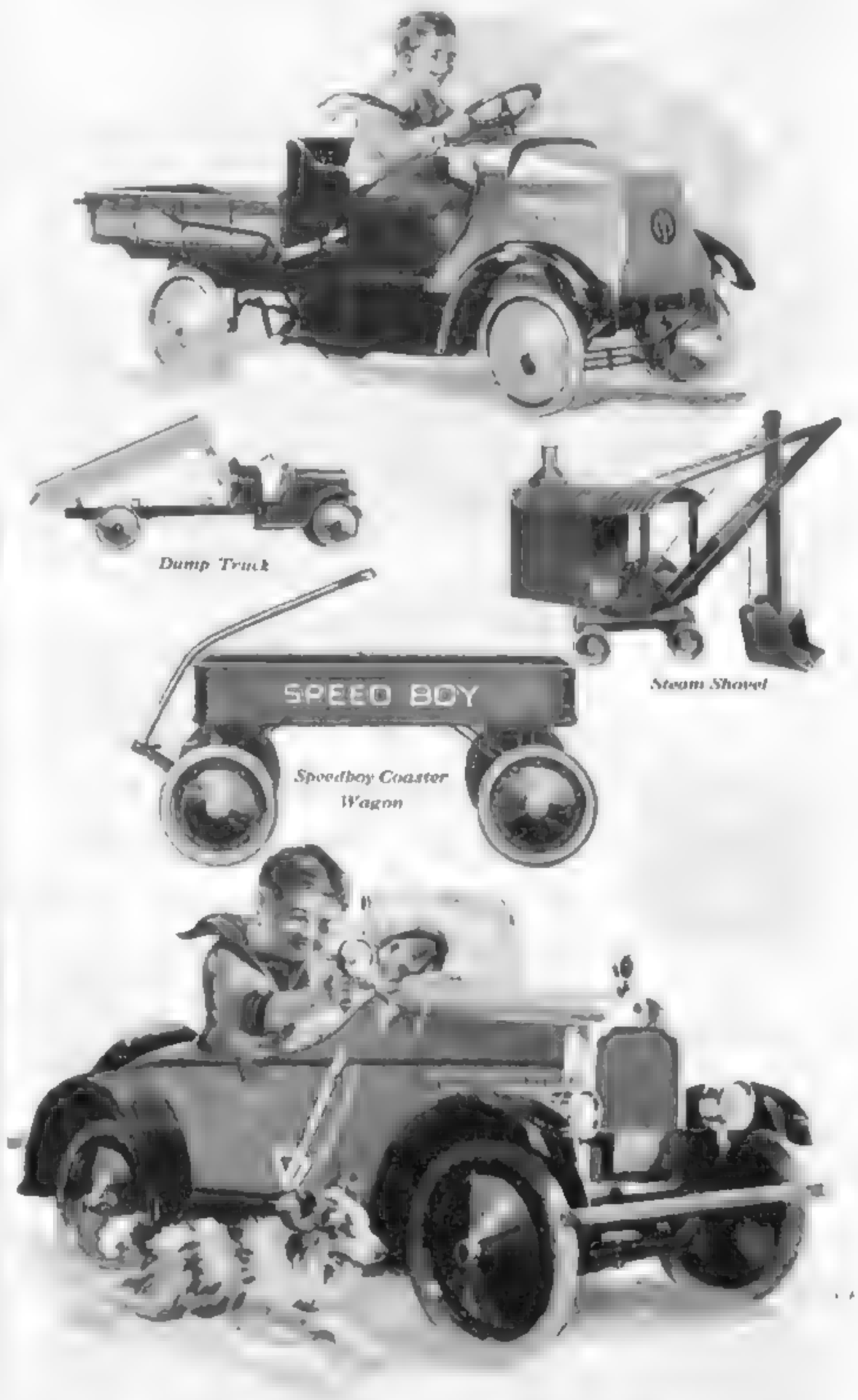
But the chief steward rose to the occasion. He made the tea in two iron boilers, and if the taste was not quite up to standard it passed—for the color at least denied any weakness!

Contrary to the general belief, there is little waste. There is, of course, some waste from spoiled food during the voyage, but any surplus of fresh food which may be left over is used to feed the little army which usually inhabits the ship in port—the port authorities, the custom officials, the heads of departments, and visitors.

The food allowance for a first-class passenger, while not being a fixed figure, is around three or four dollars a day, while for a third-class passenger it descends to about a dollar. The crew's allotment is higher than the third class, for they are doing heavy work and, unlike the passengers' appetites, theirs are not usually influenced by the weather. The estimated cost of feeding and looking after one first-class passenger for a day is five to six dollars.

STEELCRAFT
Boys and Girls

Show this to Dad—ask him to buy you a new Steelcraft plaything this spring. Sold by leading department and hardware stores.



Steelcrafts are for Children from 3 to 10 Years Old

There are 17 Juvenile Automobiles—Packards, Jordans, Chryslers, Dodges, Buicks, and 12 other leading makes—finished in many brilliant attractive colors. There are Trucks just like the big Mack Bull Dog Truck, with Standard or Dump Bodies, that 10 year old boys can drive and do all sorts of things with.

In the smaller Toys, there are little Trucks—just 26" long—a Steam Shovel—Moving Van—Hook and Ladder—Sand Loader—Coaster Wagon—Fire Chief's Car—Police Wagon and Scooters—and so scientifically built by one of the largest sheet metal plants in this country that you just can't break them, no matter how much you may play with them.

THE MURRAY PRODUCTS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

FREE CATALOG MAIL COUPON

The big, beautiful Steelcraft catalog is now ready for you. *It's free.* This catalog shows the new automobiles for girls and boys.

Fill Out Coupon—For Free Catalog

The Murray Products Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me free of charge your new catalog.

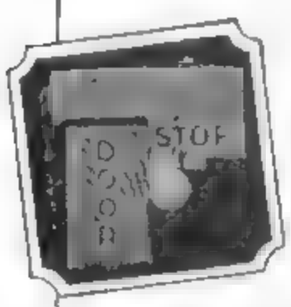
Name _____

Street _____

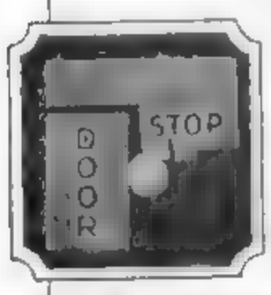
City _____ State _____

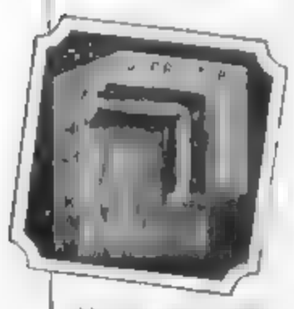
Here's Why

Hardware and Lumber Dealers Prefer HOME COMFORT WEATHERSTRIP



firmly against door, chang





The advent of Home Comfort Weatherstrip has made weatherstripping popular. It is a strip that the home owner can apply himself—that does not deteriorate with age or use—that comes in one continuous length, thus leaving no left over ends. There is a steadily growing demand for Home Comfort Weatherstrip. Home owners and builders the country over are using thousands of feet of this practical, efficient, easy-to-apply weatherstrip every day.

Home Comfort Weatherstrip is made of a high grade insulating material covered with a special rubberized fabric. When applied to windows and doors it provides a weathertight, waterproof, dustproof, noiseless contact, that will last many years. Home Comfort Weatherstrip is easy to apply—simply tack it on. The only tool needed is a tack hammer. No mitering or sawing; no taking down of doors or windows. Apply it yourself.

One of the outstanding features of Home Comfort Weatherstrip is that it assures a perfect weathertight contact even if the doors or windows warp or settle. The accompanying illustrations explain this exclusive feature. Housewives particularly like it because it keeps out soot and dust, thereby saving hangings and other soilable articles.

How to Order—*Get Home Comfort Weatherstrip from your nearest hardware or lumber dealer. Figure about 20 feet for the average door or window. The retail price is 10c per foot for the maroon and 13c for the white, including tacks to match. Complete instructions for installing come with every order*

E. J. WIRFS ORGANIZATION

143 SOUTH 17TH ST. • Sole Manufacturer and Patentee • • ST LOUIS, MO.

WIRFS PATENTED

HOME COMFORT WEATHERSTRIP

The chief steward is also responsible for seeing that there is no leakage in this department, which has such an effect upon the company's profits. The system of checking the amount of food which is used is amazingly accurate. At any time during the trip the chief steward can tell to one pound of sugar or one lamb chop just how much of his supplies is left in storeroom or refrigerator. And this is achieved in the following manner:

In the morning—but forty-eight hours before it will be required—the chief steward and the chef make out the menu for one day. Copies are pasted up in any room or pantry where cooks, bakers or pantrymen are engaged. Every man who is in any way concerned with the food supply reads the menu and estimates the items which he will require, entering them in his stock book.

These requirements are submitted to the chief steward, who from his experience passes or rejects them. If, for instance, the pastry cook requisitions for 100 eggs with which to make the cake which has been decided upon for a certain meal and the chief steward knows that this is much in excess of requirements, the requisition is corrected.

Such supplies are received from the storekeeper and the butcher, and each enters in his store book every item which has been extracted. This book and the whole history of the day's requirements are placed on the chief steward's desk, and each day they are checked up with supplies and withdrawals.

Similarly the total expenditure of the voyage is checked up later by the powers that be, who can tell to a grain of sugar or a bean of coffee just where there has been waste or leakage.

Four Spring Cleanings a Year

The staff in this housekeeping department of the chief steward's is tremendous. It takes approximately half a steward to attend to every one passenger, which means that for 450 first, 400 second and 300 third class passengers, a ship will carry over five hundred stewards. At the head of the corps of thirty-three cooks is a French chef, a master of his art. The stewards at sea endure a working day of something like fifteen hours. And contrary to the passenger's usual belief that when a ship gets to port everyone sits down and has a rest, they there put in a little matter of nine hours a day!

What, you may ask, can such an army of men find to do during a stay of four or five days?

On a large liner there may be one acre of carpets, 2000 windows, 25,000 pieces of silver and cutlery, 4000 beds, considerably more than an acre of woodwork. Every window is cleaned, every scrap of paint and woodwork is washed, every bit of brasswork is polished, every washable spot is scrubbed, every bed is stripped and aired, every inch of carpet is brushed. If you go on board a liner the day before sailing and just before inspection, you see every room ready for immediate occupancy—towels hanging, drawers open to show that there is not a speck of dirt, mirrors shining, a cleanliness which actually calls aloud to one's attention.

And this is only the little top dusting which is always done in port. Every three months in addition the ship undergoes a thorough spring cleaning—rugs, hangings, and so on, are sent to the cleaners, and the whole ship is inspected by shore officials. A dirt atom on a liner has about as unhappy a life as can be imagined.

Again, every three months in addition to the weekly checking of linen and crockery there is an official stock taking of these supplies, shortages being made good from the warehouses on the docks, so that once more the ship sails with her complete quota.

While the chief steward is at the head of the catering department, the purser is at the head of the clerical. More particularly he is the steamship company's personal agent on the liner. He is the link between the vague and illusive company and the definite and ubiquitous passenger. And as the company is conducting a business organization, while the passenger expects the very most for his money, the purser is frequently the buffer between two opposing forces. Wherefore Diplomat must be his middle name!

In the words of a purser: "The passenger is always right! The company is never at fault! And the purser is the goat!"

He, too, needs much experience. It is no small matter to be guide, philosopher and friend to several hundred people with differing personalities and with the queer psychology of the passenger adding to the strain.

One of the liners de luxe was sailing from Southampton with a capacity booking of 800 first-class passengers. Many of them had had a rush to get away, a train journey, much checking of baggage. They were tired and hungry and about as fractious and unreasonable as a lot of children under similar circumstances. They took one look at their cabins and beat it to the purser.

"My wife's just jumping mad; there's a wardrobe the size of a peanut!"

"Look here, old man, you don't expect me to stay in 53?"

The landing outside the purser's office was full of angry people. At each the purser smiled his famous smile, to each he made the same promise: "Just wait till I get checked up and I'll see what can be done. I'll certainly try and give you better accommodation."

One of the directors who happened to be taking the trip was sitting in the office, and when the rush had subsided he said excitedly, "Good heavens, man, this is awful! But what's the good of promising? You can't do a thing!"

The purser still smiled. "Just wait!"

And in the morning only six of the angry clamorers turned up to claim his promises. Even they were smiling and reasonable. The others, in the meantime, had eaten a couple of meals, had a good night's rest, made a friend or two. Their rooms looked very different from that first hasty glance.

"Supposing," said the purser, "that to each I had told the awful truth—'I can't do a thing; we're absolutely full up'; not only would they have gone on loathing their rooms but they would have cursed the company, been entirely convinced that they were going to have a miserable, overcrowded trip, and the united effect of such belief would indeed have made the voyage a gloom from start to finish."

The director smiled. "I guess there's more to this job than I imagined!"

The Busiest Man Afloat

There is. And experience is the only key to many a situation which requires the keenest of judgment about men and things. Besides being the trained diplomat whose business it is to make passengers happy, the purser is also the business man on board. He is chief clerk, accountant, cashier, banker, lawyer, paymaster; and on the accuracy of his work in these departments the comfort of the passenger also depends—not to speak of the company's profits.

And on a liner carrying perhaps a couple of thousand souls and making a voyage in from five to six days, this part of his job is no sinecure.

There are two powers that be. One is the steamship company; the other is the government of the country in whose port the steamer is about to dock. The purser cannot, of course, attend personally to the mass of detailed information required by these two powers. The forms which have to be filled in—in duplicate, triplicate or perhaps quadruplicate—are legion. He has a trained staff, varying from four men on the smaller boats to nine or even twelve on the large liners. But he alone is responsible to the authorities.

Taking, for instance, the case of a liner arriving at the port of New York, there are three government authorities who have to be satisfied. They are the health, customs

(Continued on Page 213)

MOON

Spring Salon of New De Luxe Models

ALL over America Moon owners are broadcasting a new story of motor car satisfaction. ' ' ' With the greatest engineering and manufacturing program in its history allied with a powerful group of America's foremost engineers, the public has begun to realize that Moon has literally created a new class of motor car construction, so far in advance of present practice, that it can only be approached by future competitive adoption.

It is impossible to express the smartness, ease of operation and the freedom from fatigue that owners of the "advance engineered" Moon are enjoying.

For this reason Moon dealers all over the country are holding a special Spring salon at their respective salesrooms May 16-23d inclusive.

We hope you will take this announcement as a personal invitation to visit your nearest dealer.

It is the only way you can learn how Moon has anticipated your eager wish for better looks, better performance and longer life than you have ever known in a motor car of moderate price.

All Moon cars have six cylinders, 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, balloon tires, patented steering gear, Duco finish.

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY ' ' ' ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

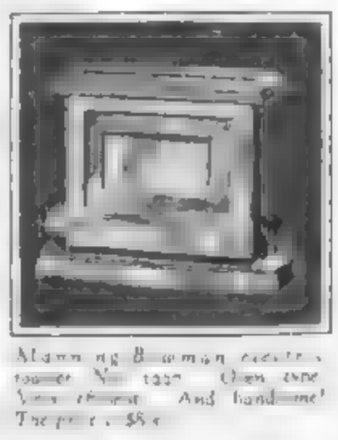
A valuable suggestion for women who prepare Sunday morning breakfast

The handsome Manning-Bowman [illegible] No. 1046. Price $[illegible]. The percolator is No. 3[illegible]. Price $[illegible]

How easily a Sunday breakfast, served in sections to successive members of the family, can ruin the home-maker's day of rest! How often she finds herself preparing three or four, or even six breakfasts instead of one!

Here is a valuable suggestion for you who plan the Sunday morning breakfasts: Serve waffles! Delicious, golden-brown waffles made in the easiest, most convenient way! And made right at the table on a Manning-Bowman electric waffle iron!

Let everybody make his own—even the younger members of the family. For with a Manning-Bowman, waffles are no more trouble to cook than a boiled egg. Conversation can continue cheerfully while they brown inside the iron. One to two minutes will cook a full-sized waffle, both sides at once, with no smoke, no odor. . . . Unlike many electric waffle irons, the Manning-Bowman will cook you a waffle as thick as you please, crisp on the outside, tender on the inside. This is because the top of the iron is not rigid, but lightly swung on an adjustable hinge, which rises as the batter rises.



And you'll be proud to have the Manning-Bowman waffle iron on your table. So handsome, so compact, so finely finished! And so easy always to keep clean, bright and attractive!

Manning-Bowman [illegible] No. 1446. [illegible] Price $[illegible]

Like the waffle iron, all Manning-Bowman electric appliances are designed from the viewpoint of the woman who puts them to use. This, together with rare beauty of design and richness of finish, has characterized Manning-Bowman household appointments for more than seventy years.

You will find just the equipment you want at stores selling Manning-Bowman electric devices: Percolators in a variety of graceful urn and pot shapes; handsome toasters and table stoves embodying the latest improvements for convenience and efficiency; heating pads with unusual features; laundry irons correctly balanced for ease and comfort in ironing

"Bright Breakfasts" and "Alluring Luncheons" are two little suggestion booklets we'd be very glad to send you. Write for them. Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Conn.

[redacted]
Trade-mark

This beautiful Manning-Bowman coffee set, No. 119938, with urn type electric percolator, is only $42.00

Manning-Bowman

Electric Appliances

(Continued from Page 210)

and immigration officers who board the liner at Quarantine, and their satisfaction is insured in the following manner:

At the port of embarkation every passenger is asked by the steamship company or booking agent to fill out a form. The American citizen is required to answer only four of the questions, relating to residence and birthplace. But the alien has a very bookful of information to impart. That these forms are known as the forms of the 33 questions gives an idea of their scope.

With the alien not only do these questions go into delicate matters like age, sex and antecedents—such, for instance, as whether one has served a term in prison—but they ask pertinent questions about one's morals and state of health—whether, for instance, one is a polygamist, or a believer in anarchy, or perhaps afflicted with a deadly disease, or is a cripple.

A résumé of this information is transferred to what are known as group sheets, each containing thirty names. If any of this information is missing, it is the purser's duty to have it supplied by the passenger, for when the ship reaches its destination the purser himself is responsible for the completion and accuracy of the information about each. And if any question sheet is incomplete or inaccurate, the steamship company is liable to a fine of ten dollars for each offense.

Here again the purser's task is made more difficult by the fatal *dolce far niente* which has entered into the passenger's soul. He simply can't find the time—is too busy killing it—to get around to the office. "What's the hurry anyway? We shan't be in for days!" Curiously enough the hard-headed business man is the worst offender. His morale is so sharply sundered that he keeps putting off this little matter of business. And the purser can't get angry with his dilatoriness. He can only continue to send polite requests to the passenger that he will call at the office.

The United States Government thus has the most detailed information about every alien who enters the country. These sheets are signed by the ship's doctor in regard to the health of every passenger on board, and by the captain as master of the vessel, who accepts responsibility for the accuracy of the information, such accuracy having been vouched for to him by the purser. In these days of quota and non-quota aliens, the purser's job is complicated.

Besides such group sheets, the papers required by the United States authorities are cargo manifests—which are made out on board by the purser's staff from the company's copies of bills of lading—passengers' baggage declarations, report on stock of liquor, list of passengers, list of crew.

Master of the Case Goods

The purser is responsible for such lists, and, further, he has probably had to help many a passenger to fill out his personal-baggage declaration form. Americans or resident aliens are allowed to bring in, free of duty, purchases made abroad to the extent of $100, but even so, everything must be declared.

Each passenger's baggage declaration has to be completed and stamped with a United States revenue stamp which is purchased from the purser's office—another detail which has only lately been added to his job, it formerly being affixed by the authorities on the dock.

The purser is responsible for all liquor stocks. A ship sailing under the British flag, for instance, may bring its liquor into an American port under seal, which concession was granted to Great Britain—and certain other countries which have come into the agreement—in return for the concession they in turn granted to America—the right of search within a distance of one hour's steaming from shore, instead of the three-mile limit which was formerly the boundary of territorial waters.

Before this distance is reached—calculated by the navigating officers—the bar is closed. And the barkeeper gives to the purser a complete list of all his surplus stock, which report is handed to the customs officer, who affixes a seal—not to be broken until the steamship again passes out beyond the limit.

A certain amount is allowed out of seal for the medicinal use of the crew in port—and similarly, American-owned ships which do not carry a bar are obliged to carry this medicinal supply demanded by the laws of the various countries to which such ships may be sailing—Italy, for instance, enacting that on any ship carrying her nationals a certain quantity of wine shall be regarded as a dietary supplement. Such medicinal supply on American-owned ships is also reported upon at Quarantine and sealed by the customs officer on duty.

In every other respect the purser of the American-owned liner has the same duties as the foreigner—no leeway is given for nationality.

The list of passengers is contained in the group sheets, but the list of crew is a separate paper. Each member of it must be named and, on a foreign ship especially, as each man or woman is likely to be an alien, he or she must be provided with an identification card with which to pass the officer on guard at the dock gates.

Forehanded Hospital Boys

For his company the purser has something like fifty forms to fill in. And perhaps most important of all, he keeps the official log book, which is a regular Domesday Book of the voyage. It lists such things as the sins of each and every member of the crew; the births, marriages or deaths which may have occurred, in which connection it is accepted as legal evidence; and the accidents which may have happened.

If, for instance, at the end of the voyage a member of the crew should report that some other pugilistic fellow did knock him down and break a tooth, recourse to the log book is made. If there is no record therein the authorities are certain that the alleged injury was so unnoticeable that it was not officially reported.

In connection with the entering of deaths in this book, the tragic element is sometimes relieved by an unintentionally comic atmosphere, such, for instance, as this: A man in the third class was taken ill and put into the hospital. He died and was buried at sea under a name which ended in one of those unpronounceable Mid-European gasps and sneezes. At the end of the trip there came to the purser's office, as a claimant to a package there deposited, the very man who, according to the record, had been buried. Consternation reigned, a hasty search was made, and the man who had actually died was entered in the log book under his rightful name. The hospital boy was also censured and told to be more careful in the future. He was! After that when anyone was admitted to the hospital he not only took care to get the right name from the patient himself before the thing went any further, but he inscribed it on a blank death certificate, in case of necessity.

The purser receives all moneys collected on board. He keeps the accounts and collects the cash for the Marconi service, and all cables are handed in at his office. In this connection he could, an he would, break up many of the little romances which flower so abundantly during the trip—that, for instance, of the dashing cavalier who is the idol of ballroom and tennis court, and who has most unromantically just sent a Marconi greeting to mother and the children.

The purser also keeps the accounts and collects the cash for the bar, Turkish baths, restaurant or any other service which the ship may carry and for which money is received from passengers. And he is the trustee of the funds collected by the ship's concert, for which he gives a written receipt and which he passes on to the proper authorities.

He is the banker on board, except in the case of a few of the large liners which carry a bank to handle the item of exchange.

F.O.B. Factory or Destination
—Somebody Pays the Freight

WHETHER your prices are F. O. B. point of shipment or of destination, somebody has to pay the freight on the boxes or crates containing your goods. If you pay, you are directly conscious of the charge. If the receiver pays, he considers the charge as a part of the price of your goods.

A corps of General Box Engineers is kept busy analyzing boxing and shipping methods of manufacturers and in designing improved containers for them.

A group of twelve factories renders a national service to manufacturers on an economical, close-at-hand basis. The shippers of America, availing themselves of General Box Engineering skill and of General Box Company's never-failing deliveries have made this company the largest of its kind in the world.

Let General Box Engineers study—without cost to you—your shipping methods. Let us design for you a box or crate to fit your products. A letter today may result in some surprising economies for you.

Write for "General Box Service," a series of bulletins telling specific stories of savings made by shipping under new methods.

GENERAL BOX COMPANY
508 North Dearborn Street - Chicago, Illinois
Manufacturers of Pioneer Boxes and Crates and specialized wood nailed shipping containers

To the Receiver

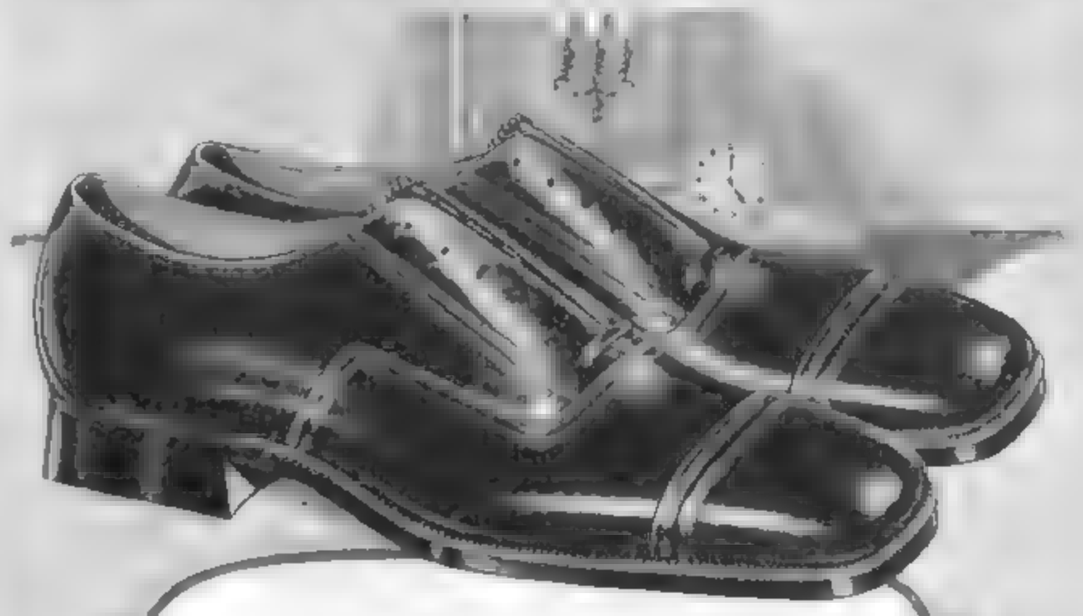
The receiver of merchandise has, or should have, a keen interest in the kind of container used to ship his goods. Progressive manufacturers recognize this and ship in containers that are safe and economical; that can be opened and unpacked quickly and can be re-used.

Pioneer Boxes and Crates are highly regarded by receivers. They are light and strong. They prevent petty theft. They are opened in a few seconds. The entire top lifts up like the lid of a trunk. Contents are unpacked quickly.

A booklet, "Incoming Shipments" will be sent you free—if you will write for it.

GENERAL BOX SERVICE

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



Florsheim Shoes do more than protect your feet—they add the desired touch of refinement to your attire and give comfort that you enjoy.

The Vista – Style S-98

Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers – CHICAGO

The Florsheim Shoe

all Yours with an Elto

Ole Evinrude's New Fast Light Twin Motor for Rowboats

Just as your auto unfolds the pleasures of the road, so Elto brings to you the even greater joys of water sports. Use it with you easily like a suitcase, by train, or by auto. Attach it instantly to any rowboat and get out on the water and "go."

Flash across the cooling waters, with never a road to watch, nor a danger to fear. Over a trackless trail of your own choice, with never a cloud of dust nor a traffic jam to annoy you. *That's real sport.* And it costs so little to bring it to all your family.

Write for Free Catalog

explaining why Elto gives much *more power, greater speed, greater safety,* and *instant easy starting* every time.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO. Ole Evinrude President

Dept. 5, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

This bank is a great convenience to tourists and business men. They have acquired foreign money while making a stay in Europe and have had no time to change it into good American dollars. They step up to a grille exactly similar to that in their own bank at home, and a polite teller will do all that they need.

On those liners which do not carry this special bank the purser acts for the passengers' convenience. And as the company does not put up the necessary capital he has to apply for a loan at his bank. On this loan he has, of course, to pay interest. He also has to insure his money.

The rates of exchange are quoted every morning through the Marconi, and many a passenger—aye, many a hard-headed business man—will grumble if the exchange given by the purser is a fraction over such quotation. They forget that he must cover interest and insurance, not to speak of the possible loss due to fluctuation. And in the jumpy days which have ruled since the war there has often been this loss.

The purser must be something of a lawyer. He must know the laws relating to his company's responsibilities toward passengers and crew. He must know the laws governing the docking of a ship in many countries; on a pleasure cruise, for instance, his ship will probably touch at the ports of a dozen countries, with differing regulations. Inaccuracy in the observance of such laws would mean delay and discomfort to the passengers and loss to the owners.

He must, for example, know the health, customs and immigration laws which must be observed when a ship comes into New York; or again, such special laws as the quarantine for dogs which rules in England and which requires that no dog shall be admitted without a permit and that even so it shall undergo a six months' quarantine.

Now on a certain liner going into Southampton was a lady with a dog. At least she called it a dog. It was about six inches long and without a hair on its body; it came from Mexico. She had no permit, had not even paid the passage money of three pounds per dog—no reduction for size—and she was determined to smuggle the animal into England under her cloak.

"But you can't do that," said the purser; "it's against the law. I must enter that dog in my papers."

Big Fuss, Little Dog

She looked at him reproachfully. "Oh, you're not half so nice as the purser on the boat up to New York. He let me take it in without any fuss!"

"But that wasn't against the law," he explained patiently. "Now why not get off at Cherbourg? There's no quarantine there and you'll have no trouble!"

But at Southampton the lady and her dog were still on board and he began to get worried. While the customs man was examining the passengers in the lounge the purser sent one of his men to the lady's room. "If the dog's there, seize it. Otherwise she'll certainly be getting ashore with it, and that will be nice for me!"

The dog was seized, and the lady, furious with the purser, the company, and the ridiculous law, went ashore without it!

She promised to have the dog called for in New York, but meantime the purser was responsible, and when the ship sailed again, so did the dog. The days in port went by and the promised claimant did not turn up. It looked as though that dog were going to become a permanent member of the crew! Finally the purser got in touch with the head office and asked them to phone the lady's husband in New York, and only on the very morning of sailing day did someone turn up, pay the various charges and relieve the purser of his responsibility. He had a lot of trouble over that six inches of hairless ugliness!

The organization in regard to discipline is complicated and exact, and this is especially the case on a British ship, where discipline is a feature of the service. Authority of the various heads of departments is complete, though there is always an outlet—not often needed or used—in a final appeal to the captain.

The crew is, roughly, divided into the navigating, engineering, clerical, medical and catering departments, and it is interesting to note that the chief steward's catering and housekeeping department is by far the largest.

After this department, with its 520 men for approximately 1000-odd passengers, comes the engineering, with its quota of something like 200 men. These are not, however, all propelling-machinery engineers, as there is an army of electricians boilermakers, plumbers, and so on.

In comparison with these two large departments, the navigating numbers only about seventy men, and the bridge has only nine officers, against forty-five in the engineers. It is interesting to note, however, that in case of accident the smallness of the navigating department would have no effect on the safety of passengers, for all members of the crew join in the lifeboat drills, and quite recently a crew of firemen proudly displayed the cup for lifeboat drill they had won in open competition.

The Ship's Paymaster

The crew is protected by government and union. In the case of the sailors, for instance, if a man is fined—logged—during the voyage and questions the justice, he may, in being paid off before a government official, sign provisionally and take his case to unprejudiced authorities.

Each voyage is a separate item, for which the crew is signed on and off, and every detail of expenditure—with the exception of the captain's and doctor's wages—is charged against the round trip, which begins in the home port and finishes there. This does not mean, however, that the crew is disbanded at the end of the voyage. They are still attached to the ship and receive shore wages at similar rates to those at sea. The officers are also on duty and are granted home leave only every other voyage. At other times they might just as well be at sea, except that they do not have to keep night watches, which are left to a watchman. There is, however, a spirit of arrangement among them, one man generally agreeing to relieve another, and so long as there are three senior officers on board in port the others can usually fit in short absences.

The engineers similarly work from eight to five, with an official leave of one trip in three. The purser is also on duty, his work including that of paying off the crew and interviewing the executive. If he wants to go ashore he must leave his deputy on board. Similarly with the chief steward, who is as busy in port as he is at sea.

Messing arrangements vary. The navigation officers have their own table in the dining saloon; so do the captain, the purser and the doctor. The engineers have their own mess, the plumbers theirs, the firemen theirs. The assistant pursers and Marconi boys usually have a table in the second-class saloon.

The stewards have a go-as-you-please-and-get-it-when-you-can arrangement. Mealtime is, of course, their rush hour. The chief and second eat in the saloon when the passengers have been fed. The cooks and pantrymen eat more or less on duty, in one of the numerous rooms where they work. The stewardesses have a little room of their own.

In this glimpse behind the scenes—and it is a very limited glimpse—we have seen something of the organization which is necessary to the profitable running of a modern liner. The passenger sees only the finished product of the united brains of many clever men. He sees the smooth, efficient service which perfects his happiness and comfort on the ocean liner. He sees the perfect menu which puts on his table all the luxuries of the international hotel. And that is all he cares about.

THE MAKER IS PROUD OF HIS MARK · WHAT ABOUT YOUR MARK?

Your Car is only *one* of a famous family until touched by some mark that proclaims it as distinctly serving *you.*

The original Monogram Self-locking Radiator Cap is *your* trademark of utility, protection and pride of ownership. The illustration above shows your car beautified with a Monogram *Standard* model cap.

The latest refinement in caps is a Monogram with *Royal Onyx* Balls made of genuine Pedrara Onyx. Ask your dealer. Trust the instinct that urges you to select this crest of individuality.

Monogram color shields may be had in Royal Blue, Maroon, Sea Green, Canary, Ivory or Brown

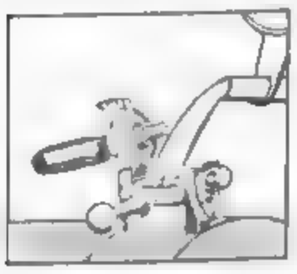
THE KINGSLEY · MILLER COMPANY

Successors to
(General Automotive Corporation, Chicago)

600 West Jackson Boulevard · CHICAGO

Export Department: Cable Address, Genaco

A MONOGRAM CAP
to beautify every car



A simple twist locks it. No screws, drilling, or filing. No mechanical headaches—no need for confusing directions—Monogram explains itself.

MONOGRAM
ORIGINAL
SELF LOCKING RADIATOR CAP

Good Eats *Make* the Trip!

THE scenery may be nature's best, roads like velvet, weather perfect, fish all biting and a good "pal" with you—but the real pleasure of your outing trip depends upon "good eats" whenever hunger calls. So take along a Coleman Camp Stove! Then you're sure of well-cooked food a-plenty—crisp bacon and eggs; potatoes, baked, fried or boiled; coffee, steaming hot; biscuits as light as mother's—any dish you like—anywhere, anytime. Meal time in the open is joy time to the camper with this quick-action cooker ready to answer the call of keen-edged, out-door appetites.

You'll like your Coleman Camp Stove. It actually is a miniature kitchen range—the all-complete camp cooking outfit—everything you need built right into it, ready for quick action. Set it up in thirty seconds; have it going at full-tilt cooking heat in two minutes or less. The Coleman is easy for anyone to operate—no complicated parts to screw together, no wrenches needed. No hunting for wood, no smoke, no danger of starting a forest fire. Folds up like a suit case with everything stowed inside. Uses common motor gasoline as fuel.

Get a Coleman Camp Stove for your next outing trip. Two feature models—Model No. 2 at $12.50 and Model No. 9 at $9.00.

Two Feature Models

Model No. 2 (shown in camping scene above) is acknowledged by outdoor experts as the finest camp stove made—a miniature gas range de luxe. U. S. Price only $12.50

Has all the following Coleman features built in:

Quick Hot-Blast Starter—Works like a blow torch—defies the wind. Full cooking heat in two minutes or less.

Everything Built-in—Air Pump and Filling Funnel, Oven and Drum Heater, Wind Baffle and Warming Cabinet—all attached right to the stove! No chance for anything to get lost or damaged.

Speedy Heat—Big Blue-Flame Burners with handy valve controls for any heat desired, and wide action flame-spreading burner caps of heavy gauge brass.

Tank Always Connected—Swings on swivel hinge. Turns inside for carrying, outside for cooking.

Model No. 9 (inset above) a moderate priced stove that everybody can afford—a crackerjack little camp cooker with Coleman Quality through and through. There's service and dependability in every inch of it. It just suits "modern gypsies" whether for an afternoon picnic or a three months' tour. Has the famous Coleman patented *Hot-Blast Starter, Built-in Pump, Strap Steel Legs, Flame-Spreading Burner Caps, Folding Wind Baffle, Detachable Fuel Tank.* Price only $9.00 in U. S.

The Quick-Lite Lantern

YOU'LL want good light in camp every night. The Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern is ready for any lighting job, anywhere, anytime. Brighter than 20 old-style oil lanterns—lights up the whole camp with cheery brilliance. Durably built of brass and other heavy metals. Has mica chimney—is windproof, rainproof, bugproof. Makes and burns own gas from common motor gasoline. Lights with matches. U. S. Price $7.50.

Ask Your Dealer to show you a Coleman Camp Stove. If he is not yet supplied, clip, fill out and mail the coupon below and we will see that you receive descriptive literature and are taken care of promptly. Address Camping Dept. P-24.

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO., Factory and General Offices: Wichita, Kansas

U. S. Branches: PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES

Canadian Factory: TORONTO, ONTARIO

Coleman Quick-Lite Co., Ltd., No. 3 Gerrard Place, London, W. 1, England.
Australian Office, 398 Collins St., Melbourne.

Send this coupon to Coleman office nearest you—Wichita Philadelphia Chicago, Los Angeles or Toronto

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO.

I like "good eats" and plenty of them—right now", when I'm out in the open. So please send me full particulars about the quick cooking Coleman Camp Stoves.

Name _____

Address _____

P-24

MR. CONWAY'S FEMME

(Continued from Page 9)

kaydet hop with a great big football star—nicest boy—named Mr. Conway."

"I know. Jimmy told me."

"Jaime? Well, he didn't lose much time, nor omit much information, did he?"

"Oh, he just mentioned it," said Jenny airily. "I was horrified, but he says I'll get by."

"Jenny darling, you'll be a riot! I'm dying for you to go. It's different from anything you've ever done before. This frock will be just perfect."

"I've got a sweet silver lace."

"Oh, but this is so deliciously young-looking."

"How old is Mr. Conway?" asked Jenny with a sudden dimple flickering.

Octavie admitted, "About twenty."

"Octa, we're both crazy! Do you know that I'm thirty?"

"You look about twenty-five," said Octavie staunchly. "And at night, with a good make-up—your lovely hair—that dress—your little slim figure ——"

"That's about what Jimmy said."

Octavie sat down upon the side of the narrow white bed. She pulled Jenny down beside her and held her there firmly.

"Jenny, no fooling! Did Jim Tarrant fall in love with you in Honolulu?"

"What's today got to do with tomorrow—or yesterday?"

"Don't squirm, Mrs. Bromley! I'm going to know."

"Why? Do you want him yourself?"

"Oh, *pour passer le temps!*" said Octavie sweetly. "No; he's too good for any woman's off hours. I'd go straight after him—if I weren't, so to speak, successfully married. There, that's talking turkey! Now how about you? Jaime ever ask you to marry him?"

"In a way," said Jenny reluctantly.

"And you let him go? I don't believe you!"

"All right. I haven't any letters."

"Jenny, you raving idiot! What was the matter? Didn't you like him?"

"Part of the time—yes. Part of the time—no. He's too old."

Jenny sat back against the foot of the bed and drew a long breath. She stared at her inquisitor defiantly. Her eyes were wide and dark and stormy. She continued without further urging: "I hate old men. I hate even middle age."

"But, Jenny, what are you talking about? Jaime's just thirty-eight."

Jenny said stubbornly, "Mentally and morally and emotionally, he's fifty. You can't tell me! I saw him pretty well every night for about two months. He's forgotten how to be reckless—and foolish and charming, if he ever knew. All the things that mean youth—adventure and romance and all that—he's miles and miles away from. He can't even see it in somebody else. He's set—in a mold. He's deep—in a rut. All he wants is quiet and comfort. A warm hearthstone to put his feet on."

"He's one of the keenest men up here," objected Octavie indignantly.

"Oh, his brain's all right," said Jenny with polite disinterest.

"It's not just his brain, you little moron! All the women are mad over him. Only he hasn't any time for them."

"That's why they're mad over him. They don't know him."

"All you've got to do is to look at him."

"You look at him, Octa darling! I'd rather look at the Lincoln Memorial or a nice exciting monument in a park somewhere."

"Well," said Octavie, rising with heightened color and a spark of resentment between her thick blond lashes, "Mr. Conway ought to be young enough for you tonight!"

"I hope I shan't be too old for him," said Jenny demurely. She added, with a spark of her own, "I don't care, Octa! Youth's the most gorgeous thing there is. It's the most wonderful thing in life. It's the most ——"

"You know," interrupted Octavie brutally practical, "a kaydet can't ride to a hop. 'Tisn't democratic. You'll have to walk. Not too terribly far. I hope your slippers are comfy."

Jenny displayed two fragile trifles of ivory satin with rococo pearl buckles and slim high heels.

"Oh, quite!" she murmured.

"I declare," cried Octavie, touched to admiration, "you've got the smallest foot in the known world!" She shied a lacy pillow at Jenny's left shoulder. "And the hardest head! I wouldn't in a million years have sent my poor Don Jaime down to meet you if I'd known the cold deal you'd handed him, and that he'd been remembering it all this time."

"What makes you think he's been remembering it?" asked Jenny curiously.

She shook out the sweet silver lace and put it away in the closet.

"Because I'd have captured him myself before now—if it hadn't been for that," said Octavie mournfully. "I knew there was a trick in it somewhere. . . . Come and have a look at the dining room. I'm having a lot of women in to play bridge with you this afternoon. I know it's a strain, but you've got to sit pretty."

"I'd like anything you did for me," said Jenny. She hung back wistfully, her hand through Octavie's arm. "After all, it isn't so strange—do you think?—that I feel as I do about youth. When I've had so much in my life—of the other."

"It isn't strange at all," said Octavie quickly. She hugged Jenny close and kissed her, with a trace of embarrassment.

Jenny seldom spoke of the sardonic and elderly person whose name she bore, whose wife she had been for eight rather difficult years, and as whose widow she now looked out upon life with a not unnatural accession of interest. She had married him at twenty—a man who had been suitor to her mother before her; married at her mother's earnest instigation and with about as much understanding of the road she was taking as a little yellow chicken has of a big green duck pond.

Well, she had learned—all that she needed to know; and it had not been a pleasant or a simple lesson. It had left her strangely obsessed with a desire for the girl-and-boy follies she had never experienced, absurdly distrustful of elder quietude, since it could cover such a multitude of sins against happiness; absurdly restless, absurdly eager for living.

Her mother was dead now, as well as Judge Bromley. There was no one to whom she owed more than the slightest allegiance.

"You know," said Jenny pleadingly, creasing Octavie's sleeve with slender chilly fingers, "there's so much about middle age that I've had already."

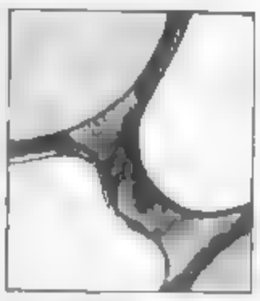
"You poor lamb!" sighed Octavie. "Only, Jaime's no more middle-aged than I am. How you can be so blind!"

The bridge that afternoon was by all feminine counts an overwhelming success. Flowers and gossip and tea, a certain amount of keen play. Jenny couldn't keep her mind on the cards. She mused at intervals, with quaintly mingled feelings of anticipation and apprehension, upon Mr. Conway.

A great big football hero! Then he might very well be cocky and scornful. He would assuredly be difficult to talk to. Wasn't there an argot one ought to know—a kind of kaydet patois? Supposing one failed to understand one's partners—had to seem dumb. What hope then?

Jenny wasn't afraid of her dancing. She knew she danced like proverbial thistledown. But the language of twenty—she fretted mutely over that. She wasn't by any means going to be made a silent fool of.

"Well, that's that, thank God!" said Octavie, once the last smiling guest had departed. "My slate's clean for the next two months. How was the food?"



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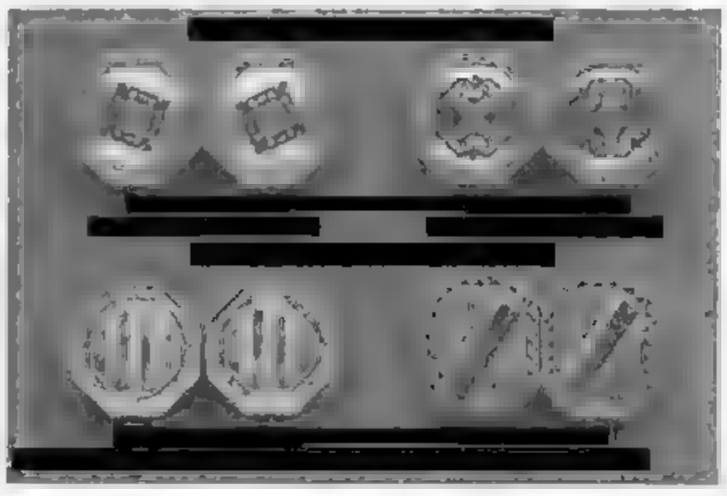

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"Heavenly," said Jenny, nibbling a final almond.

"I think it was fair," admitted Octavie. She bundled Jenny off to her bed. "Get a nap before you dress. You've got to be fresh as a new potato."

The suggestion was ominous. It gave Jenny a feeling of vague uneasiness—such a feeling as a maiden might conceivably experience upon hearing the Minotaur stamp and paw, awaiting her.

"Is the hop such an ordeal?" she inquired loftily.

"Well, you'll want to be fresh for it," insisted Octavie.

Jenny slept for half an hour. She hadn't expected to, but she did. When she opened the door of Octavie's room at half after six, Octavie sat down in the nearest chair and stared at her for a moment without a word, then burst into enthusiastic encomium.

"Jenny, you're marvelous! You look good enough to eat. I'm simply mad about that frock."

"It's a nice little rag," said Jenny with delicious detachment.

"You look like white roses and moonlight."

"I'm glad you think I'll do."

"Wait till Mr. Conway sees you!"

"Does he know I've been married?"

"Yes. I wish," said Octavie regretfully, "I hadn't been such a fool as to tell him. I wish I'd called you Miss Bromley. I might just as well. Dan"—she lifted a muted appeal to her husband, smoking and reading comfortably in the living room until Mr. Conway should arrive and dinner go forward—"Dan, come look at Jenny."

Dan came and bestowed his unmodified approval.

"You'll knock 'em!" he said. "She'll make the grade, Octa. Almost wish I was a kaydet myself—just for tonight."

"Never mind, I'll save you a dance," Jenny promised.

"No can do," said Captain Beauclerc amusedly. "Sorry, Jenny, but I won't be able to dance with you tonight."

Jenny's offended stare sent Octavie into gusts of delighted laughter.

"An officer can't dance with a kaydet's girl," she explained.

"You mean—I'll be dancing with boys all evening?"

The doorbell trilled hesitantly.

"Mr. Conway," whispered Octavie, and drew Jenny after her.

Captain Beauclerc, a slight dark young man, with an engaging hint of a cast in his nice gray eyes, followed more slowly. Jenny, hanging back, appealed to him, incredulous.

"Jimmy Tarrant can't dance with me either?"

Captain Beauclerc shook his head and grinned.

"You're a kaydet's girl tonight, Jenny—you're Mr. Conway's femme."

Then Mr. Conway himself rose to meet them from the comfortable depths of Octavie's grandmother's davenport, and Jenny's pulse fluttered as if she had been even younger than she seemed.

A little of Pershing, a little of Lincoln, youth at its cleanest and strongest and shyest—that was Mr. Conway. Directly she looked at him, straight as a young pine tree in his gold-buttoned gray uniform, with his smooth brown head and his diffident smile.

Jenny thought to herself, "How proud his mother must be of him!" Which was not the appropriate thought for a femme about to be taken to her first hop, so Jenny repressed it instantly. She evolved a much better.

"He's like somebody's little-girl dreams come true." Which undoubtedly he was; and utterly unaware, to all appearance, of being anything of the sort.

Dinner was a very dignified and innocuous function.

"Yes, sir," and "No, sir," said Mr. Conway to Captain Beauclerc's remarks, and was hardly more talkative with Octavie and Jenny. Octavie had warned Jenny that it would be like that.

"He'll loosen up once he gets you away from us," said Octavie. "We're a million years old to him because Dan's tactical officer. You're different. He'll be himself with you."

And himself Mr. Conway became, directly the door had closed behind him and Jenny, and they started down the hill.

"I hope you don't mind walking," he said anxiously.

Jenny assured him that she adored it. It wasn't, said Mr. Conway, so awfully far, and she was to tell him if he went too fast. Jenny promised she would. The night, she said, was perfect for walking—and so it was; moonless, but sown with stars; a cool wind stirring; the dark shapes of buildings along the way took on a curious unreality; scents of crisping leaf and drying grass hung on the winy air.

"Do you like to dance?" asked Mr. Conway.

And Jenny told him that she did.

"Tell me," she begged, "about the people I'm going to dance with. Octavie said something about a card."

Mr. Conway explained. He had made out Jenny's card for the hop and her partners were all good dancers.

"Most of 'em first classmen." He added that he had kept five of her dances for himself. "There'll be sixteen altogether."

"Sixteen?" said Jenny. "That's not very late, is it?"

Mr. Conway said they danced till twelve.

"Do you dance with the girls that these other—men take to the hop, while they dance with me?" asked Jenny.

"We trade," said Mr. Conway frankly.

Jenny adored Mr. Conway in no time at all. She walked beside him down the hill and past the brightly lit hotel, past the steps of the big gray building where the dancers were streaming in, with a heart as light as her feet. Mr. Conway, though so gorgeously young, had a distinctly amazing protective quality. One felt incredibly safe with him, sure of being looked after. And with a card of sixteen dances already made out, one couldn't, no matter how the luck broke, be a wallflower. Jenny felt fresh not as a new potato, but as a just-opening rose. She felt as if some of the beautiful foolish hours her too early and ill-conditioned marriage had robbed her of were being given back to her magically—with the added gift of wisdom to appreciate them. She thought fleetingly of Tarrant.

"Poor Jimmy! I suppose youth was never in him—that's all! It's a pity. Other ways he's rather a dear; and he oughtn't to be hanging about after married women—even Octavie."

But she didn't waste a great deal of thought on Tarrant. The moment absorbed her attention gloriously.

Mr. Conway left her at the door of the big high-ceilinged dressing room.

"I'll be waiting just outside here," he promised gravely.

He had a certain gravity of manner which underlay his boyishness reassuringly. That was what made one think of Lincoln and Pershing. Or was it something in the soldierly set of those square young shoulders, the touch of kindly melancholy about the eyes, of dogged honesty about the chin?

Jenny thought, "He'll be a wonderful man some day." But she repressed that too. She didn't want to think of him some day. The night was enough.

There were, it seemed to her startled eyes and ears, at least ten thousand girls in the dressing room, buzzing like wasps on a windowpane, chattering like blue jays in a tree top. Gold heads and black heads and brown heads and red heads—mostly bobbed, as if woman's crowning glory, even abbreviated, were altogether adequate. Sleek little polls, fuzzy little halos. Smooth rouged cheeks and scarlet bow lips. Little white noses and little pink chins. Silver lace and gold lace and black lace and chiffons. Proud ermine tails and white-fox splendors. Brocade and velvet crowding the coat racks. Powder and more powder dimming the mirrors.

(Continued on Page 231)

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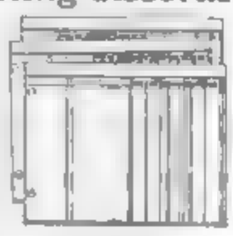

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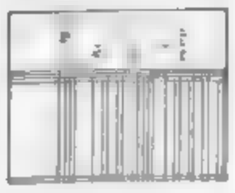

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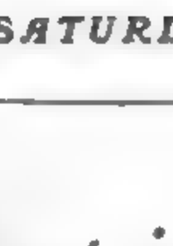

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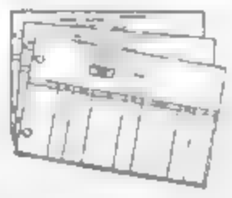

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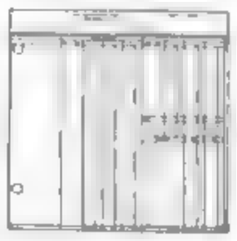

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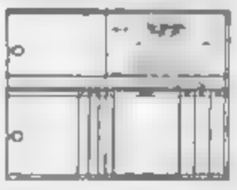

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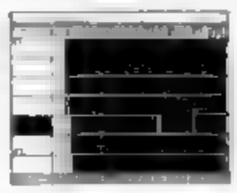

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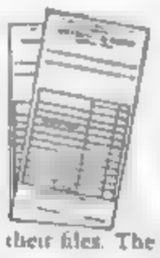

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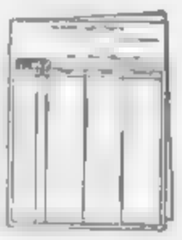

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(Continued from Page 218)

Youth was in the air of the place like a perfume, strong and sweet, overpowering. Youth was in that babble of voices, shrill as piccolos and flutes—and as thin.

Octavie had said, "Notice the girls! They come from all around to these hops. Floods of 'em. They're mad about the kaydets. Speaking of ages, some of 'em have been coming here for years."

Jenny noticed the girls. She hoped, uneasily, that they didn't in return notice her. In everything but slim body, cropped hair and the frock she wore, she stood an inner alien, dazed and confounded.

She went through, in her turn, the requisite gestures before a mirror, touched her cloudy dark hair into place, repowdered her nose, accented a trifle the color on cheeks and lips. No one looked at her, to her knowledge. She was only a drop in a cresting wave of femininity.

She went back into the hall and to the safe shelter of Mr. Conway's presence.

"Did I keep you waiting?" she asked him.

He looked down at her kindly.

"Oh, no, this is all right. It's my dance anyhow."

He led her through a glittering mob of girls and kaydets to the stately place where the music was calling. He slid out upon the floor with her. He danced, as he looked and spoke, with a pleasant naturalness, a touch of unusual dignity, no trick stuff. Jenny had been a little afraid of adolescent virtuosity in footwork. Mr. Conway evinced no such tendencies.

The room they danced in was like a certain city, a place of magnificent distances. Splendid lofty ceiling and wide mellowed walls. All about those walls, portraits of gentlemen and soldiers. An impressive array. Something Tarrant had told her came into Jenny's mind:

"Nice old hall—full of pictures—high-ranking birds—Civil War period."

That, of course, was only Jimmy Tarrant's ridiculous habit of understatement. It thrilled Jenny strangely, that phalanx of bygone warriors looking down on the gray-uniformed boys who were to follow them.

She said, "It's a wonderful room. I should think—it must make you very proud to belong to the service. You feel the traditions of this place so strongly. The—*noblesse oblige!* All those pictures, and knowing what they stand for ——"

Mr. Conway answered simply. "You've got to be good to get by."

"That's what I mean," murmured Jenny.

The music was burdened with no lofty conjectures. It whistled and thudded and whimpered and throbbed the newest, most alluring jazz. At the farther end of the hall, the musicians sat. Surging out from the wide entrance beneath an overhanging gallery, the stags lay in wait for what they might desire. Gray uniforms and gold buttons, flowers and flounces, black heads and red heads and gold heads and brown! A frothing tide, a spume of happiness.

Jenny's satin-slippered feet slipped and shuffled deliciously.

"I like the way you dance," she said, smiling up at Mr. Conway.

"I certainly do like the way you dance," said Mr. Conway seriously.

All the conversation necessary!

Eventually that dance was over, and past long rows of chairs, set close against the wall, sedately occupied in a number of instances by officers and their wives, the kaydets streamed out of doorways and windows, taking with them that rabble of flowerlike girls.

Conway inquired of Jenny if she had rather walk on the balcony or sit on the stairs. The balcony, she could see through wide French windows, was dark and cool, full already of slender white shoulders and gallant gray ones, not too aloofly juxtaposed. The stairs, on the other hand, were brilliantly lighted and offered a landing, cushion-seated.

"Let's see if the Beauclercs have come," said Jenny suddenly.

So she and Mr. Conway mounted the wide marble stairs and explored the gallery. Landing and steps were full to suffocation of uniform and dance frock, but the gallery was comparatively quiet.

Octavie, seated demurely between her husband and Major Tarrant, held out a welcoming hand.

"Jenny, what do you think of it? Isn't it marvelous?"

"I'm having a heavenly time," said Jenny. Her eyes shone. She smiled at the two men happily. "It's the most romantic setting! I feel as if Light-Horse Harry Lee might come down off the wall at any moment."

"Not quite," said Major Tarrant lazily. "Wrong party, Jenny. Those are all Yankee generals."

He stood and smiled back at her with approval—something more involved, perhaps—in his eyes.

Mr. Conway, as became him in the presence of rank, waited, modestly silent. Octavie drew him over with a strategic question; Captain Beauclerc turned away in answer to somebody's touch on his arm.

Jenny and the man who was "set in a mold—deep in a rut," stood together, looking down upon the dance floor, momentarily deserted.

"Don't you wish you could dance with me, Jimmy?" asked Jenny.

"Rather watch you for a bit," he said.

"Do you like my frock?"

"I always like your frocks, don't I?"

"Good Lord!" cried Jenny crossly. "You're no comfort to me at all!"

"Didn't mean to be a comfort," said Major Tarrant. "Meant to be a counter-irritant. You're a spoiled person."

Jenny's wrath melted to wistfulness.

"Do I look as pretty"—she came quite close and lowered her voice to a cautious whisper—"do I look as pretty as the girls dancing down there?"

"Those tadpoles!" said Major Tarrant contemptuously.

"Jimmy, they're deliciously young! They're so young! They're—dewy."

"Rot! They're about as dewy as paper flowers, and hard as little tenpenny nails. You're an unsophisticated schoolgirl compared to 'em. Don't fool yourself that you're not!"

"I didn't ask you what you thought I knew," said Jenny coldly. "I asked you how you thought I looked."

"Little too much lipstick," he said calmly.

Jenny turned on her heel and went back to Mr. Conway. The music was beginning again triumphantly. The dancers were flowing back in an eager tide to the floor.

Octavie caught Jenny's arm and murmured excitedly in her ear, "You look like all the rest of them—exactly. Just as young!"

Jenny squeezed Octavie's fingers gratefully.

"I'll find your next partner," said Mr. Conway. "He'll meet us near the door."

Down the wide stairs once more and into an eddy of kaydets and girls about the entrance. Mr. Conway, a head above most of his fellows, caught the eye of a blond youngster with a cheerful grin and signaled him silently.

"Wait a minute! Let me get my femme!" returned the boy.

He reappeared in a moment with a little rose-cheeked beauty in tow, marcelled, tinted, airily self-assured. If she lived to be an old lady, Jenny considered, she would undoubtedly be a cat. She was, at the moment, a probable seventeen and the silkiest kind of kitten.

Mr. Conway said gravely, "Miss Bromley—Mr. Wells."

And Mr. Wells responded with—not so gravely—"Miss Bromley—Miss Boyce."

Then Mr. Conway held out his arms to Miss Boyce and Mr. Wells held out his arms to Miss Bromley; a trade had obviously been accomplished.

Mr. Wells danced a trifle more vivaciously than Mr. Conway, and with considerably more abandon.

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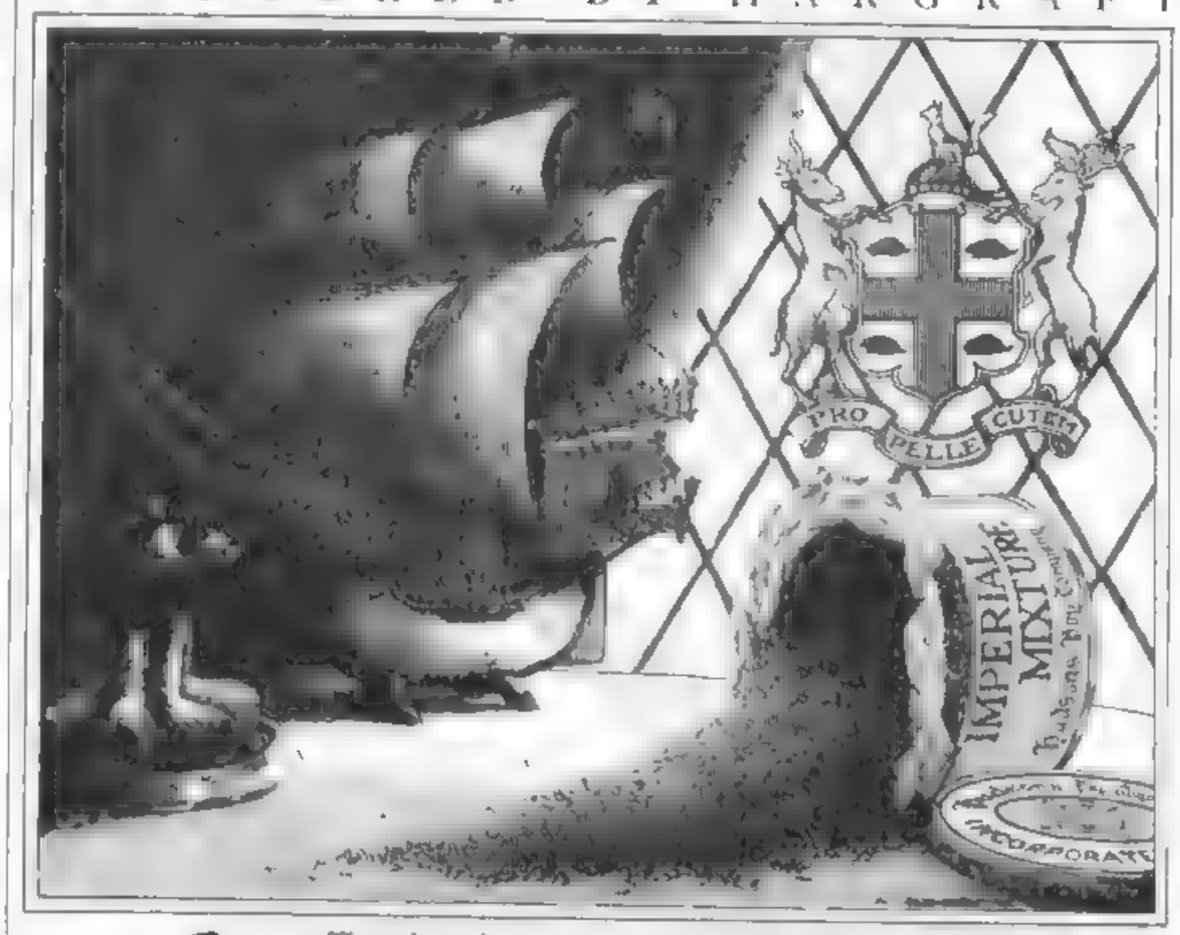

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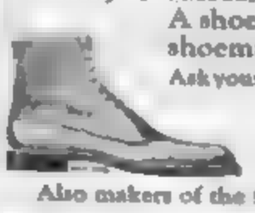

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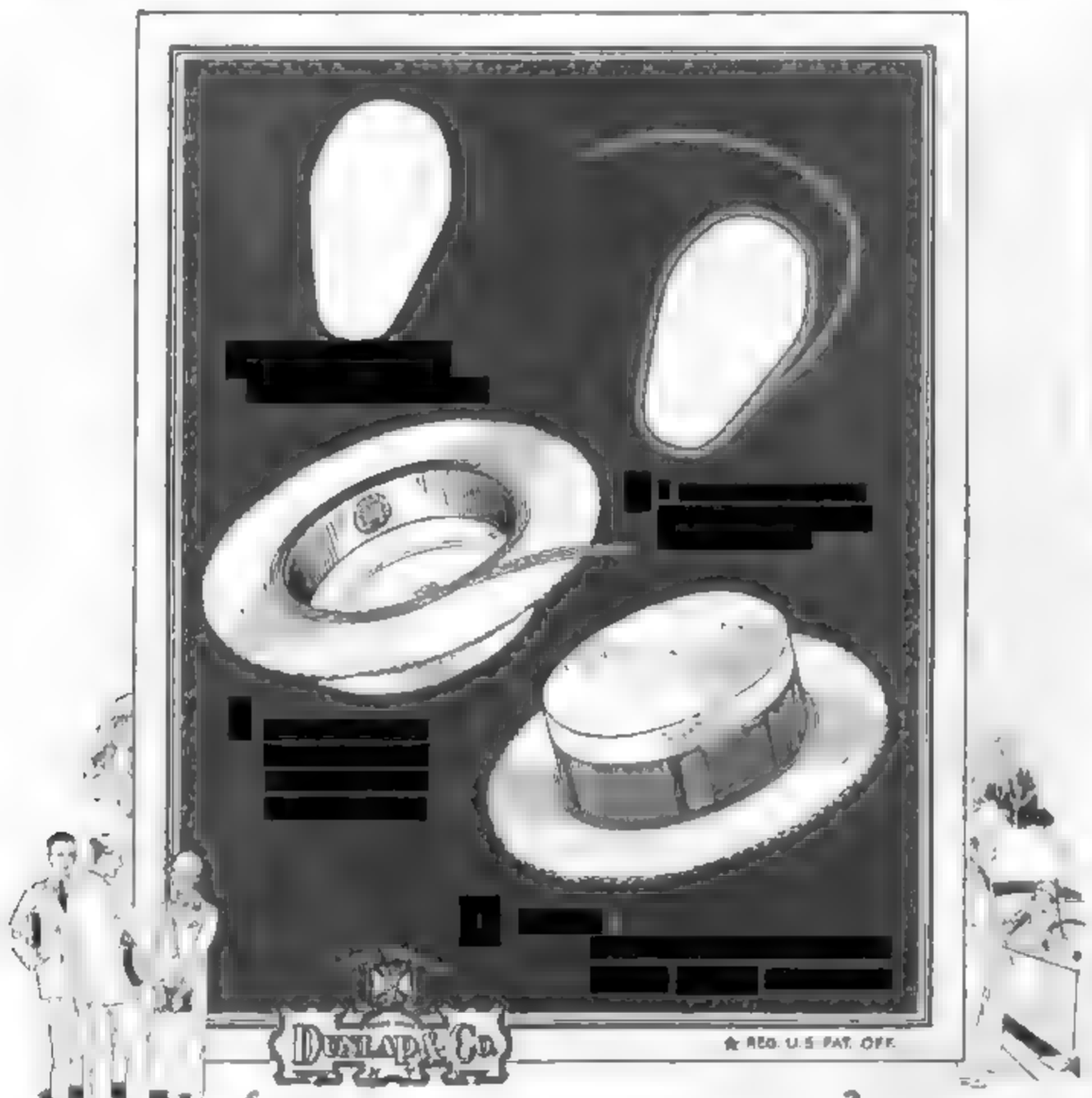

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He said by way of an opening, "You are an Army child?" And Jenny's spirit leaped with amusement and delight. She was, then, as successfully made-up as that—she was, as Tarrant had prophesied, getting by!

"No," she answered discreetly, "I'm not Army. . . . Isn't that music wonderful?"

Mr. Wells persevered.

"Thought Conway said your father was stationed in Honolulu—or something."

"Oh," said Jenny innocently, "I've visited in Honolulu."

"Sure hope I'll get service there some day," said Mr. Wells. He executed a side step which Jenny was barely able to follow. "Hear it's a wonderful place. Everybody plays the uke and runs around in hula skirts."

Jenny opened her mouth for scornful denial of this commonest of mainland delusions regarding our island possession. She felt, however, that Mr. Wells would only be disappointed upon learning the truth.

She said therefore, docilely, "It is a wonderful place."

"Sure like to see it," said Mr. Wells.

He danced a little faster than Jenny quite cared for. They fairly galloped around that long picture-hung room to the clamor of saxophone and drum.

"You finish this year, don't you?" Jenny asked him, trying not to sound breathless. "What will you go into?"

"Going to fly," said Mr. Wells promptly, and his rate of speed made it seem the most plausible thing in the world.

They talked at some length upon the air service. Jenny observed to herself that she had discovered a good lead. When the subject ran out, she offered, amused at her own repetition of gambits, "I like the way you dance."

"Well, child, I'll say you're not clubfooted!" replied Mr. Wells blithely.

He was undoubtedly a bit more difficult than Mr. Conway; had less repose of manner; was someway more startlingly young. He returned Jenny to Mr. Conway's care at the end of his dance with a casual word of thanks and a casual squeeze of her hand.

"See you at Waikiki some day."

Jenny felt as if an exuberant young dynamo had had an arm around her. She would have liked to linger in Mr. Conway's care; but Mr. Conway, imperturbably friendly, passed her on to a thin dark boy with curly hair whom he designated as Mr. Brooke and the accompanying white-nosed little femme as Miss Lansing.

After two or three dances more, all traded, with a certain amount of ritual, at the entrance beneath the gallery, Jenny began to be aware of the oddest, most uncomfortable feeling about those successive femmes.

She wasn't afraid of her partners. One after another, they took her at her face value, so to speak; inquired generally if she were an Army child, if she were visiting at the Point, responded to her artful questioning about their favorite branch of the service, the Yale-Princeton game the week before—safe ground, all of it. But the femmes—she couldn't help sensing the fact—regarded her warily.

Each new pair of eyes—languishing or sparkling out of each new pink and white face—narrowed, or so it seemed to Jenny's sensitive consciousness, directly the introduction was consummated, into first a stare, then a question, then a scornful conclusion.

"This is no girl!" said successive femme eyes and wise, successive femme smiles, till Jenny felt the corners of her own smile stiffening.

One might fool the future defenders of their country, but as for the defenders of those defenders—not a chance!

It was not, however, the femmes so much as the episode of Mr. Morris and Ward-Belmont that threatened Jenny's carefully woven illusion and made her look longingly toward the gallery and Octavie.

Mr. Morris came tenth on Jenny's card, an uncommonly good-looking dark-eyed kaydet, with a scarlet sash about his waist and the dancing grace of a Valentino. Jenny liked him and he liked Jenny. He wasn't too fast and he didn't do tricks with his feet. He had a slow drawling voice and a caressing eye. He might have been forever a charming memory except that

Having discussed the Yale-Princeton game, Honolulu, the branch of the service he was choosing; and having told him she liked the way he danced and having been assured in return that anybody could dance with her, Jenny heard him say indulgently, "You sound like a Southern child."

Nothing warned her, no premonition halted her.

She replied softly, "I was born and raised in Tennessee."

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Mr. Morris, holding her with perceptibly accelerated tenderness. "So was I! Where'd you go to school?"

"Ward-Belmont," said Jenny, still innocent of danger.

"Sure enough!" said Mr. Morris, frankly pleased; and all at once, Jenny's subconscious moaned. She saw too late the way the talk was taking.

"How long ago?" Mr. Morris continued ardently. "Listen—were you there three years ago?"

Three years! Jenny hadn't seen Ward-Belmont in twelve! She lost her head, before the utter impossibility of admitting to Mr. Morris her paleozoic past.

She said weakly, "Oh, no! You see, I haven't been back there in years—since I was married."

At which Mr. Morris grunted—there was no other word for it—as if a sudden blow had taken him in the wind.

"Didn't you know you were dancing with a married woman?" asked Jenny most unhappily. Why add "and a widow?"

Mr. Morris was gallant in the face of shock he couldn't conceal.

"I hadn't exactly realized," he muttered, his delightful camaraderie frozen at the roots.

Jenny couldn't get away from him fast enough. She could have wept on Mr. Conway's shoulder, waiting for her, as ever, at the end of the dance.

Mr. Conway didn't seem nearly so young as the rest of them. He had an adorable adult calm; he stood in the midst of that seething surge of femmes, kaydets and stags as an island stands in an ocean—immovable. He must have been twenty, but he might have been thirty. He didn't tire one with a blaze of excess vitality. He had a marvelous quality of control.

"I wish I had this one with you," Jenny told him.

"We've got the next," said Mr. Conway. "This one"—he consulted her card with a businesslike glance—"you've got this one with Mr. Gibbs."

Jenny waited for Mr. Gibbs—and his femme—with a horrid realization growing fast upon her that she was tired, that her feet hurt her, that her shoulders ached from holding unaccustomed and exotic positions in the dance, that her eyes began to feel stretched and her mouth set; in brief, that with six more dances yet to go, she was giving out. And no earthly hope of relief until twelve o'clock!

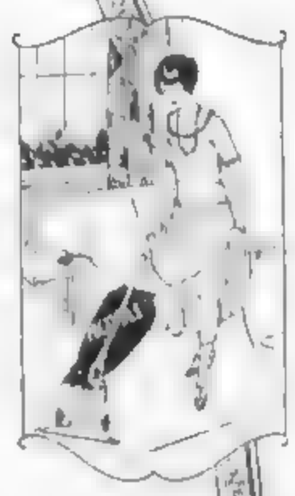
It wasn't just the dancing. Between fox trots, she had walked up and down those marble stairs, up and down the balcony, several times past the bachelor quarters next door. Sometimes she had managed to sit for a moment or so on the landing, lean for a furtive instant against the balcony rail. It was cold on the balcony too, an icy little wind; unspeakably cold, if a beautiful night for walking, passing the bachelor quarters.

Nobody said anything about a coat. All those bare-necked, bare-armed femmes trotting around in the dark in their laces and spangles, their skimpy little frocks, without any underclothes to speak of they were welcome to that sort of exercise, all they wanted of it! Jenny was none so sure she wasn't inviting pneumonia.

One couldn't, of course, suggest it—without looking a grandmother.

(Continued on Page 225)

An Outstanding Triumph



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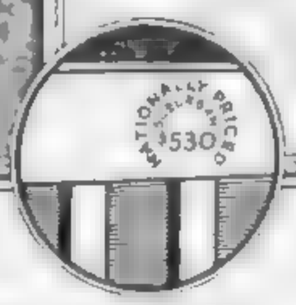

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(Continued from Page 222)

"Mr. Gibbs," said Mr. Conway, and took Mr. Gibbs' femme into a polite embrace.

Jenny, from the instant of stepping off with him, distrusted Mr. Gibbs, as it later appeared, not without reason.

He was little and dark and fat. He had an excess of *joie de vivre* that would undoubtedly make him the life of many a party, and his dancing was temperamental. It was unfortunate that Jenny hadn't encountered him sooner. She might, when absolutely fresh, at the beginning of the hop, have been better able to cope with him.

As it was, he simply terrified her. He held her so close that through the sheer stuff of her gown she felt herself acquiring accurately—the pattern of his buttons, millions of buttons, inescapable buttons! She shrank away, but he didn't seem to know or care. He danced like a whirlwind and a circus clown and a dust devil, with all sorts of unpredictable side prancings and turnings and dartings. Crowning indignity, he jiggled Jenny—there simply isn't any other way of saying it—up and down against his chest, chuckling meantime like a plump young demon and hissing extraordinary phrases about red-hot mammas and their boy friends and what not, in excellent time to the music.

Jiggling, he inquired patronizingly, "Like this step?"

He never knew that Jenny's ten widowed fingers tingled to box his ears. She couldn't, of course.

She said desperately, "It's wonderful! Did you invent it?"

"Child," said Mr. Gibbs, "I invent 'em in my sleep!"

He jiggled her around that interminable room till Jenny could have cried with weariness and rage. He was a devil with the women—obviously—voicing sly witticisms over Jenny's shoulder to every other girl or so. And the women were keen after him. Every other girl or so threw him a provocative word.

His dancing—his hissing, his wit—was plainly precious in his generation. He made Jenny feel tired to the knees, to the back of the neck, to the top of the head.

She thought, when at last the music stopped, "If I get just one more like this, I shan't be able to last till twelve."

But Mr. Gibbs, as he himself could have told her, was unique. His successors danced more calmly, with equal enthusiasm, but with less technic, as it were.

There was, it is true, a stalwart blond, a Mr. Speed, who upon discovering midway of the floor that he and Jenny had mutual friends in Honolulu, inquired eagerly, "Oh, you know Margery then?"

To which Jenny bit her tongue just in time to stop herself from replying, "I know Margery's mother!"

That, of course, was not so good. It made Jenny feel as if she were outside looking in, as the saying goes. But she had been feeling that, in any case, since fairly early in the evening. So Mr. Speed really didn't make things much worse. He couldn't.

At half past eleven, by the clock at the entrance, Jenny, going doggedly up those endless marble stairs, for the purpose, when the music should once more begin, of coming doggedly down again, encountered Octavie and Dan in the act of leaving. She stopped, her transient kaydet at her elbow, and stared at them haggardly. Octavie nudged Dan. Dan engaged the kaydet in conversation.

Octavie drew Jenny a little one side and murmured to her gently, "Tired, old dear?"

"Dead!" muttered Jenny. "My feet ——" And she could go no further.

Octavie swallowed an outrageous little grin.

"Only half an hour more"

"Half an hour?" whispered Jenny. Then, with anguished envy in her voice—"Are you going home?"

Octavie nodded.

"Isn't it wonderful! The youngness of a thing like this! I could watch them all night. But Dan's getting bored."

Dan turned, catching his name; downstairs, the plaintive bellow of a trombone stole upon the air. Jenny caught Octavie's arm and clung to it.

She said very low, "I can't walk up that hill afterward. What'll I do?—quick!"

Octavie bit her lip and frowned; then whispered hurriedly, "Tell him to take you to the bachelor quarters. We'll drop in at Jaime's and wait for you. You absolutely can't make it?"

"Impossible!" said Jenny faintly.

Octavie and Dan went on. Jenny went back to the floor. Somebody stepped on her foot—on her slender left instep—in that dance or the next. If she could have shed a few natural tears it might not have seemed so unbearable.

She watched the clock as a doomed man watches the sky.

"We stop at twelve exactly," Mr. Conway had said.

Mr. Conway was Jenny's rock in a weary land.

Once when she came back to him after a dazed endless waltz, he said in his gentle friendly way, "That was a long one. I missed you."

Nothing Jenny had ever had in the shape of a masculine tribute touched her like that. She smiled up at him wanly. Of all the human beings in that bright and noisy concourse, he was the only one who seemed anywhere near maturity. Except, of course, the occasional mothers, the sporadic chaperons, sitting patiently about the walls, waiting—mostly in silence—for the party to be over.

Those depressed Jenny to the point of momentary melancholia. They sat so still. They waited, so uncomplaining. Whether presentable or homely—and some of them were, in a matronly way, rather fine—they seemed so completely isolated. The world regarding, but by the world forgot. Was there then no middle point between mothers and flappers? No room in the world for a still sentient thirty—one or two?

Jenny was filled with rebellion when she looked at the mothers. But when she looked at the flappers she was filled with despair.

Fifteen minutes of twelve! The pains in her ankles and knees! She had a crick in her neck—thanks to Mr. Gibbs' efforts. She could feel the shadows deepening about her eyes. The music beat upon her eardrums relentlessly.

She danced with a tall boy from California.

She said to him as they started, "Did you see the Yale-Princeton game last week?" He told her; they discussed it.

She said to him going down the room for the second time, "What branch of the service are you going into?" He told her; they discussed that.

She said to him at the end of the first encore, "I like the way you dance." He said she wasn't clubfooted herself.

Eventually the dance was over. She had the last with Mr. Conway. By that time the stately room was a nebulous haze and the soles of her feet were grilled. Her smile felt as if it were suspended upon a string from her two ears, and her eyes felt sunk in her head.

She clung to Mr. Conway and hoped he wouldn't notice it. He asked her if she'd had a good time and she told him it had been a revelation to her—which was, if anything, understatement.

She had one moment of clean thrill when twelve o'clock came at last, and The Star-Spangled Banner, and all over the room gray uniforms stood at attention. Mr. Conway, straight as a red Indian, very nearly as immobile, was a sight to thrill any woman with a heart in her body.

"There's some hope for a nation," thought Jenny proudly, "that can turn out a boy like that to lead its armies."

He would lead them in time; she didn't doubt that for a moment. She was quite sure she had been to her first—and only—kaydet hop with the future commander in chief of the American Army. Which didn't keep her feet from torturing her.

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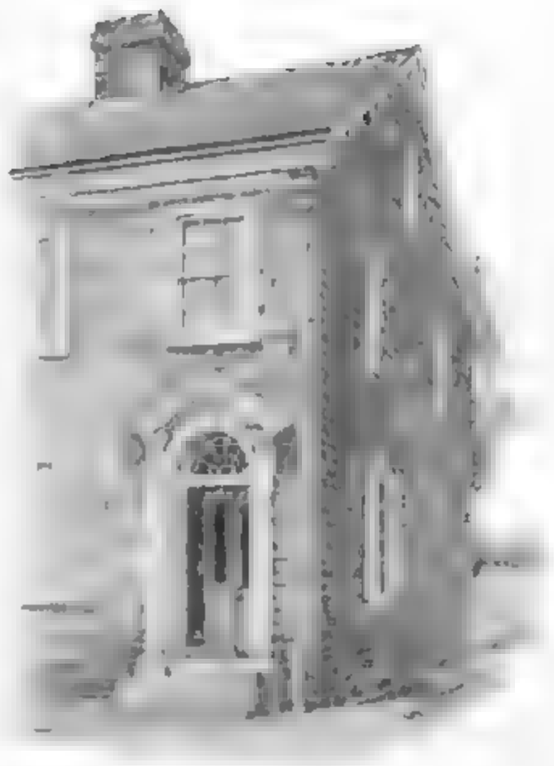

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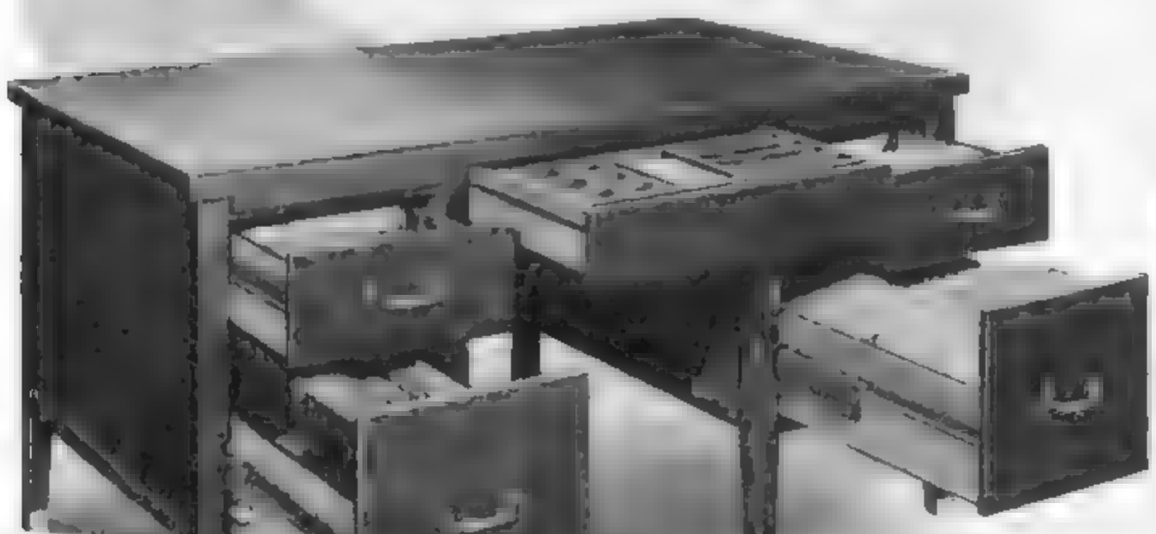

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She told Mr. Conway, going to the dressing room, that she wanted to be left at Major Tarrant's quarters, that the Beauclercs would wait for her there. Mr. Conway said he was sorry. He said he would have liked to walk home with her. Jenny couldn't bring herself to tell him the truth—that she couldn't have walked up that hill if heaven had hung at the top of it. She said she was sorry, too, and that she would never forget how nice he had been to her.

All the wasp buzzing and blue-jay chatter was once more unloosed between coat racks and mirrors. How could they come so fresh—those doll girls and flower faces—out of such a trial by fire?

Jenny put on her squirrel coat and found her silver-tissue bag. She didn't even powder her nose. She was too far gone.

Between the hall and the bachelor quarters next door she made her compliments once more to Mr. Conway—convincingly, she hoped, but she wasn't equal to much.

He left her at the door of Major Tarrant's quarters. She watched him going down the corridor, just an instant. Then because Tarrant was holding the door open and she couldn't stand another minute she went in.

A nice wide room with a fire and a couch before it. Lots of books, a picture or two, big chairs, cushions.

"Where's Octa?" asked Jenny.

She dropped on the couch and Major Tarrant tucked a cushion behind her head. He stood looking down at her amusedly.

"Octavie and Dan over in Neith's room—be here in a minute—just down the hall. Little tired, Jenny?"

"A little tired!" Jenny laughed bitterly. "Look at me!"

"I'm looking," said Major Tarrant.

Jenny scowled, leaning down to rub her ankles.

"Don't look at me! I'm suffering! I'd like to sit for a thousand years with my feet in a mustard bath."

"Somebody step on you?"

"Sixteen straight dances—thirty-two times up and down those terrible stairs—hours on the balcony in that icy wind—half a dozen times around the block ——"

"Poor little Jenny!" said Major Tarrant quietly. He laughed, but not with his eyes. "Here, wait a minute!"

He went into another room. He came back with a pair of soft old leather slippers in one hand—his own. He went down on one knee before Jenny; he took her left foot in his fingers.

The fairy slipper was smudged and tarnished. There were pearls broken from the rococo buckle.

"Looks as if it had been to the wars," said Major Tarrant.

"Feels as if it had been, and hadn't come back," said Jenny.

He took off her two satin shoes and put the big worn slippers on her without another word. Jenny spread her ten toes and leaned back, sighing with exquisite relief. Then she sat up and looked down at Major Tarrant's dark head. He was still on one knee, with one of those silly pearl-buckled things in his hand, regarding it in silence.

"It'll clean," said Jenny.

"I dare say," said Major Tarrant. There was an extraordinary tenderness in his voice—the disconcerting tenderness of an undemonstrative man.

"What are you looking at?" asked Jenny uneasily. "Jimmy, why don't you say something?"

"What's the use?" said Major Tarrant. "You don't want to hear it."

"How do you know?"

"Two whole years. You'd have written."

"You didn't write."

"I'm not asking for punishment."

He handled the slipper very gently. He seemed to Jenny all at once the most amazing man that she had ever known. That undertone in his deep voice, that slight unsteadiness, shook her heartbeats. She stared at his bent head. She put the tips of her fingers on his shoulder, and turning, he set his lips to them hard.

Without that perhaps she mightn't have spoken. Or even so, she might, because she saw that he wasn't going to.

"Jimmy," she said in a queerly breathless way, "I'm through with flaming youth—after tonight."

"You looked just like the rest."

"Yes, but I wasn't! I don't even want to be now. I'm going to be an old man's darling."

"What old man?" asked Major Tarrant.

He put Jenny's slipper on the floor and stood up. He had gone white under his tan, and his mouth was set. She might, as mercifully, have used a knife. Seeing which, Jenny got up from the couch herself, stumbling absurdly in those huge soft slippers, and caught him by both arms, half laughing, half in tears.

"This one, Jimmy! Jimmy, don't you want me?"

"I was born wanting you!" said Major Tarrant.

These strong silent men sometimes have words like that laid away for use in an emergency.

Octavie opened the door on them presently.

"Well, well!" said Octavie.

Jenny's hair was caught in the crossed guns on Major Tarrant's collar. She stood flushed and helpless while he disentangled it.

"Where's Mr. Conway?" asked Octavie.

"Gone," said Jenny.

"I'm taking her home," said Major Tarrant.

"Not at the moment, I'd say!" said Octavie.

She caught sight of Jenny's pearl-and-ivory slippers on the floor, of Major Tarrant's large black-leather comforts on Jenny's little feet.

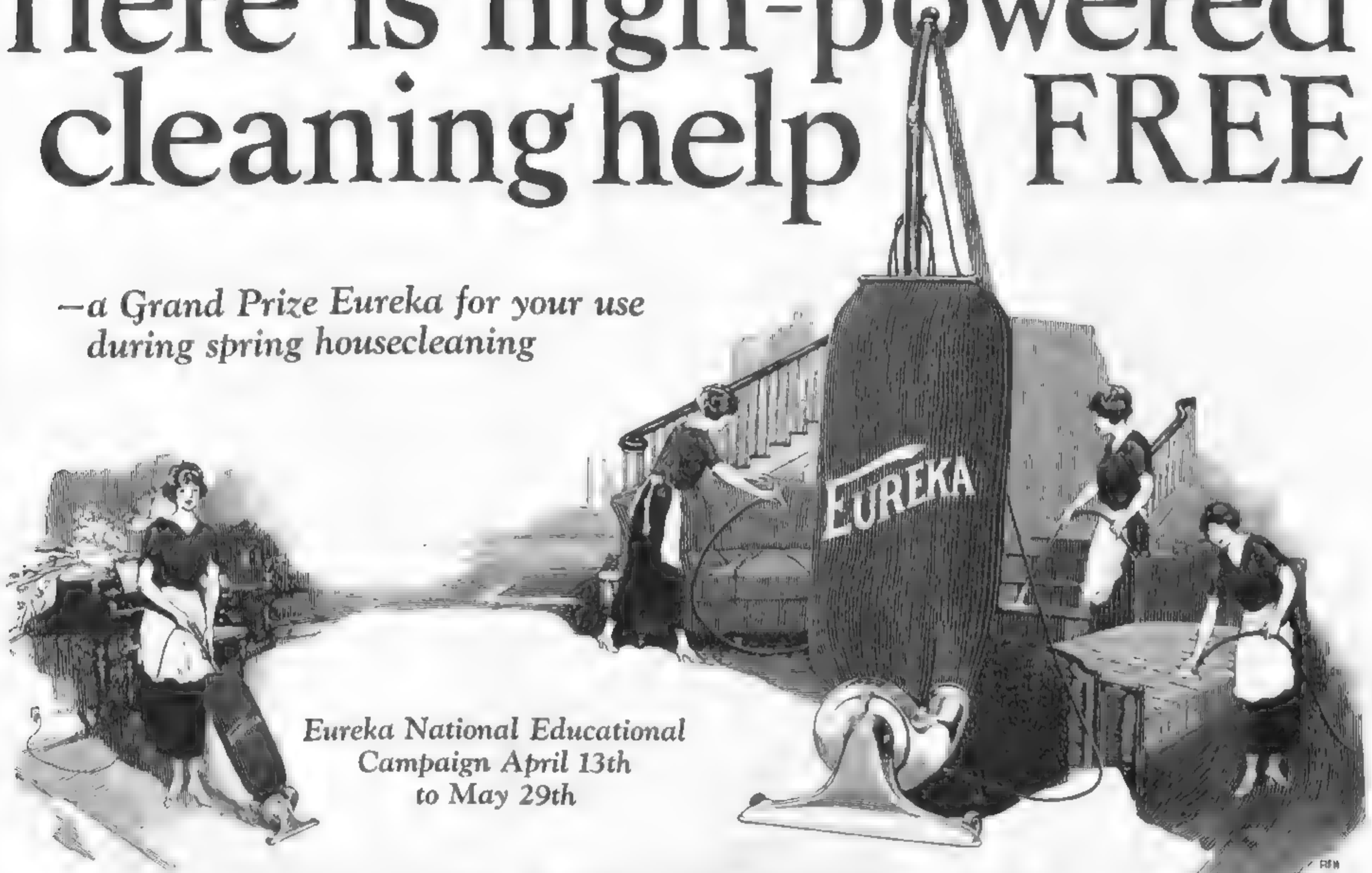
"Whose are those?" asked Octavie, pointing and peering like Mrs. Grundy.

Jenny looked at Major Tarrant and curled her fingers close inside his nearest hand. He smiled down at her. She smiled up at him. Octavie might as well have been in China.

"Ours!" said Jenny shamelessly.

Here is high-powered cleaning help FREE

—a Grand Prize Eureka for your use during spring housecleaning



Eureka National Educational Campaign April 13th to May 29th

Let there be no hesitation or delay in your acceptance of this wonderful special offer of FREE cleaning help.

Why should you sentence yourself to the tremendous extra labor of the old way of cleaning house when you can so easily enjoy the *new* way this spring?

Old cleaning methods were good enough as long as a better way was unknown, but the woman who clings to them today is only sentencing herself to long hours of cruel and unnecessary hardship.

It is so very easy to obtain the matchless help of the Grand Prize Eureka. Simply telephone the Eureka dealer near you—or, if you do not know his name, sign and mail the coupon below. The Eureka will be delivered to your door and called for after you have finished housecleaning.

This generous offer is made—for a limited time only—as a feature of the great Eureka National Educational Campaign. We want women everywhere to learn what more than a million Eureka users already know—the amazing ease, speed and thoroughness with which the high-powered Eureka performs so vast a variety of cleaning tasks, and the superiority that has made this Grand Prize Cleaner the repeated first choice of world authorities in so many lands.

Should you decide that you want to keep the Eureka, a special low $4.75 down payment and very easy terms are also available for the duration of this offer. But remember that Eureka's housecleaning help is FREE—that you are placed under no obligation in accepting it.

Remember, too, that this great offer holds good for a short time only. Accept it quickly so that you may be sure to have the Eureka when you need it.

$4.75 down

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At no cost or obligation to me please deliver a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner for free use during my spring housecleaning

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S E P

From Top to Toe in Noe-Equl

Lingerie in the newest mode, and fine silk hosiery—from the maker direct to you

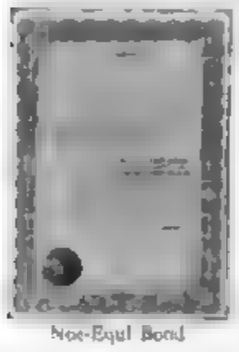
They are guaranteed

What does it signify, this phrase, "From the maker direct to you"? The modern economist tells you it means the elimination of certain distribution costs which have become far too high.

Every dollar saved on transportation, warehousing, extra channels, means a corresponding increase in the value you get when you buy Noe-Equl goods.

A better quality for the price than you can buy elsewhere is ever the Noe-Equl aim. But quality of material alone is not enough. In both lingerie and hosiery you want beauty, smartness, style. And these you find in superlative degree in underthings and stockings that bear the Noe-Equl name.

Noe-Equl undergarments have that something which the French call "chic." It is a matter of line and fit. They are superbly tailored and clothe the body in a shimmering softness which is delightful to look at and feel. And such colors! There's an apple-blossom pink, a delicate peach, orchid, apple green and other lovely shades. And every garment is guaranteed.



Noe-Equl Bond

Pure silk, full-fashioned stockings—made for long wear

Examine Noe-Equl hosiery closely. Note its flawlessness of weave—the special reinforcement of the top, sole, heel and toe with mercerized lisle—a feature which spells long, long wear. Notice the shapeliness of the leg and the "spring" of the hem—better fit and fewer runs. Noe-Equl stockings, too, are guaranteed for quality and wear. If not satisfactory, they will be replaced. In all colors and weights.

See the Noe-Equl representative when he calls

You may choose both undergarments and hosiery at your leisure when the Noe-Equl representative calls at your home. Match your stockings and lingerie to your frocks and your shoes if you like. He carries a full line of samples which afford a wide selection. You pay him only a small deposit, and the rest to your postman when he delivers the goods from the mills.

You will know our representative not only by the Noe-Equl button worn on the coat, but also by the bond he carries, which is your assurance he is authorized to take orders—and which guarantees the goods. In this way, you can be sure you get the splendid values that this great mill offers by selling direct to you. Noe-Equl Textile Mills, Inc., Reading, Pa.

Of interest to men and women of ability

Our branch offices are occasionally looking for men and women of ability as Noe-Equl representatives. To such men and women they can offer a very attractive proposition. It is easy to build up a profitable business on Noe-Equl, for the lingerie and hosiery are of such splendid quality, are so beautiful and long-wearing, that they sell everywhere. If you believe you can qualify, write for full details to—Stanley H. Pursell, Sales Mgr., Noe-Equl Textile Mills, Inc., Reading, Pa.

THE DOCTOR AS ARCHITECT

(Continued from Page 23)

as one of its legitimate charges and responsibilities so that all workmen injured in the course of their duty are entitled to receive such sums as will either cure and restore them to health and working power, if this be possible, or compensate them for the amount of defect which cannot be so restored.

At first these compensations were looked upon as simply a question of so much damage done, so much money to be paid for it, according to its degree. But a few years ago came the catastrophe of the World War, and when it had subsided it left behind as one of its few legacies for good a much more successful and hopeful method of treating these terrible tearing and crushing injuries; also a practical unwillingness to look upon any man as disabled completely and absolutely until every possible resource of surgical and medical science had been tried.

The amount of progress and improvement made in the war may be glimpsed from the fact that the final number totally crippled or even seriously disabled was only about one-fifth that of the dead, whereas in previous wars it had been nearly ten times the number of killed. Surgeons who had seen the wonderful results obtained by skilled consultation and teamwork in the great field hospitals of the war zone, on coming back home were no longer satisfied to treat their cases of accident and injury—from factories, railroads and mines—on the old-fashioned single-man plan.

They therefore began to organize hospitals and clinics for the care and handling of this class of cases, provided not only with complete staffs of surgeons, pathologists, pediatrists, X-ray workers and trained nurses and masseurs but also equipped for every form of electrical treatment, X-ray and radiotherapy, hot and cold baths, ultra-violet rays and the like; in other words, to give our torn and crushed soldiers from the war of industry the same equipment and advantages which had been developed for the healing of our bullet-wounded and shell-torn defenders from the line of battle.

Industrial Disability

There is a wide field compiled by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics in 1923 for them to work in, as the best estimates are that something like 180,000 persons each year suffer serious disability from industrial prolonged accidents, over 2,300,000 are temporarily disabled, while about 45,000 more are disabled by disease. Many of these, of course, are not workers or gainfully employed, but a conservative estimate is that fully half of them are. So that the four or five reconstruction and rehabilitation hospitals and institutions which have been started in our large cities will need and are deserving of the most generous support in order to enable them adequately to take care of this tremendous problem.

One of the curious discoveries made in handling these cripples of the workshop and the engine room is that almost as many of them are "shell-shocked" as were our soldiers in the front-line trenches; in other words, that the man who has gone through the jar and crash and agony of a crushing and disabling accident has received a mental wound and a nerve wrench which he may be even longer in recovering from than from his actual bone-and-muscle injuries.

Not a few of these disabled ones are found to be in a state of absolute dread and chronic terror—afraid of their work, afraid of the risks of the machinery or of climbing to high beams or swinging upon giddy platforms. They are afraid that they are absolutely disabled and done for for life, and they have not the courage to go and ask for employment and face the old risks and conditions.

For these men the Curative Workshop is a regular godsend. There is work before them so simple and easy that any beginner could tackle it. There is the familiar atmosphere of the workroom; there is the company of their fellows, some of whom only a few weeks before were worse than they are now. And in a surprisingly short time they are settled down to work, into the swing of it and able to hold up their heads like "regular fellers" and look the world in the face once more. In fact, so admirable is the combination of surgical and therapeutic skill and mental jollying that more than 85 per cent of these industrial wrecks and "lame ducks" are put back on their feet again and restored to full earning capacity and self-support.

Had it been necessary to restore full strength and vigor of biceps and shoulder, of back and thigh, so as to swing the ax, wield the hammer, strain at the lever, heave up the beam or the caldron, half our boasted surgery would have fallen short. But as a matter of blessed fact, today half the posts in the mill, the shop—the foundry, even—can be filled with a clear brain, a good eye and only the muscular strength of a boy of nine or ten!

One of the first to recognize and make practical use of this fact was that genius of industry, that builder of men, Henry Ford, who seven years ago had a careful "horse power" study and classification made of all the posts, or jobs, in his factory. The interesting finding was that only about 10 per cent of the positions required great muscular and bodily strength, about 40 per cent required average muscular power or slightly below, while the remaining 50 per cent could be filled by workers of the muscular horse power of boys of nine or girls of fifteen. The machines do the rest!

Salvage of Humanity

His analytic mind carried him a step farther. Another study was made of the number and nature of jobs in his plant (which could be filled by men who were definitely handicapped physically; how many by men with one arm, with one leg; by men who had lost both legs) or one leg and an arm; by blind men, by consumptives, by partial paralytics; by men with heart disease, with asthma. The net result was that among the 55,000 workers in his Highland Park plant there were jobs for 9000 who were definitely below par, and he had already 6000 such men employed.

Whereupon he posted a brief, laconic shop notice to the effect that from that date no man should be refused employment in the plant on the ground of physical disability, and no man should be discharged for physical disability, the sole exception being the presence of serious contagious disease.

And what was most revolutionary and unheard of in industry, these three-quarter men, half-men and quarter-men, if they did their bit and their best with the aid of the fierce and well-muzzled machine, were paid full standard wages—that is, from six dollars a day up, according to special skill!

Today, for instance, there are more than 1000 consumptives employed in the Highland Park plant, most of them in well-warmed half-open sheds, at light, sitting work, salvaging the shop wastes, such as leather, rubber cloth, nickel, wood, fiber, and the like, at full wages—and a very low death rate. And Mr. Ford boasts that this most appropriately named Salvage Department nets him $70,000 a year profit! The man who can do that is both a genius and a godsend.

And his example both as to high wages and jobs for half-men and quarter-men is being followed by other progressive employers. Practically all the Detroit auto plants are now on the six-dollar wage or close to it. The auto horn is a herald angel's trump to the pitiful legions of the crippled.

In fine, here is the situation of the doctor-architect today: By watchful, constant care and skilled vigilance, from the first fluttering beginnings of the flickering new

St. Johns Tables

Now that numerous tables are considered so necessary in the living room, it is an advantage to know that St. Johns Tables *excel* in beauty of design and proportion, yet are priced within the reach of *every home*.

They are sold by nearly all good stores everywhere. Dining tables, davenport, library and extension tables of St. Johns make are widely known for their attractive designs, fine construction, excellent finish and modest prices.

The latest St. Johns productions include very attractive coffee tables, occasional, wandering, end tables and consoles in great variety. Designs in early American, English and Italian Renaissance.

Ask your favorite dealer about St. Johns Tables, and meanwhile write us for booklet on home decoration.

Illustration shows St. Johns Davodine, patent extension table, with concealed folding leaf beneath top.

St. Johns Table Company

CADILLAC [illegible] MICHIGAN

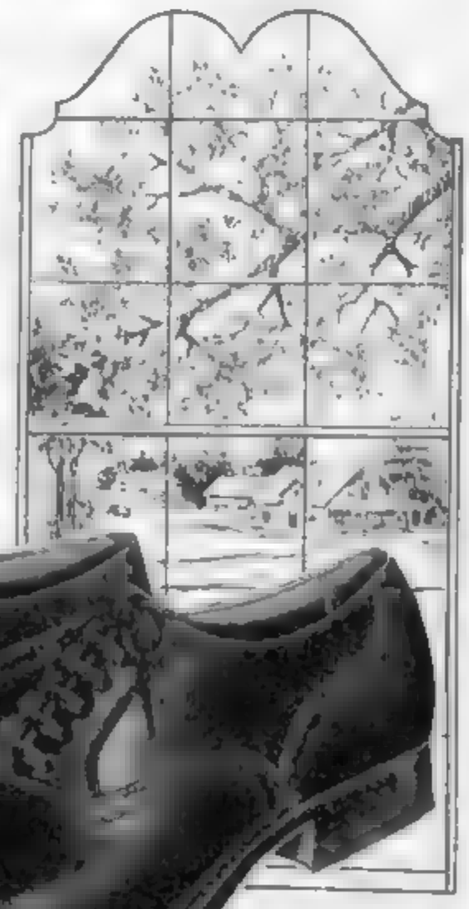
THERE'S A ST JOHNS TABLE FOR EVERY HOME

W. L. DOUGLAS

$6 $7 and $7.50 SHOES

IN the selection of the leather, the workmanship and finish nothing has been left undone which will add to the style, fit and quality of W. L. Douglas Shoes. The result is, good-looking, good-fitting and good-wearing shoes at reasonable prices.

We have many smart styles for Spring and Summer wear, designed especially for young men, also styles for men of conservative tastes.



Our Women's Shoes combine style with good wearing qualities, at moderate prices.

Our Boys' Shoes look well, fit well and wear well. $4.00 & $5.00

A new broad-toe model in Tan Calf, medium light shade, with black eyelets and fittings.

The Name and retail price stamped on each pair at the factory

W·L·DOUGLAS SHOE CO. Brockton, Mass.

It aint safe to look inside the casin. You might find a hole

When you got a puncture you fix the tube with LOCKTITE cause you know LOCKTITE aint no slouch bein as it wont stretch and get weak after you slap it on. But how about the casin? You been lettin it ride and so done yourself out of lots of money. From now on slap some LOCKTITE patch in that casin to plug up that nail hole. Keeps the hole from growin up. Keeps the rain an mud an dust out. Saves both the casin and tube and keeps you from sayin things later on thats in the prayer book but aint meant that way.

So lamp the inside of your casins an slap a layer of LOCKTITE on every break no matter how innocent. If the break's large use two layers. An for blow outs as big as a house use three layers and she aint never going to leak or come off.

Judgin from the way I hustle as shippin clerk here there aint no dealer nowhere that aint got LOCKTITE. But if you got one somewhere thats got dispepsha instead send me his name and a dollar and I'll send you special a big dollar can with enough LOCKTITE for several casins and a whole flock of tubes. Its your right to have LOCKTITE and no bodys goin to give you no substitute cause there aint none. Like Charlie Dawes there aint no other Vice President.

Locktite Luke

LOCKTITE PATCH CO.
Detroit, Mich.
Walkerville, Ont.

Below is the big display cabinet a live dealer gets free from his jobber.

LOCKTITE
COMBINATION
CASING & TUBE PATCH

Miss Eleanor Brown of Montana has made over $6.00 extra in a single day.

When Your Odd Hour is Worth $1.00 or More

A DOLLAR or more an hour, for any hour at all that you can conveniently spare—that's well worth while, isn't it? Many of our local subscription representatives for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* easily earn such extra dollars.

You Need no Experience

NOW do not for one moment pass up this opportunity on the ground that you are busy. Of course you're busy—that's one reason why we want you—why we want home folks—why we want ambitious men and women everywhere to know all the interesting details of our big cash offer. Our plan is just *made* for them!

If you will send the coupon below—there's no obligation—we will tell you, among other things, how you can make extra money though busy, why you do not need previous experience, why you do not invest one penny of capital, why it makes no difference what your age, why the opportunity is yours to profit easily, pleasantly, whether you live in the city or the country, why—but here we are to a handy coupon—

Clip and Mail

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
642 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me all about your cash offer for spare time. I assume no obligation in asking.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

life, through the prenatal period, through the perils of the Little Fevers and the barrage of the Cripplers, past the flying onslaught of the Lamers of the heart valves, chorea, tonsillitis and rheumatism—he can have the proud satisfaction and delight of seeing his tiny charges come through straight and sturdy and ruddy. But his hand must be constantly on the wheel, his eye steadily on the dials. He must have full charge and permanent control of the situation, with full authority to—figuratively speaking—attack disease whenever it comes into the neighborhood of any of his families and drive it out, or protect by vaccine, by antitoxin, by brief isolation, any of his children who are of susceptible age. He must not be compelled, he cannot possibly afford, to wait until he is attacked before he moves, to turn his back politely upon the danger until he is formally called to see the little patient, when nine-tenths of the damage has already been done.

His alert eye can keep constant track of what diseases are prevalent, and the probable direction of their spread, through the admirable health bulletins issued weekly and even daily by Federal, state and city health authorities. Then he can quickly run over in his mind which of his child patients have lost their birth immunity and are in need of protection for life by vaccines, or for a brief danger period by antitoxins. Then he can ring up their mothers and inform them promptly. His pricelessly valuable, if prosaic, job is to keep his patients from ever becoming patients, not the dramatic stunt of triumphantly snatching them from the jaws of death.

And yet there are doctors who scorn to waste their time on "trivial ailments," preferring to save their noble powers for serious diseases which call out the full resources of medicine! And that sort usually have plenty of serious diseases to tackle, while the man who deals conscientiously and intelligently with trivial ailments and preliminary toe aches and stomach pains, shades of "coming events which cast their shadows before," will have far fewer serious diseases to tackle in his families.

The Doctor's Oversight

The new attitude of the family doctor—who, when all is said and done, is the real man behind the gun in practical health protection—is prettily illustrated by a story told me by a charming silver-haired colleague and friend who is not only the father confessor and idol of a large group of families but a specialist of national distinction in a chosen field of his own. Only a few weeks ago he had been called up on the phone by the mother of a family, which had been under his care for thirty years and more. She came straight to the point at once:

"Doctor, why didn't you vaccinate Janet against typhoid before she went up to the summer camp last month, as you did Ruth and Alice and Gertrude and the rest of the girls who went?"

"Well, really, I ——" stammered the doctor. "You never told me ——"

"I never told you!" snapped back over the wire. "It was your business to tell me! I never dreamed of any danger of typhoid right up in the lovely mountains like that!"

"Right," admitted the doctor; "you're quite right. My fault entirely. But fortunately she didn't catch the typhoid this time, and I'll see that you are properly notified in plenty of time next summer."

"I don't mind admitting," smiled my friend, "that at first blush I was half inclined to be mildly annoyed over my calldown. But when I came to think it over, I was rather pleased with myself to think that such a spirit had grown up in my families—such confident expectation of active protection and prevention, as well as of care in actual illness."

But if the family physician is to be perfectly free to render his unique and priceless services to both his families and the community, he must be given a dignified security of tenure of office, in the form of an annual or quinquennial arrangement and a yearly salary. This should cover a thorough annual examination of every member of the family over fifteen, two examinations a year for those between seven and fifteen, one every two months for all children under seven and one every month for the baby. Thus and thus only can he gradually wean himself from tinkering and patching at the partial cure of disease and turn to the active manufacture of health. A case of illness in one of his families should become a reflection upon his vigilance or his skill.

The wide field of industrial medicine is now being organized on this basis; our great Universities are furnishing health service including hospital care, to their students at extremely moderate rates—five dollars to ten dollars a college year—and with most gratifying results. The annual rates can easily be arranged by mutual agreement with health reports and morbidity tables and the aid of any competent actuary. Each town or state can fix its own; but, roughly speaking, the fees need not run much higher than from ten to fifteen dollars per capita a year for workers with under $1500 yearly income, from fifteen to thirty dollars a year per capita for those with incomes between $1500 and $3000, and from thirty to sixty dollars per capita for those above $3000 a year. If such a scheme appeals to you, talk to your doctor about it. There is nothing in our code of ethics to forbid his entering into such an arrangement.

Health at Wholesale

These fees would only cover ordinary medical services, but a similar pro-rate could be arranged to include special and surgical treatment at, say, 10 to 15 per cent more. And one of our leading hospital experts estimates that hospital care could also be provided for some six dollars per annum per capita. The arrangement would be profitable for the citizen, for it would mean real health protection and active strength building for his family and himself. It would be profitable for the doctor because it would establish a dignified and lasting relationship with his families, carrying an adequate and attractive settled income, which would leave him far freer to devote his entire energies to promoting the interests of his patients and clientele, unharassed by worries over collections and bills.

To put it very crudely, there is about one doctor to every 600 inhabitants of these United States. Supposing that each doctor could only succeed in attracting two-thirds of his quota of patients, that would mean an average of 500, which, at our suggested fifteen dollars per annum, would give an income of $7500—nearly double the present average. For this, according to morbidity statistics, our average doctor would be called upon each day to make some five house visits, with ten to fifteen office prescriptions or treatments, and two to four periodic examinations. Not an appalling "chore."

But it means a more thorough training in the difficult art of keeping healthy people well and making well people better—an art which till just within the last few years has been sadly neglected in most of our medical schools. There was a world of shrewd wisdom in the French philosopher's paradoxic epigram, "Health—but that is far too serious a matter to be trusted to the doctors!" We have so saturated ourselves in pathology, associated so exclusively with the sick, lived in the odor of the hospital and the postmortem room—that we have almost forgotten what health is like.

Also such an arrangement means more active and cordial coöperation with the health officer and health department than at present, when medical societies, which are old enough to know better, are passing resolutions denouncing State Medicine because "it interferes with the legitimate practice of medicine" by curing disease instead of just preventing it.

(Continued on Page 233)

The Old Oil is a Sure Guide to the Right New Oil

THE appearance of new oil as it pours into your motor signifies little. What is its condition as it drains from your crank case after 500 or 1000 miles? That's the test!

Many oils break down under motor heat after a few hundred miles. Ordinary oils after 500 miles are worn out, burned and thin.

Pennzoil, refined from the finest Pennsylvania Crude by the most advanced methods, after 1000 miles service drains from your motor still a fine, safe lubricant. Prove this yourself. Fill your crank case with Pennzoil and try the Used-Oil-Feel-Test.

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
Executive Offices: Oil City, Buffalo, Los Angeles, San Francisco
Refineries: Oil City, Pennsylvania

The Used-Oil-Feel-Test is Convincing

Rub a drop of ordinary used oil in the palm of your hand or between your finger and thumb. If it feels thin and worn out, its lubricating value has gone.

Now test in the same way a drop of Pennzoil after 1000 miles. You will find it slippery, viscous and clingy—still a fine, safe lubricant that has been protecting your motor from wear and repair.

With startling clearness, this simple comparison proves that Pennzoil is unsurpassed as a safe, economical lubricant for your motor.

Pennzoil
Official Lubricant of the
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SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

© 1925, P Co

MORE BARRELED SUNLIGHT is used today in American Industrial interiors than any other white paint.

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

After Nine Years—

the only white that had not turned *yellow*

A TYPICAL EXPERIENCE WITH BARRELED SUNLIGHT....THE REASON WHY IT IS USED TODAY IN LEADING PLANTS EVERYWHERE

NINE years ago a large plant used three different kinds of interior finish on its industrial ceilings and walls—putting on first a priming coat and then a finishing coat. The Vice-President of this company writes:

> "At the time these three paints were purchased we received the same guarantee from the three manufacturers as to the lasting qualities of the paint and its permanent whiteness.
>
> "After being on our walls for nine years, we are pleased to tell you that Barreled Sunlight is the only one of the three that has held to a true white, the other two have turned yellow."

On account of the exclusive Rice Process of manufacture, which tends to remove the *yellowing* common to all white paints and enamels, we are able to make the famous guarantee that *Barreled Sunlight will remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.*

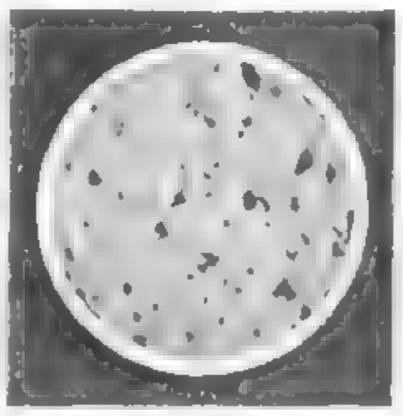
Barreled Sunlight not only remains white longest, but it produces a lustrous white surface so smooth that dirt cannot sink into it.

After years of service, it can be washed as easily as tile and without wearing through.

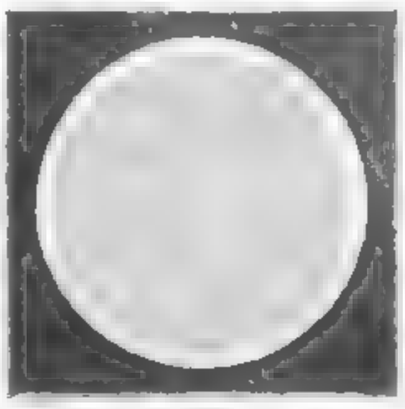
It is used today in textile mills, food product plants, laundries, bottling plants—in business and industrial interiors of all sorts throughout the entire country.

Because it is an all-oil product, Barreled Sunlight may be applied by brush or spray at lowest cost per square foot of surface covered. Will not flake or scale. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

Sold in 55-gal. and 30-gal. churn-equipped steel drums and in cans from ½-pint to 5-gal. sizes. Send for our booklet, "More Light," or send coupon for sample can.



Ordinary flat finish white paint



Barreled Sunlight

What paint looks like through a microscope

The photographs in circles above were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Factory and Main Offices
36-A DUDLEY STREET PROVIDENCE, R. I.
New York—350 Madison Ave.,
Chicago—659 Washington Blvd
San Francisco—38 O'Farrell St
Distributors in all principal cities
Retailed by over 5,000 dealers

5 things to know about Barreled Sunlight

1. Washes like tile
2. Easy to apply by brush or spray.
3. Intensely opaque
4. Can be tinted any color
5. Guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Save the surface and you save all

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
36-A Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Enclosed find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed post paid. I am interested in Barreled Sunlight for

Check
- ☐ Industrial Plants
- ☐ Commercial Buildings
- ☐ Homes

Name

Address

Barreled Sunlight

WHITE • SMOOTH • LUSTROUS • WASHABLE

(Continued from Page 230)

The new County Hospital and the group system of practice fit the new aggressive attitude of the family doctor "like a dinner of broth does a hungry man," as the old North Country saw has it. The inevitable first reaction and demand of a coöperating group of doctors is for a hospital of this type, staffed by them, in which their teamwork and splendid coöperation can be carried on into the treatment and care of their patients.

And this new self-acting sanatorium goes far to solve another very grave medical problem of the day, and that is the difficulty of getting young doctors of ability to go into country practice. Thanks to the priceless flivver—the automobile, a doctor can now live at the county seat and readily reach all his patients for thirty miles around. Any county can afford to issue bonds and build a county hospital, and when this is in operation and a cooperative medical group formed, the most ambitious youngster will find much to interest him in country practice. No training which he can get in the great city hospitals can compare with the tremendous responsibilities suddenly assumed, the quick decisions, the resourcefulness developed, the hair-raising emergencies to be faced alone, the single-handed fights for life ten, twenty, forty hours at a stretch, day nurse and night nurse both, with no sleep except cat naps on the floor beside the patient's bed. That is the life!

Many a famous consultant in the height of his fame and fortune looks back with longing and regret to those hot-blooded, hard-riding, fierce-fighting days "when we and all the world were young"; when every day we fought the Last Enemy with a grim but hopeful determination to save every case or burst a blood vessel in the attempt. When we rode our thirty, forty, sixty miles a day over roads unspeakable, knew and heartily greeted everybody we met, took our pay in butter or potatoes, in maple sirup or cordwood, and could feel a silent pride and quiet satisfaction in noting this mother saved to her growing family, that child rescued from the Strangler, that woodsman with an A-1 leg after a knee joint split wide open by his own ax. No training in all the world like it, no experience more full of the "durable satisfactions of life," in President Eliot's fine phrase.

The Slackening Rush to Cities

It is really a pity that every young doctor cannot have two to four years of country practice as a regular part of his medical training, and especially if he plans to become a specialist or a consultant.

And now with the new Country-Club hospital, the Hotel de Health and the medical group, the young doctor in the small town has the one thing which was lacking before in country practice—the opportunity to see and discuss his colleagues' cases and to talk his own over with them. He is no longer "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," as Cowper vividly described country life. On the contrary, with the hospital, the group clinic, the group laboratory, the group library, he has a little private Post-Graduate school of his own and can record and study out and work over and read up on his puzzling cases to as good advantage as in the biggest city hospital.

In other words, he's "on the wire" and the line of improvement and progress and success is wide open to him. He is getting his roots deep in the soil and there is no limit to his future growth.

There is now coming in medicine that slackening of the rush to the great cities which is already so striking in the business world. Because, since the coming of the telephone and the automobile, with its daughter, the good-roads movement, and the interurban trolley and the country clubs and golf links and bathrooms and steam heat and radio broadcasts and, not by any means least, the blessed, life-saving movie—most of the sensible satisfactions and comforts of life can be enjoyed in the smaller towns, and even in the country, with far greater personal freedom and initiative for the individual, to say nothing of health and sturdy children and happy old age.

Moreover, there is a widespread feeling and opinion among thoughtful physicians that the great advances, the important discoveries in our art and science within the next two or three decades, are coming not so much in surgery or the specialties as in general medicine. So tremendous and so revolutionary has been the advance of operative surgery, both general and special, that it seems almost to have reached a period of equilibrium, a flood-tide slack, as it were. It is consolidating its gains, fortifying its position, polishing its weapons and refining its methods. Its art is so nearly perfect that radical improvement seems scarce humanly possible for the present.

Just Beginning to Fight

Medicine, naturally conservative, was slower in starting, and the new bacteriologic knowledge was more difficult of application to its problems; but now it is getting into its stride and bids fair to overtake its swifter sister and perhaps even to outstrip her.

It was nearly thirty years after Lister before we physicians won our first bacteriologic remedy—the priceless diphtheria antitoxin, long years from that to arsphenamin—606—and more to the blessed typhoid vaccine. But within the past ten years or so we have acquired vaccines for the prevention of diphtheria, of scarlet fever, of measles, of summer diarrhea or dysentery; sure direct preventives of typhus fever, rheumatic fever, lockjaw and cholera; and serums or antitoxins against scarlet fever, chronic rheumatism and cerebrospinal meningitis. While the marvelous discovery of insulin and its magic effects in diabetes open up an entire new continent in medicine.

And we have only just begun to fight. In this advance the general practitioner, the family doctor, will form the center and part of one wing, primarily because his is the first trained eye to see every case of disease or disturbance of health. And upon his intelligence and alertness depend all hope of early cure of the disease and of the protection of the community by his prompt report to the health officer. Secondly, because either among his private patients or in his hospitals must come the final practical test of the worth or worthlessness of every new and promising remedy discovered by the laboratory workers. He it is who must pronounce the verdict of experience upon each new serum or vaccine.

But further and more fundamental, we are coming steadily to the conclusion that the field upon which we need most new light and knowledge is that of the very earliest signs and symptoms of disease, the very first and vaguest sensations of disturbance and discomfort which awaken the sufferer to the suspicion that something is wrong—the so-called pre-hospital or preclinical symptoms, which first turn the patient's thoughts toward a doctor; not waiting until definite, visible or "feelable" changes have come, such as the classic *rubor, tumor, calor, dolor*—redness, swelling, heat, pain—because these mean actual damage already done, but catching Nature's first whisperings of alarm, of warning. The vital importance of these is due to the paradoxic fact that most diseases—save accidents and external injuries—are general before they are local, "all over" before they settle

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"X" is a Liquid
It can be poured through a cloth, as "X" contains no Powder, Meal, Glue, Cement, Shellac or Solder and is harmless to Metals, Rubber and Leather
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With a can of "X" Liquid under the seat ready for this emergency, you are safe. Just pour it into your radiator and continue on your way.

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Fords, Stars, Chevrolets, etc. Use 75c Size

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"X" was in every aeroplane on the ROUND THE WORLD FLIGHT by order of the Flight Engineer

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WHITE STAR LINE
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE · RED STAR LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

A Fable of Extra Dollars

YOUNG Jimmy, like many another hero, was comparatively poor. First off, he'd married young. Soon came Jimmie, Jr. Then Baby Dorothy. The pay envelope, though actually getting fatter and healthier, seemed to cover less and less territory. Jimmy was fast "getting nowhere." He began to call himself bitter names in family council.

Then did Jimmy's wife have an inspiration. Other folks were making money "on the side"—why not Jim? She clipped the coupon from a Curtis ad. Jim sent it in. Then he started to gather in local subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. He was surprised to be allowed the same generous commissions on renewals as on new subscriptions. Surprising, too, how many of his acquaintances declared the Curtis publications "the best ever." "Sure, I'd rather have you forward my order than go to the trouble of sending it myself," they said.

Things are looking up for Jimmy now. A regular and dependable income over and above his usual salary made all the difference.

The moral to this fable is, clip the coupon and send it in. What it did for Jimmy, it can do for you.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
647 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Please tell me, without obligation, all about your cash offer to me, considering my answers to the questions below.
1. Are you married or single_____ ?
2. How many hours a week can you spare _____ ?
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Street
City *State*

anywhere. Even a pure infection, like influenza or scarlet fever, has a period of incubation, or time of hatching, of from two to ten days, between the actual catching of the infection and entrance of the germs into the body and the first sneezing, sore throat or reddening of the skin.

This hatching period was supposed to be entirely free from discomfort or any signs of illness; but when one of the great leaders in modern medicine, Sir James Mackenzie, carefully planned to have groups of children who had been exposed to measles or scarlet fever or flu quietly watched all their waking hours and thoroughly examined and questioned every day, he found it was nothing of the sort.

On the contrary, from the very first few days following infection well-marked signs of discomfort, of abnormality, began to show themselves—shiverings, restlessness, itching of the skin, headache, backache, sensitiveness of the eyes to light, slight loss of appetite. These gradually and steadily piled up until the little patient could ignore them no longer and burst out into an unmistakable attack of illness. Our hope is that if at any time during this hatching period the resources of the body could be roused, its reserves called out, by stimulating food, by baths, by rest in bed, or mild vaccines, or antitoxins, the invading germs could be prevented from getting a foothold and the attack repulsed.

So deeply impressed was Doctor Mackenzie with the profound importance and wide promise of this field, that after winning a knighthood and one of the most famous consultation practices in London, he deliberately gave up his office and his hospital positions in the great city and retired to the quiet country district of St. Andrews—the Mecca of all true golfers—because he could not in London and its hospitals either see his patients early enough or keep them under observation long enough. He went down to peaceful St. Andrews, organized an Institute for Clinical Research, with the country doctors of the surrounding counties as his staff, and was hard and happily at work on his beloved problem until his lamentable death was reported only a few weeks ago. It will be hard to find anyone to take up his mantle.

The point of keenest interest is that only the family physician, the country doctor, has any opportunity of seeing his patients at this very earliest stage and of keeping them under close and constant observation. He has a monopoly of the field, and if he but watches his families keenly, records his findings and follows them tirelessly to complete recovery, he can do as genuine research work and advance the boundaries of medical knowledge as invaluably as any laboratory worker.

No danger of the disappearance of the family doctor—we couldn't live without him. And the prospect is that he will play an even more vital and honored part in both the practice and the progress of medicine than ever before.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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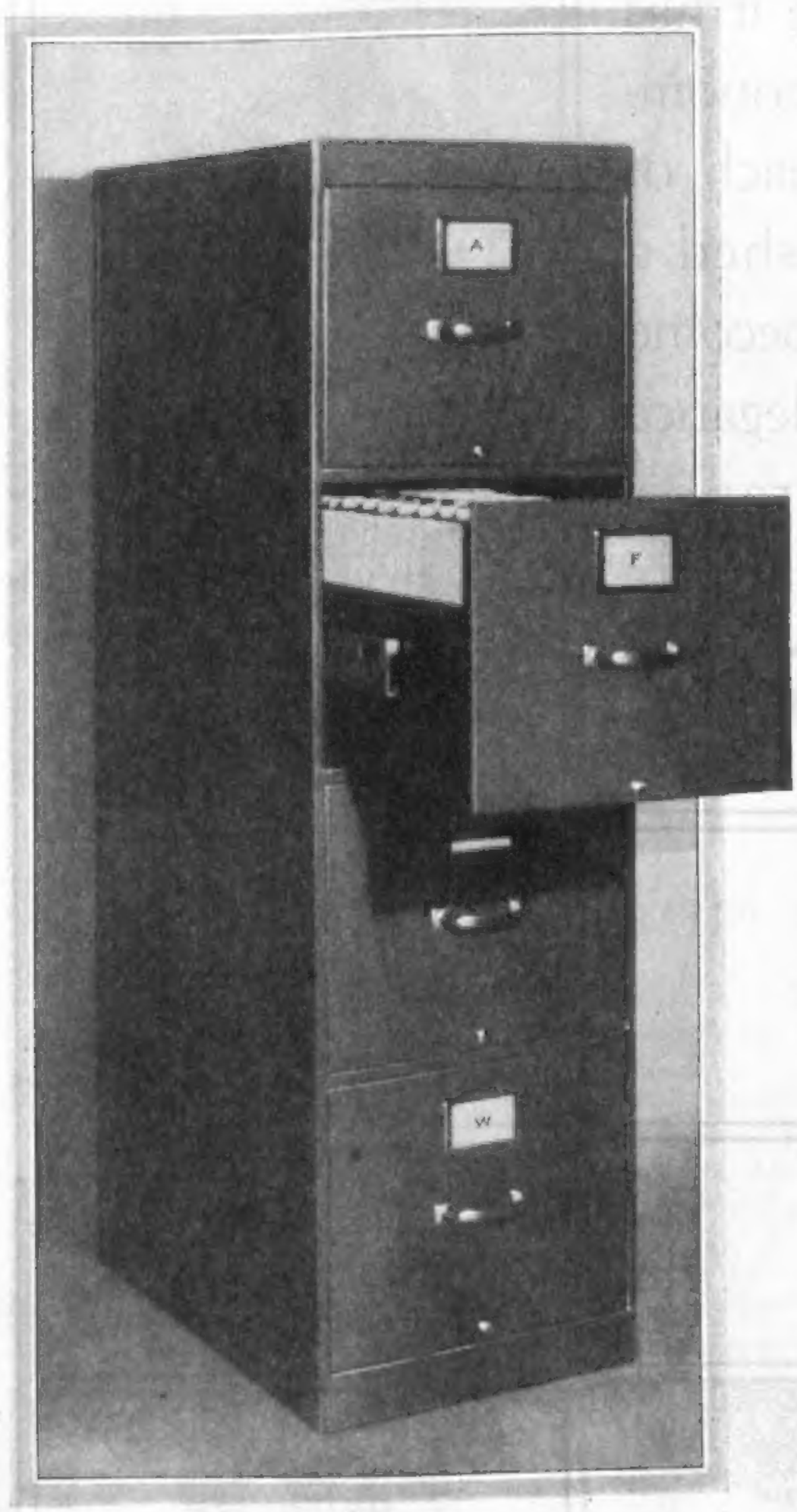
Job-jumper or faithful employee—

Which kind of file do you want?

BY actual test, steel files which vary but little in price, vary in length of service from half a year to half a century.

* * *

It isn't the men who work for you that cost your firm money. It's the men who *don't*. It's not the steady, faithful employees who pile up the overhead, it's the quitters, the job-jumpers. The same thing is true of office-equipment. A steel file that quits on the job too soon is much too costly—even at half price.



While a file that gives service for a generation or more, pays for itself time and time again in the replacement cost it saves.

It was to help executives select the most enduring file that the following test of file stamina was made.

The test of file stamina

A drawer in each of five files of different makes was filled with a typical load of correspondence. Then these drawers were pulled open and slammed shut, 16 times a minute.

At the end of 58 minutes, or the equivalent of about 6 months of actual service, the first file broke down. At intervals two of the others followed. The fourth cabinet collapsed after the 36th hour. And finally, after going on and on and on, the L. B. Aristocrat quit—on the 64,800th slam. That is the equivalent of 49 years and 10 months of actual office use and abuse! The Aristocrat almost doubled the length of service of even its nearest competitor, yet its initial cost is less!

A product of remarkable craftsmanship

It is no mere accident that the L. B. Aristocrat proves its superiority by comparative tests. It is the result of built-in value and many years of "know-how" in the manufacture of steel filing equipment.

The cabinet is constructed with a rigid steel frame of 6 vertical and 8 horizontal steel channels. These channels, as well as every vital part of the file, are welded together, fused into a single, rigid unit.

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With a damp rag, cover the glass with the soft, filmy Bon Ami lather. In a minute it dries. A whisk with a clean, dry cloth, and away go all the dirt and Bon Ami. And see how clear and sparkling the window is—you really have to look twice to see if it's still there.

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You see a fresh, luscious California orange halved. It is pressed against the gleaming bulb of the Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor.

Golden juice spurts into the glass. A faint, but fragrant aroma. Then a drink that refreshes and invigorates. There's nothing like *real orangeade*.

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The taste is enough. You've found a real drink. But you get much more.

There's an abundance of vitamines in that tempting drink. And dieticians say that you need vitamines daily.

The natural elements of California orange juice are an important aid to digestion. They help to make the food you eat of highest value to you.

Then, too, orange juice is mildly laxative—another healthful reason for *real orangeade*.

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It's amazing how this habit has grown during recent years. *Scores* would never think of missing their daily California orange in some delicious form.

They feel better for it—are better in fact. They are more vital, vigorous, energetic.

See for yourself the effects of this delicious drink.

Try To-day

Stop a moment at the next soda fountain. It's almost certain to serve fresh California orangeade.

For Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractors are now on thousands of fountains. They are looked upon as trademarks of quality service everywhere.

Ask for *Real California orangeade*. You'll discover what the word *refreshment* truly means.

California Sunkist *Oranges*

Uniformly Good

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